

48 pages on
hi-fi
CES report, FM concert guide,
the NPR satellite, tape overkill

ARTS

On the brink: The controversial
Robert Brustein comes to town

LIFESTYLE

Black feminism: Six women
talk about it and themselves

THE BOSTON Phoenix

50 cents
March 11, 1980
Boston's Largest Weekly
Four sections
152 pages

THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY

Thanks to John Anderson, the GOP campaign has suddenly gotten interesting, as the candidates take the high road, the non-road, and the low road. Marco Trbovich reports from Florida; Charles P. Pierce looks beyond.

The sham of
National Youth
Service

LIFESTYLE

Borten on SATs

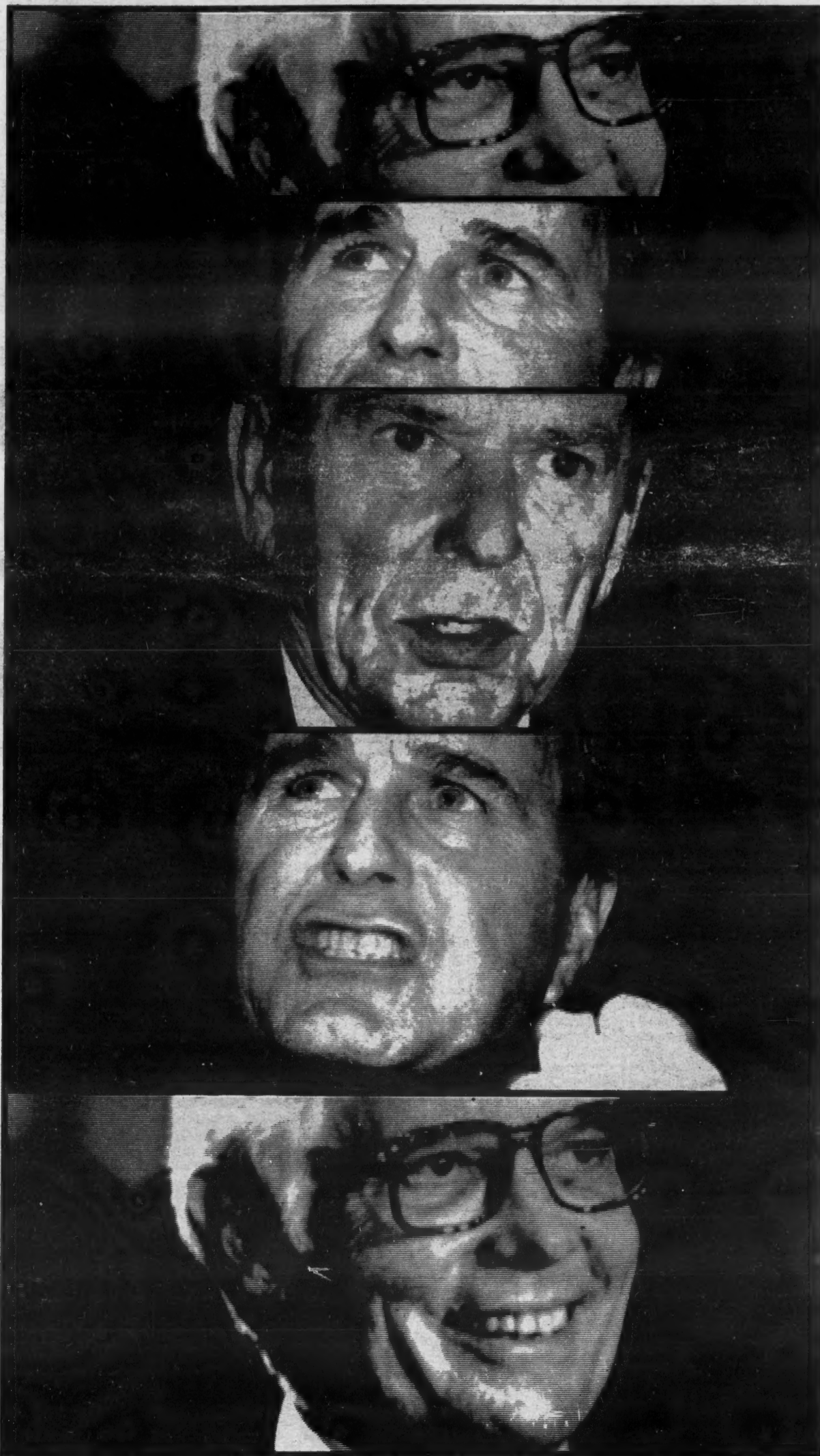
ARTS

Schiff on 'Coal
Miner's Daughter'

Rachlis on
Ronstadt's new-
wave album

Sherman's BSO
debut and a dissent
on Zander

Jamaican ska
comes to town



Anderson by Michael Grecco; Bush and Reagan by Christopher Brown

Insider

by Alan Lupo

PUBLIC TRASH, PRIVATE CASH

When I read the news that Boston Edison and Wheelabrator-Frye would join together to torch 1800 tons of trash a day in greater Boston and turn it into energy, I felt a pang of guilt at my own lack of enthusiasm.

Does it not make sense to take the trash that's burying us and transform it into what is becoming a very rare commodity, energy? It does indeed. Why, then, can't I give credit where credit is due? Maybe it had something to do with the line in the story telling us it was Governor King who brought the controversial utility together with Wheelabrator, a high-powered producer of energy and environmental systems.

A perusal of a list of contributors to King's 1978 campaign reveals that at least four men with the same names as Wheelabrator vice-presidents gave \$500 each. Three gave New Hampshire addresses (Wheelabrator's headquarters are in Hampton, NH), and one hailed from Urbandale, Iowa, where Wheelabrator also has offices.

When asked why company executives had given to King, Norman Ritter, a Wheelabrator vice-president who handles public relations, asked, What company executives? First, I mentioned James Donlan. Perhaps I mumbled, because Ritter said he wasn't familiar with him. He acknowledged he was familiar with V. Dean Freese, Steven Shulman, and Marc I. Stern.

"I can't speak for them," he said. "They're all individual contributions. There were no corporate contributions. You'll have to speak to the gentlemen involved."

Had Wheelabrator "encouraged" its officials to give to King? Not that he knew of, he said. So I did what Ritter suggested and called the four individuals. Freese, of Iowa, and Shulman were out of town, their secretaries said. Donlan was in conference, and Stern was in a meeting. I left messages for Donlan and Stern, but got none back. It certainly may be coincidental that four officials from the same company decided individually from one town in Iowa and three towns in New Hampshire to give exactly \$500 each to a man running for governor of Massachusetts. Possibly coincidental and definitely legal.

Corporations cannot give, but individuals can. Somebody who works for this newspaper gave to Ed King. Some of my neighbors gave to Ed King. I didn't happen to give to Ed King, partly because I am a cheapskate, partly because I don't contribute to pols I'm likely to write about, and mostly because I don't see the world the way King Eddie does.

Were I governor, for example, I would not have picked Robert Foster to manage the MBTA. King plucked Foster from his job as manager of the Saugus RESCO plant (for Refuse Energy Systems Co.), which converts trash to energy for the General Electric plant in Lynn. I'll be trashed! That's a Wheelabrator-Frye operation, in partnership with M. Martin DeMatteo, who for years has moved well in politics and business. All this is probably another coincidence.

But coincidence or not, my curiosity was piqued. That reference to King's bringing Edison and Wheelabrator together — what did it mean? "I haven't got any comment on that," said Ritter, the vice-president in charge of public relations.

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King believes that if industry and government are both available to do something — something like building trash-burning energy converters — then the private sector should do it. Rather than help local communities band together to build and operate systems that would eliminate their trash and provide them energy, King reportedly has been encouraging private firms.

Wheelabrator is not the only outfit in the game, but it's the only one with a RESCO facility. Early in 1975, when Michael Dukakis was governor, a RESCO official reportedly suggested to Robert Kiley, then the newly appointed MBTA chief, that the T should consider replacing its Southie power plant with a RESCO-type plant. Kiley declined to carry that ball. Sources say that Foster has shown no signs of helping his former employer along those lines.

Wheelabrator was trying to get something going in the Stoughton area, but Ritter said he didn't know what was happening there, and he wouldn't name other Massachusetts communities with which Wheelabrator might be dickering.

Wheelabrator and DeMatteo completed building the Saugus RESCO plant in 1975. While it's far better than the dump DeMatteo used to run there, the plant has caused some pollution and it's had problems making money. It has yet to turn a profit, though Ritter says it's expected to do so this year. This is a more optimistic view than that given less than two years ago by another Wheelabrator vice-president, who said the facility might never be profitable.

Meanwhile, the Edison-Wheelabrator proposal is barely out of the embryonic stage. Despite Eddie King's midwifery, the little tyke, given enough trash to eat, could grow up to eliminate one big environmental problem in greater Boston and reduce our dependency on oil or nukes. But the pre-construction fallout is implicitly dangerous — should such operations be run by the public or by profit-making firms, which could become monopolies, like the utilities? And should the governor be shilling for the latter?

REMEMBER THE GREEDY

A guy in the oil-delivery business was complaining the other day that the credit crunch is not only on the customers, but on the dealers as well. "Mobil wants its payments in 10 days," he said, "and they don't want to know any excuses."

Frankly, I've just about had it with complaining customers and oil dealers. Don't they understand Mobil's problems? Mobil's profits were up 78 percent

last year. But people on fixed incomes and working stiffs who lug hoses down your driveway may not appreciate that Getty Oil's profits were up 83 percent, and Texaco's, 106 percent.

If you do not pay your heating-oil bill on time, then your dealer cannot pay Mobil on time, and Mobil could be stuck again next year with only \$2.01 billion in earnings.

BEEN DOWN SO LONG . . .

While the polls are not kind to Ed King, there are other indications that he's not doing badly in building a base for reelection or whatever else comes next in his career.

Item: while King always enjoyed the support of high-technology industrialists, he was not so universally regarded by the older money downtown. But recently, there's been some gushing of admiration. "It was the synfuel thing," says one source, referring to a plan by King and his pal Bernie O'Keefe, head of EG&G Inc., to create a Fall River energy complex that would convert coal to synthetic gas. The gas would be burned to generate electricity. "Before that, you couldn't find too many downtown businessmen who admitted they had supported King or who thought highly of him."

Item: Ted Kennedy's klotzy campaign might make King seem courageous for having come out early for Carter. When King met with the Massachusetts congressional delegation recently, Kennedy — who had verbally belted King the previous year — was not there.

Also absent was Tommy O'Neill, the lieutenant governor in exile, who, through King's manipulations and, perhaps, his own doing, does not appear to be a threatening alternative to the governor, as some had hoped. It's possible that the Kennedy and O'Neill families may wish to contain their anger and someday get even, but it's questionable whether those clans still have the ability to get even, despite Kennedy's Massachusetts victory.

Item: King's press has improved. This doesn't mean he is smarter, nicer, stronger, taller, or more reasonable. It just means that one or more persons are steering him into media events, such as the Fall River energy proposal. Real events are also helping; it's hard to avoid basking in the glory of a fellow townsman's being the captain of the US Olympic hockey team.

Some observers see the fine — devious? — handiwork of Barry Locke, state Secretary of Transportation and Con-

struction, in the improving imagery. Locke was press secretary to former Governor John Volpe and understands all too well the art of media manipulation. "The scuttlebutt," one source says, "is Locke's number one in King's cabinet."

Given all of the above, if King can be kept from committing the type of obvious gaffes that marked the first year of his administration, he could continue, in his inimitable way, to destroy democracy as we know it in less-dramatic ways that might not attract media or public attention.

The defect in this theory is the public's memory. The public punished Michael Dukakis for reneging on his no-taxes campaign promise. King's tax policies, if indeed they exist, carry the germs of financial scurvy, the symptoms of which are likely to become more obvious in each city and town as his administration ages.

Already, in Winthrop, King's own town (and mine), there have been mutterings of great discontent even though some locals have given him plaques and awards and such. In one store, a guy was complaining about the high price of heating fuel. A customer said, laughing, "Well, talk to the governor." The store owner sneered. In yet another store, everyone was singing the praises of Mike Eruzione's prowess on ice. "What about our other famous resident?" someone asked, pointing to a picture of King. More sneers and groans.

So the public perception of King is low, but certain forces are at work to give credence to the old saw that when one is that far down, there's no place to go but up. I suppose this creates some difficulty for those who would oppose King in 1982. Do you lie low to escape public invective and disillusionment, waiting until the last possible minute to challenge him? Or, given his potential for recouping, do you take advantage of his low popularity now? Do you sit back, confident that his tax policies will make him a one-term governor? Or do you make your debut, fearing that King may actually be listening to and learning from those who can steer him clear of any major disasters in the media?

BIRTHS OF A NATION

Congress's efficiency watchdog, the General Accounting Office (GAO), having completed what's probably an important report on health care, proceeded to summarize it in a way that may confirm the fears of those who warn *ad nauseam* that big government plays too large a role in our personal lives: "Better management and more resources needed to strengthen federal efforts to improve pregnancy outcome."

Public eye

Down by the old mill stream

When Maude Gallagher was 14 years old, she spent the summer working as a bobbin girl at the cotton mill on the bank of the Charles, across the Common from Waltham City Hall. She threaded bobbins on the spinning machines and kept an eye on the turning spindles. "They had these huge machines. The ceilings were very high and it was very noisy. We worked from six in the morning to six at night."

"One day, I remember, I was tired," said Gallagher, "and I went to look out the window at the park. I turned around, and who was standing behind me but the boss. Well, the boss called me aside and said I was perhaps a little young to be working there. But it was so long ago. I don't remember much about it."

Maude Gallagher worked at the Boston Manufacturing Company in 1902. Today, at 91 (91-and-a-half, as she says), Gallagher is back at the mill. But the four-story brick factory with a river view is no longer her place of employment. It's her home.

Gallagher was among the first tenants to move into the Francis Cabot Lowell Mill, which was recently converted by the Boston Investment and Development Company into housing for Waltham's elderly population. Not only did the renovation transform what was once considered an eyesore, but in the process, the mill's remarkable history was discovered, and has since been proudly claimed by the community.

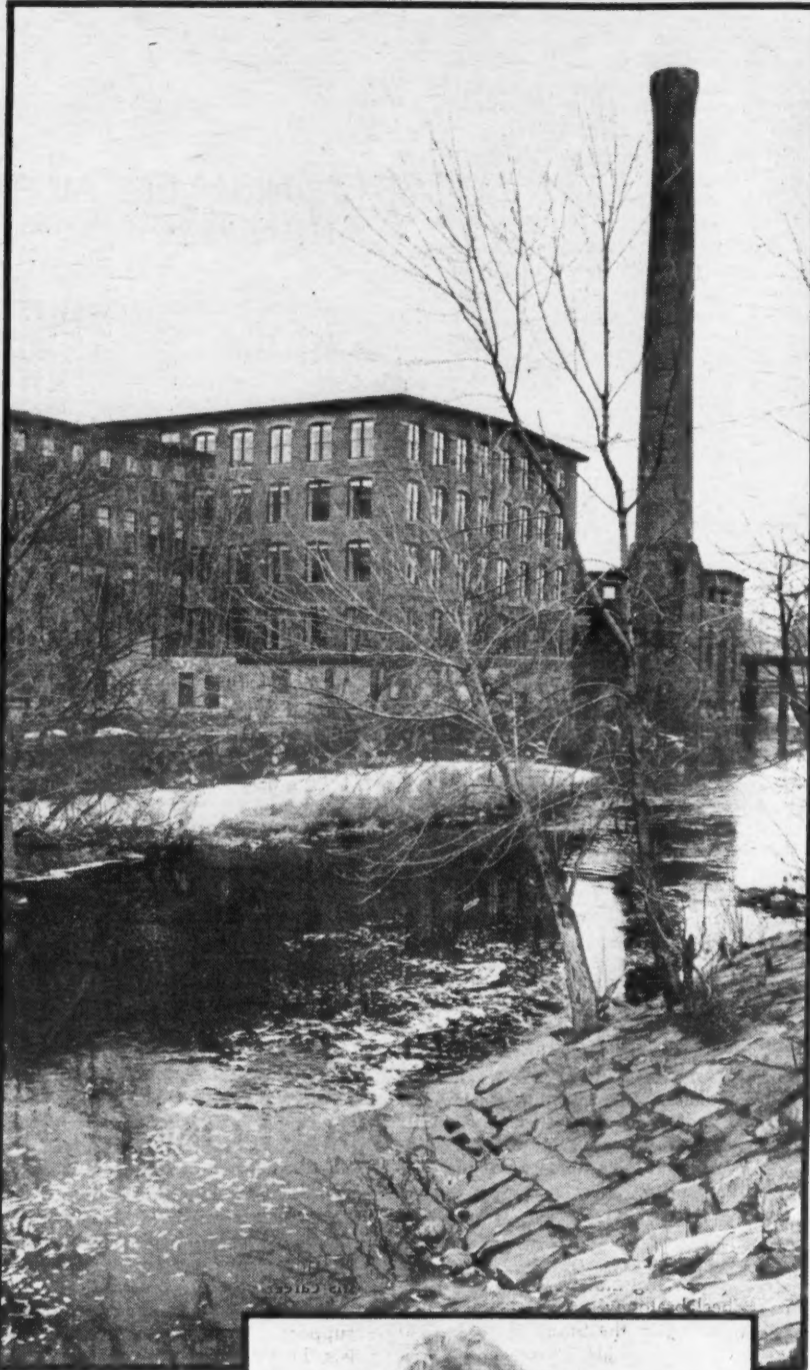
The whole complex of structures surrounding the 167-year-old mill is now an officially designated historic district; the mill itself was the first industrial building in America to be designated a national historic landmark.

In 1813, Francis Cabot Lowell and a group of investors signed articles of association for the Boston Manufacturing Company. The singularity of the name said it all — there was no need to describe the firm any further because there was, simply, nothing like it in the world, much less in or around Boston.

By 1815, the BMC was producing cotton cloth manufactured entirely at the Waltham mill. Lowell and his brilliant "practical mechanic" Paul Moody (for whom Waltham's main street was named) had gone the leading British textile factories one better: all of the steps required to turn cotton into cloth, from carding and spinning to weaving, were carried on under one roof. According to business historians Glenn Porter and Harold C. Livesay, it was "the first truly modern factory in the United States, for it integrated and mechanized production from raw material to finished product under a single management and within a single factory."

The company also set personnel-management precedents by building boarding houses for its mill workers, most of whom were farm girls from the area. The "Waltham-Lowell system of manufacture" was copied around the world, and the BMC itself used the Waltham plant as a model in its ambitious blueprint for a completely planned industrial community. Lowell, Massachusetts, was named for the same industrialist who gave Waltham — and New England — its first modern factory. (The Waltham mill was eventually eclipsed by the BMC's operation in Lowell, which was, in 1978, designated the country's first national park to honor the Industrial Revolution.)

Michael Folsom, professor of American civilization at MIT and founder of the MIT Mill Studies Project, says the Boston Manufacturing Company did much to foster New England's dominance in the textile industry, but also led the industrial exodus out of the Northeast. "The Depression began in the '20s in New England," says Folsom. "Shoes and textile mills went under in town after town. The Boston Manufacturing Company was the first of the major com-



Photos by Peggy McMahon

Maude Gallagher and the Francis Cabot Lowell Mill: "We worked from six in the morning to six at night."



panies to leave." According to Folsom, the BMC, which pulled out of Waltham in 1929, was the first of the runaway shops to avoid unions and seek cheaper labor in the South.

Professor Folsom may be credited with making the Francis Cabot Lowell Mill a source of civic pride for Waltham residents. "I was teaching American civilization and I decided I wanted to cover something besides Thoreau and Hemingway," Folsom said. "I wanted to teach the industrial component of American history."

"I concentrated on New England's tex-

tile industry and we did a lot of field trips, which is how I knew about the Boston Manufacturing Company," Folsom said. He happened to run into the developer of the Lowell Mill at a cocktail party. "I asked him, 'Do you know what that mill is?' And he didn't know. The mayor didn't know. Here you have one of the birthplaces of American industry and no one knows it. But that's the attitude toward industry," said Folsom. "It's the backbone of American economic power and influence, but it's also got a legacy of suffering and ugliness attached to it."

The history of the mill, as well as the

structure itself, is being rehabilitated and will be incorporated into the lives of the 300-odd people who will eventually live at the old factory. A museum featuring the history of industrial Waltham is planned for the old boiler room, and floors that once supported water-powered looms will house community rooms and offices for Waltham's Council on Aging.

The mill's historical treasures aren't limited to beams, bricks, and relics: some of its residents have as much to offer students of mill history as the building itself does. Although no special effort was made to find former employees of the factory, somewhere between 25 and 30 percent of the present residents have some connection — usually through family members — with the work life of the mill.

Mabel Argonta has become the resident lay historian of the housing project. She is collecting stories from tenants and old photographs and clippings about the history of the building, which has housed numerous manufacturing concerns since the BMC left. "My mother, Eva Smith, was only 16 when she went to work in the mill," says Argonta. "My uncle, John Ryberg, created three ideas for the mill. My husband's people worked here, too."

Mill residents have already begun to provide otherwise lost information. Maude Gallagher remembered that "You had to be at work when the bell rang at six in the morning." That bell was long forgotten until Charlie LeBlanc, one of the mill's new tenants, recalled that about 20 years ago he had helped move the original bell up to his home town, on Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia. He and some friends had been hanging around the French Club in Waltham and had been talking about their home-town church, which had burned down. They'd heard the bell tower had been rebuilt but still had no bell. One of LeBlanc's friends remembered seeing an old bell lying in a junkyard around here; the men paid \$800 for it and moved it to Nova Scotia themselves.

Michael Folsom says, "If it all checks out, that's a Paul Revere bell. It's one of the few objects left from the old cotton mill." Folsom hopes to find the bell and restore it to its original home. "It's not like I'm robbing the church of its bell. I'll offer to get them another. Besides, they can't ring the mill bell, because it's too big. It cracks the steeple."

Participatory archaeology is alive and lively in Waltham, and Maude Gallagher is eager to be in the thick of it. She was one of the first to volunteer as a resident greeter/host, to answer the front door and lead visitors through the exhibits and museum. "I retired from work 10 years ago. That lasted one month. Then I started my volunteer work."

Gallagher lost her husband and young daughter in the influenza epidemic of 1919. She sent three sons off to World War II and all three came home alive. She has worked in factories, run her own store, clerked for others, nursed the sick and elderly. Today, she's slowed down a bit. She runs the Beano games at two nursing homes and volunteers for the Red Cross. Six years ago, the mayor proclaimed her 85th birthday Maude Gallagher Day in Waltham.

Gallagher's living-room window overlooks the Moody Street dam and its waterfall. From the street, her window looks like all the rest, framed with simple white curtains intended to preserve the "harmonious appearance" the developers intended.

Inside, however, the huge mill rooms have been divided into small, almost cramped, but still cozy modern apartments. The living quarters as well as the hallways are covered with drab indoor-outdoor carpeting. The heat is abundant and, mercifully, subsidized.

Gallagher still spends her days across the road from the Common that distracted her from her mill duties 78 years ago, when she wore her hair "down to my fingertips."

"We're so fortunate to be here," she said.

— Anita Diamant

Letters

to the editor and other people

TIMELY

You cannot imagine how delighted I was to read the "Teheran Diary," by William Worthy (March 4). At a time when the Islamic revolution and its aftermaths are so satanized by the American media, printing Worthy's article was very timely.

Having observed great revolutions like those in Algeria, Cuba, etc., and lacking any association with certain groups and organizations (and their "vital interests"), Worthy gives us articulate insights about Iran. For us Iranians, this is invaluable.

I congratulate the *Phoenix* on printing this article, which reflects the truth about Iran. You are probably a pioneer among the papers in the Boston area in your decision to print another side of the "Iran crisis," one not reflected in the major networks and papers — the truth. It's about time a newspaper and a journalist fulfill the duty of journalism — truthfulness in informing the public.

Mina Zandieh
Malden

ASPECTS OF DISCO

I am and have been a fan of the letters section of the two weeklies in this town

ever since I moved here, a year and a half ago. I've especially enjoyed the way people answer letters about letters, etc., serving as a continual forum. One topic that has received much "airplay" is the continuing debate on whether or not disco is dying, dead, wild, or wonderful. I feel that the essential point has been missed. I have heard and read the opinions of people from both sides of the issue and find that both are trapped by the fatal flaw of a limited view. My stance could be looked upon as conflicting or hypocritical on the surface because basically I "side" with the anti-disco people, while I enjoy disco artists such as Earth, Wind and Fire, Gloria Gaynor, and Michael Jackson. What makes these seemingly conflicting things consistent is the why and the why not.

In his letter in the Feb. 26 *Phoenix*, Robert Judd defines the turn-on of disco as "a metronome for dance," and he says that "the artistic creativity of disco music is not essential to the disco-goer; disco has a style that makes him move or gyrate because of the beat. That's all there is to it."

This definition holds two important questions, one to address each side of the issue. It asks the anti-disco side, Why is it wrong just simply to want to dance. To this I answer, Nothing! Nothing at all. This I see as the basic defense of disco. But the other question raised (and the one I ask pro-disco people) is, Why not dance to music rather than an elaborate metronome? If the best is what you want, fine, but why is that all you want? Artists like Michael Jackson and Earth, Wind and Fire have proved that you can have the "disco beat" and still be wonderfully creative (I think that E,W & F are one of the most creative groups in years). These questions address the disco issue, and there are many points that could be argued along these and other lines, to be sure. But my objection to disco is not to disco itself but to the attitude towards music it exemplifies. The essential point. The attitude of labeling a music form or style that one likes or wishes to sell (whichever side you're on) and defining it. And having anything that fits this definition be accepted. (I once read a definition of country music as anything that had a pedal steel guitar in it. Not all are this narrow, but I hope you can see my point.) People who want to dance can dance to an incredible amount of styles and forms of music that fit these and other needs.

At the same time, people could go to a club, say to listen to the music and meet people, even if they don't dance. And people who want to dance to different kinds of music can, and so on. The music biz is a money-making venture. They sell a product. The simpler the product (in the case of music, the simpler the definition of a music form or style), the less that has to be done to sell it to people. But selling is a two-way thing: one seller, one buyer. Disco as a form of music can be redefined to meet more needs and wants of more people. By those people! What we want we get! If we want a metronome, that's what we'll get. If we want music we can dance and listen to, we'll get that also. Don't ask too little is all I say. Everybody can have his or her way.

I have distaste for any musician or group that depends on fitting the definition of their form for credibility. This goes for all styles of music. I subscribe to none blanketly and single out none exclusively.

John T. Ross
Waltham

'GIRL' TO GO FAR

Re: the article March 4 on social openings.

May I commend Andrea Lee for her sharp eye, incisive view, and witty pen. During the heady week I spent escorting the beautiful and vivacious Lee around town from one opening to another (across the river and into the Fogg), I could not get over her sharp observations and trenchant insights. This girl will go far in journalism!

Martin H. Sobodkin
Boston

FEMINISM ENTAILS PARANOIA

To Anita Diamant:

Your article in the issue of January 29 publicly put yet another end to the false idea that there exist as many signs to justify hope as there are to instill fear.

It has become controversial to discuss social phenomena such as poverty, waste, or war in feminist terms. For a woman living in this time, it is necessary to be always alert, on the lookout. Paranoia happens to be a byproduct of feminism. A feminist questions, takes little for granted; let your guard down for a moment and you can mistake making ends meet for affluence.

When women speak on issues that deviate from those traditionally allowed us, we take a huge risk. You responsibly pointed out that the attention given to war-making is a male interest — a decision that clearly interferes in the course of evolution.

It is necessary that similar points of view be made public through the written word. The *Phoenix* has acted responsibly in publishing your article. For this, I am grateful.

Lynn Fiske Watts

FUNKY BOSTON

Mike Freedberg's excellent article (March 4) on what of course is the cream of Boston funk contains two errors. One, I do not own BIR, and two, I was raised at the Whittier Street Housing Project in Roxbury, not Cambridge. Otherwise, Freedberg's article was certainly more timely than that awful piece of trash printed in a recent Sunday *Globe* on the punks of Boston (the Neighborhoods) who substitute for good music a beer blast. Punk is nothing but a lot of drunks getting together. Jumping up and down making a nuisance of themselves, trying to think they're better than the funk. Man, I wouldn't let one of those assholes from the Neighborhoods be a roadie for any of my acts. They better come on down to some of our gigs and learn how to play their instruments.

Mike Freedberg, we love you!

Tony Rose
(manager of Prince Charles and the City Beat Band)
Boston

Saving gas?

The *Phoenix* is conducting a consumer survey of gas-saving devices and engine additives in conjunction with *Car Talk*, WBUR's weekly call-in show (Saturdays at 11:30 a.m.). Readers who have tried any of the various gas-savers on the market are encouraged to write in stating what they used, what it did or didn't do, what it cost, and where it was purchased. Please include your name and phone number and tell us what you drive. Letters must be received by March 20. Address correspondence to Clif Garboden, Supplements Editor, the *Boston Phoenix*, 100 Massachusetts Ave., Boston 02115.

We welcome responses from readers. All letters should be double-spaced, preferably typed, and must include the writer's name, address, and telephone number (for verification). Only the name and the town will be printed, and these may be withheld if there is good reason. All letters are subject to editing for reasons of space, fairness, balance, literacy, and libel. All letters will be considered to be for publication unless the writer states otherwise.



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Next week Style

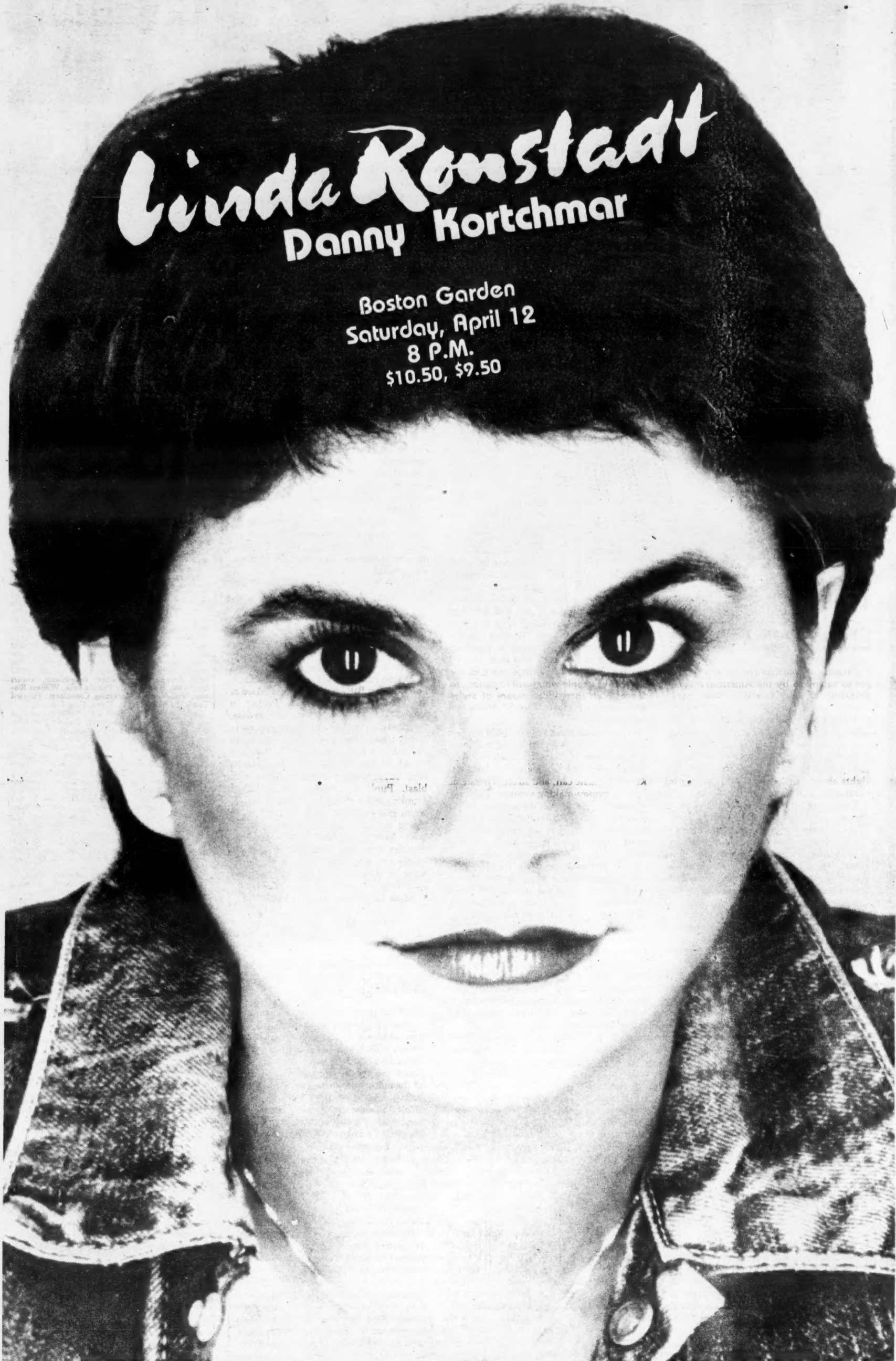
- Trends for '80: legs, geometrics, punk duds, the '60s return, preppy casuals, and pastels
- Plus: skin care and makeup, shoes, and accessories.

D O N L A W P R E S E N T S

Linda Ronstadt

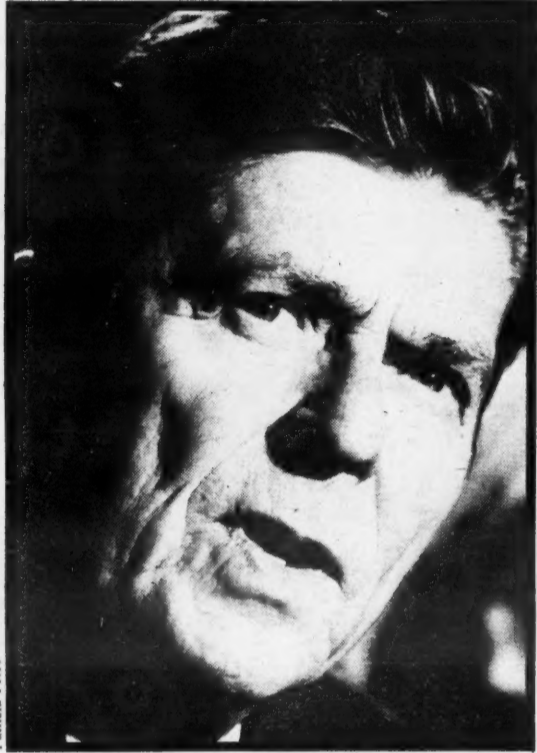
Danny Kortchmar

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Saturday, April 12
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THREE FOR



Pamela Price

Anderson also rises: Sacrifice sells in the Bay State

by Charles P. Pierce

All candidates rely on quotations, some so extensively that it prompts speculation as to how very difficult it must be for speechwriters to type while keeping one elbow possessively propped up on *Bartlett's*. Even worse, in 1976 we had Jimmy Carter drawing on middle-period Bob Dylan so relentlessly that it seemed he'd been the only person to send flowers to Hattie Carroll's funeral.

A distinction arises when a candidate is so successful as to inspire the public to commit a kind of plagiarism on his behalf. Thus it is that the famous "Some men see things the way they are . . ." is attributed to Robert Kennedy, not to its originator, George Bernard Shaw.

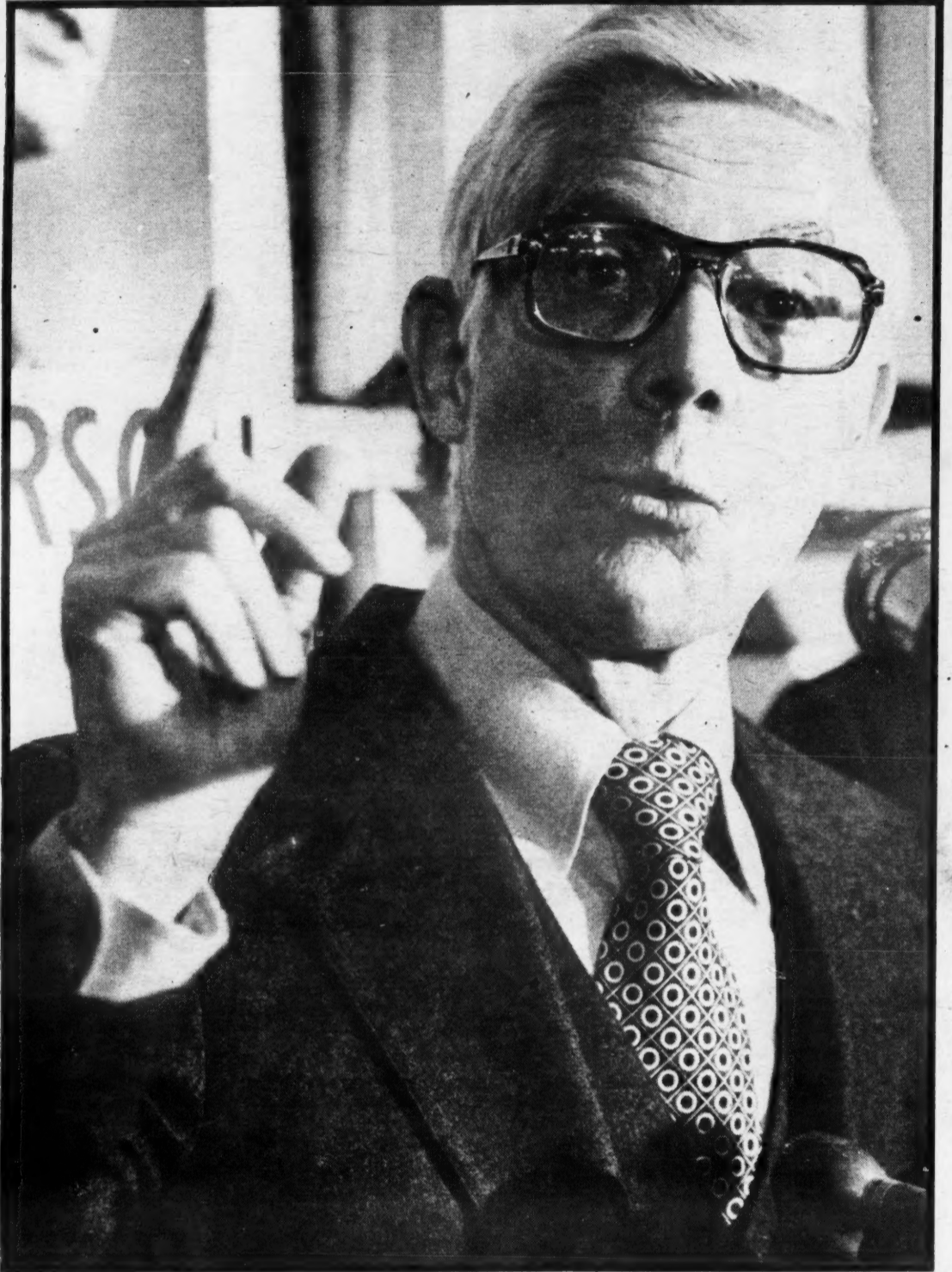
On the night of his double second-place "victories" in the Vermont and Massachusetts primaries, John Anderson, the Illinois congressman, spoke twice to his assembled supporters. He was perspiring heavily; his normally smooth voice had been left ragged by the thickets along the campaign trail. But in both sets of remarks, Anderson was careful to include a favorite aphorism by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Depending on what happens in the next few weeks, it is possible that some future candidate may quote John Anderson using Emerson's words. "Nothing astonishes men so much," quoted Anderson, "as common sense and plain dealing."

More important than volunteers, more important than contributors, the theme of the Anderson campaign has been developed. It's turned out to be one that, four months ago, not even Anderson's closest advisers would have suspected.

When Anderson announced his candidacy, many people familiar with him doubted he had the political sense to astonish anyone. "He's one of those guys who spend most of their time in Washington," an Illinois political analyst commented. "He seems to want to hold himself above the fray, and doesn't want to do the spadework where it needs to be done."

Anderson's New England surge had confounded such thinking. His original exploratory campaign committee advised against the race because its members did not think Anderson capable of "raising sufficient funds to become a viable national candidate."

"I'm glad to be wrong," said a member of that committee. "As I recall, my original concern was about his possible lack of intestinal fortitude on the campaign trail."



Teri Bloom

None of those worries seems relevant anymore. Anderson has exhibited an extraordinary delight in diving into political turmoil. He told farmers in Iowa that they should support the president's grain embargo. He stood up before National Rifle Association crazies in New Hampshire and argued for the registration of handguns. And his energy plan is based on a 50-cents-per-gallon gasoline tax, even though he has voted against any number of taxes in Congress over the past several years.

Through it all, he has been rooted on by the press, which has jumped aboard his now rolling bandwagon with unreserved enthusiasm. "I didn't hear about him until the *New York Times* ran that editorial," said Dick Stout, Anderson's new national-media coordinator. "Why Not the Best? My God, what a headline."

The intensive coverage his candidacy has attracted for several months is in no small part responsible for the phenomenon that the Anderson campaign has become. The candidate's people would have you believe that this is the result of their man's outspokenness on the issues. But it must be more than that; Anderson is hardly more outspoken than, say, Phillip Crane.

No, it seems rather that the press has become fascinated with Anderson's self-appointed role as the campaign's Bad-News Man. Undeniably, curiosity is aroused by any candidate who roams the countryside telling people they have to sacrifice, and that paying 50 cents more for a gallon of gas will be a proper response to the instability in the Middle East.

"There have been a few softballs along the way, no question," said one of Anderson's political consultants. "The media has been very supportive. We'll have to see whether that remains the case."

"I think the press corps would like to see John Anderson do well," said Jim Nowlan, a liberal Republican acti-

vist from Illinois. "It's certainly been one of his strengths."

The time spent on the man's image by what political professionals call the "free media" has done nothing but boost the Anderson effort. Which is not to say the media are solely responsible for that effort's sudden springing to life. It is possible that Anderson could have come roaring up the feeder roads from nowhere only on his own inherent appeal. But it's doubtful he could have ever done so so cheaply. "You don't really have to get into a really high-overhead thing," explained Anderson consultant David Thorne. "There is so much national media looking at the process now that it's worth literally thousands of dollars. There's so much media out there that you don't have to spend for it all."

Whatever the motivation for it, Anderson has been the recipient of much media attention, while at the same time receiving little of the scrutiny that usually accompanies it and that has begun to cripple George Bush. "He's gotten amazing press for someone who hasn't shown himself to his best advantage electorally yet," commented one Anderson aide just before the Massachusetts primary. "He's not getting the tough press, the hard look, yet. Look at Bush. He was getting a free ride for a long while. Now it looks like he was a meteor that burned itself out over the skies of New England."

The Anderson campaign, then, has been able to remain visible while operating frugally in the areas of paid advertising and paid staff. This has already begun to change, not only because his candidacy clearly is now nationally viable but also because his effort is finally coming into the money to spend on both.

For nearly a year, the Anderson fund-raising effort has depended upon direct-mail techniques and has been co-

Continued on page 12

THE ROAD

7 THE BOSTON PHOENIX, MARCH 11, 1980



James Zappone

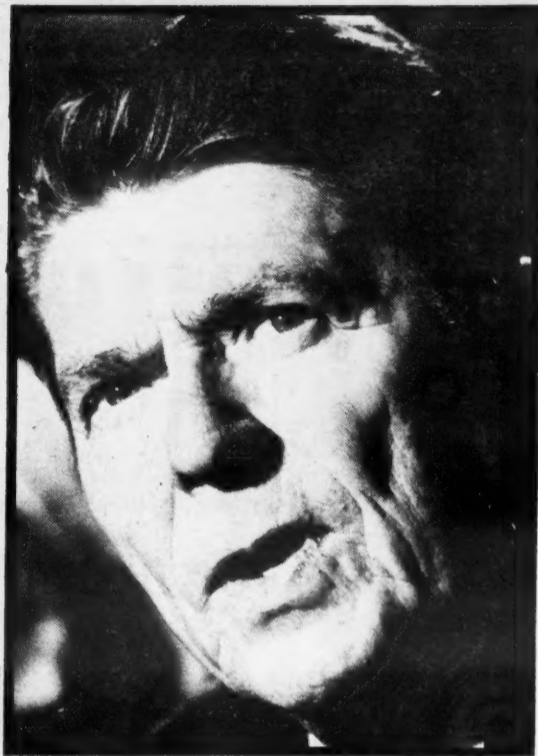
Non-local coloring: Bush is about to get burned

by Marco Trbovich

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA — Taking this state seriously must be a plague on the house of any presidential candidate. Widely regarded as a microcosm of the American electorate, it is much more like a cartoon of the nation's culture. From panhandle to peninsula tip, people and places caricature their former lives. Save for the ocean and the gulf — both obscured wherever possible by towering condos and gaudy hotels — nothing seems real. And unconditioned air is as rare as a fresh idea.

The prevailing architecture is Ticky-Tacky Baroque, suggesting that urban planning must have ranked somewhere close to Stalinism in the hearts and minds of the homesteaders, who have flocked here from the South, Midwest, and urban Northeast over the past 25 years. If you drive for more than a block without spotting a building of pastel-painted cinderblocks, it's time to get your eyes checked; you're probably suffering from glaucoma. And the Great American Franchise Museum could easily be established by cordoning off a six-block section of any central-Florida business district. Down here, they've taken the mistake of suburban sprawl and reproduced it on a statewide scale. Only extraordinary wealth has fortified areas like Ft. Lauderdale's Intercoastal Waterway from the encroaching swarms of billboards, plastic, and neon.

The people may have been real in their former lives, but the sun appears to be broiling it out of them fast. Florida is three states, really: the northeastern tier is peopled by Southerners; the central state, or Golden Girdle as it's called, by Midwestern emigres; and the southern third by escapees from the Northeast. Each section seems to be competing for the prize of best caricature of its emigres' homeland. Up north you can stop at a sultry roadside bar tended by a dour, pin-curl harridan and stroll out back to find a couple of gators basking, dead-eyed, in the swamp that comes within 10 yards of the tavern door — a real sort of Tennessee Williams delight (the bard himself has found a home among like kind in Key West). A little ways south, in Tallahassee, a labor leader who once marched with Martin Luther King in Memphis complains of the quiescence of the city's blacks. Another former Tennessean, who served as a judge in one of the Golden Girdle counties, marvels at the number of Midwesterners who are living in central Florida on union pensions and regularly voting Republican. And everywhere the city's bus stops come equipped with benches, each well-stocked with senior citizens as lifeless as knickknacks. (Imagine it: an entire state full of human *tsatskis!*) The sixth congressional district, which encompasses all of St. Petersburg and Pinellas County,



Pamela Price

receives more in Social Security payments than any other district in the country, which is one reason why St. Pete is called the "city of newlyweds and nearly dead."

But for sheer comic perversion, Miami Beach cannot be beat. It is teeming with Republican Cubans crazy with hatred for Castro and oldsters crazy for suntans. The poolsides are crowded with rickety seniors parched darker than Gypsies, most of them of the New York/New Jersey persuasion. If these people didn't actually exist, Philip Roth would undoubtedly have created them. ("So where are you from?" an old lady asks an even older couple she has joined in a hotel dining room. "Hackensack," the man replies. "Oh, that's nice," the woman chirps. "What's so nice about it?" he drones.)

The valet outside the hotel speaks with the flat nasality that gives him away as a Chicagoan. "Walt," as the stitching on his powder-blue work shirt identified him, had moved down from the Windy City after last year's horrendous winter. He likes the sunshine, he says. "The place grows on ya, if ya give it a chance." "And so does poison ivy," you're sorely tempted to reply. But why scramble Walt's brains before the sun has had a chance?

So what do you call this octogenarian hothouse? Simple. Call it a second-class California, which makes it a first-class opportunity for a clean sweep by Ronald Reagan. They even have a second-class Disneyland here. They built it in Orange County, no less, and called it Disney World. The name has occasionally led to unflattering references to "the congressman from Disney World" — none other than that madcap star of ABCAM, the one and only Richard Kelly. Perfect.

Ronald Reagan has long been a favorite in Florida. Gerald Ford defeated him here, but only narrowly, by a mere 34,000-vote margin out of almost 610,000 votes cast in 1976. The vast majority of Ford's victory margin came from Pinellas County, where he won by nearly 20,000 votes. Much of the margin is credited to the support he received from Bill Young, an extraordinarily popular congressman who has won as much as 79 percent of the popular vote in his re-election campaigns. The importance of Pinellas County in the Republican primary cannot be overestimated. More than 189,000 registered Republicans make it by far the heaviest concentration of GOP voters in the state. In addition, 35 percent of the county's voters are over 65, which means they turn out heavily on election day. In '76, for example, an astounding 65 percent of the Republicans eligible voted in Pinellas in the presidential primary.

The size and weight of the vote in Pinellas secured the victory for Ford, despite a narrow victory for Reagan in Broward County, on the east coast, the second-largest in Republican registration, and a resounding 57-42 Reagan win in Dade County, which is the third-largest for Republicans.

Given that George Bush has been attempting to mount his campaign on the old Ford base, it is not unreasonable to assume that he must do almost as well as Ford did in order to keep Reagan from breaking 50 percent. High on victory after Iowa, Bush, like O'Neill's legendary addict of *Long Day's Journey into Night*, was "so happy . . . for a time." Then Reagan, the man who had decreed the 11th commandment, that Republican candidates shall not criticize one another, cast the tablet out of the electoral temple as quickly as he had chiseled it. The ensuing

Continued on page 20

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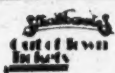
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The agony of victory

Carter can't whistle through Dixie



Timothy Carlson

No, not that one: when Andy Young found out about Carter's Georgia slogan, he flinched.

by Margaret Doris

ATLANTA — In Georgia and Alabama, the search is on for clues to the outcome of Tuesday's state primaries. Particularly hard to call is the Democratic race: while no one seriously doubts that Carter will take his native South, the margin is hard to predict. The magnitude, and thus the significance, of the Carter victory will depend on several factors.

— Voter turnout. Carter has lost the active support of many Democrats in Georgia and Alabama. Since the outcome of the March 11 races is assured, a significant number of complacent Carterites may stay at home.

— Interest in the GOP race. Both the Georgia and the Alabama primaries are open, or crossover, primaries. Ronald Reagan, John Connally, and George Bush have campaigned actively in the South, and Bush in particular is attracting support from conservative Democrats. And after a triumphant showing in Massachusetts and Vermont, John Anderson, who has not campaigned here but is on the Georgia ballot, may attract liberal Democrats and Independents who feel that Kennedy is a lost cause.

— The black vote. In 1976, the white voters of the 11 states of the old Confederacy gave a narrow margin to Gerald Ford; it was the black vote that saved the South for Carter. But indications now are that black support for Carter is eroding. One reason is a sense of disappointment in Carter's failure to deliver sufficiently on his economic promises. Another is the defection of some black leaders, including Julian Bond, who has come out for Kennedy and who has suggested that there could be a well of black enthusiasm for John Anderson. According to polls, Southern blacks are split about evenly between Kennedy and Carter, with Carter holding a slight edge.

Until recently, the Carter camp took Georgia pretty much for granted. The Carter headquarters in Atlanta was deemed unnecessary and in January was closed up. And it's been easier to find a Kennedy bumper sticker than a Carter button; supporters who want to wear the Carter colors have had to dust off their green-and-white mementos from the '76 campaign.

Carter strategists realized too late that black voters and all but the hard-core peanut brigadiers were in danger of straying. In an inept and ill-timed move to regain lost ground, the Carter campaign launched a crusade to prevent Kennedy

from picking up a single Georgia-convention delegate. First Lady Rosalynn Carter unveiled the new "Stop Kennedy" attack plan in Macon a few weeks ago, urging voters to rally under the slogan, "No, Not One."

It is a phrase guaranteed to stir the hearts and minds of black Georgians. In 1958, a white Georgian was swept into the governor's office with "No, Not One" as his battle cry. But Ernest Vandiver was not talking about delegates for Kennedy. The promise that won Vandiver the governor's mansion was, "No, not one" Georgia school child would ever attend a desegregated school.

Reaction to the slogan was typified by Carter cheerleader Andrew Young, who flinched when a reporter informed him of it. "I haven't used that slogan," he was quick to note. "I won't use that slogan."

While Kennedy presents no real challenge to Carter in Georgia, it is unlikely the president's forces will be able to achieve their "no, not one" goal. Kennedy stands to pick up at least four of Georgia's 54 delegates. Black support should give him the necessary 15 percent of the vote to gain delegates in the fourth and fifth districts (Atlanta) and in southwest Georgia's second district. The first district, with its large Irish Catholic population, may also come through for Kennedy. But in districts like the seventh and ninth, in the predominantly white North Georgia mountains, Kennedy faces a shutout. While he may average 17 percent of the vote statewide, his inability to get 15 percent in every congressional district will prevent his gaining the 13 delegates that supporters have privately hoped for.

In Alabama, the wild card is not a candidate but a surrogate. For months, 26-year-old Robert F. Kennedy Jr. has been stumping the state, bringing a personalized campaign to a people with a historic weakness for populist causes. Nicknamed by reporters "Ruthless Cannonball II," young Kennedy has brought to Alabama all the flamboyance and charisma his uncle lacks.

But the Kennedy campaign has been dealt a series of blows in Alabama. The first came from George Wallace, who had promised to remain neutral but then endorsed Carter, in January. Shortly thereafter, his brother Gerald, who was running as a delegate-elect, pledged to Kennedy, withdrew without explanation. It is speculated that his decision had something to do with federal funding for one of the former governor's pet projects, the University of Alabama at Birmingham. More recently, Kennedy delegates have been receiving anonymous phone calls threatening them with IRS audits and "blacklisted" credit ratings if they fail to change their political allegiance. Because of the privileged nature of the information the anonymous callers apparently possess, it is assumed they are working from one of three existent copies of the master list of delegates. The Carter and Kennedy campaigns each have one copy, the third rests with the state Democratic party.

Unless Bobby Kennedy has managed to build the "grassroots groundswell" he has been talking about for weeks, Carter will probably win 23 of the 31 delegates in Alabama. But, a large pro-Kennedy turnout in the sixth district (Birmingham) and in the southeastern district (including Montgomery) could add to the senator's delegate roster.

Carter could take both states and still "lose" badly on Tuesday. If a significant percentage of the Democratic vote stays home or votes Republican, and if more than a third of Georgia's black voters defect from the Carter camp, then the president is in serious trouble. In order to be a realistic general-election candidate in the fall, Carter must be able to maintain the same broad support he enjoyed in 1976. If he cannot, the door may be open for a Republican Dixie victory in November.

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Personally...

My daughter, myself: Sugar and puppy-dogs' tails

by Alan Lupo

As I write this she's in the next room. She's jogging, bouncing up and down, while her long hair flops up and down over the back of a blue jersey, the front of which features a snowman and the word "December."

I don't know why she's jogging. She's been putting herself through a rigorous set of exercises every night, or every night that she remembers to do so. I don't care why. It's healthy. If she stabbed a nun or shot a rabbi, I'd inquire. Exercising? Why not?

A half-hour earlier, her brother, with the benefit of one gym-class lesson in wrestling, was wrestling with her. He came downstairs flushed with victory for himself and pride for his sister.

"She's good. I had to keep explaining different things, but she's strong. She could probably beat anybody in her grade."

It is the ultimate compliment. What greater accolades can she desire, this 10-year-old lover of Miss Piggy (and of all cats, and of a stuffed monkey who goes by the handle of Herman) — this president of an unnamed four-member club?

"Obey all rules," she warned the other members in written instructions. Perhaps it's her German heritage. She is Jewish and Catholic, if rules are strictly applied. She is the result of chemistry that mingled the blood of Irish, Russian, English, Romanian, and German. Dammit, she is good.

She also has a natural and powerful left jab and right cross.

(This article appeared in the February issue of Ms. magazine.)

She's tall, big-boned, blue-eyed. She's my welcomed dichotomy, my petunia, and my linebacker.

In her shy moods, she kisses my shirt. "Yechh," I yell. "Whaddya want to do that for? My shirt is dirtier than my face." She giggles.

In her other moods, she will suddenly hug me and kiss my jowly face that sprouts a shadow within a half-hour of shaving.

How do you write about such things? A long time ago in the newspaper business, they told us not to use adjectives. Use facts and quotes, they said. Let the facts and quotes speak for themselves, they said.

When she kisses me, it is sweet. There. For Alyssa, I break the rules and use an adjective. Let the great copy editors in the heavens chalk a smudged pencil mark against my name. Nothing's too good for my kids.

I said my kids. There are two, one of each brand. This is supposed to be about the female brand, not the male brand. He already has yelled foul, discrimination. I cry no such thing, but I am troubled. How do you write about one and not the other when you cherish both?

That's the key, maybe. That's the whole point. One is a boy; one is a girl. One is older; one is younger. One is a string bean, a monkey; the other a bull with a grin, a bull who will persist but looks forward to cuddling up under a tree and smelling the flowers. Still, the key is that they are equal: nothing more, nothing less.

This fall she played soccer, her brother's favorite sport. Like her father, she could do with a bit more coordination, but she's got the power.



Katherine Mahoney

Alyssa Rose Lupo; that Rose in her name is for her great-grandmother, whom she never met, a Russian Jew whose legacy is kindness and compassion.

The kid has inherited it. In the one fistfight she got into one summer with a boy, she halfheartedly slugged him a few times and said each time, "I'm sorry."

She was. She does not wish to hurt anyone. And she does not wish to be hurt by anyone.

Unlike her brother, the used-car salesman, she agonizes over real or imagined errors, sins, pain. But I can't shelter her. Let her learn to stick her chin out as far as any man's. I can encourage her not to be a proper little lady but to

be a proper human being.

Those people who see her photograph sometimes say, "Oh, you're going to have trouble when she gets older." I guess they mean boys will want to take her out on dates. I guess they will. I hope they will. I don't wish for either kid to be as lonely as I and others of my time so often were.

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At some point, her mother and I will talk to her about the shades of adolescence. I haven't figured out the lesson plan yet.

For a couple of years, I hardly knew her at all. Because of the job I had and the time it took, I missed her transition from baby to kid. Later on, I spent a lot more time at home. I'd be there when she got back from kindergarten, and we'd have lunch together.

"We saw a movie today." Slurp, drink, chomp, swallow.

"Yeah?" I answered with more enthusiasm than I felt. "What about?"

"An elephant." Chomp, slurp, chomp, swallow.

"What happened to the elephant?"

Between chomps and slurps, she told me some disconnected story that trailed off when she forgot the rest or lost interest. I went back to my newspaper. Silence.

"You know how it ended?" she suddenly asked.

I really wanted to know by then. "No, how?"

"With music. Very loud music." Chomp, swallow, slurp.

The kid has always had a healthy respect for basic facts. She might miss the message, a punch line, but she remembers details, almost all the lines in *Superman*, the room number of the motel near Disney World. Quietly, she stores it all away.

I've tried to make up for the lost time. I try more to enjoy the present. I go to the elementary school on the designated afternoons for parent conferences and talk to the teacher and beam at my kid's desk, chair, artworks, and compositions.

Occasionally, we have a day together. She was home, ill, one school day last week. She had eaten, by 9:38 a.m., two breakfasts, one consisting mainly of peanut butter, and the other of tomato soup. She would later have two lunches and a two- or three-stage dinner. Yes, of course, snacks — would you let a child starve between meals?

We were talking — mainly, she was talking and I was listening — and she started telling me about a commercial for some kind of office machinery that allegedly saves labor. The pitchman had concluded his sell by identifying the institution of the office secretary as "she." He hadn't counted on this 10-year-old (and I hope many others) who has stored away lots of information in her little noggin and who responded, "He said 'she.'" And with that sneering tone which only the very young can manage so eloquently, she asked, "Why do people always think only girls can be secretaries?"

Maybe we are progressing some.

On the day she was born, a Japanese man tried to stab our ambassador in Tokyo. On the day her brother was born, the Viet Cong had shelled Saigon, killing at least seven people and wounding 26. On the day I was born, half a million followers of Benito Mussolini cheered Hitler's visit to Rome.

I have told her that despite all this, the world would endure. I refused to apologize for having helped bring her into it. I asked her not to accept it as a defective gift toy, but to try and change it in her own way.

Alyssa Rose Lupo and I walk together, her left hand in my right. We talk of silly slapstick routines and of books, of right and wrong. We talk about the world as each sees it. We do comedy bits with Herman the stuffed monkey. Alyssa's laugh is boundless, overpowering.

I hope that when she is at that age, when others say she will give us trouble, that whatever "trouble" arises will be overpowered by our friendship. I hope that we can still walk together, that she will still have cause to laugh.

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Anderson

Continued from page 6

ordinated by Thomas Matthews, a Washington political consultant who is also doing some direct-mail work for the Kennedy campaign. In the beginning, the results were so dismal that one local operative reported that when "we got \$300 into the headquarters in two weeks, that was a big deal."

The crucial moment for Anderson's treasury and thus his candidacy was the nationally televised candidates' forum that preceded the Iowa caucuses. For the first time, people got to see John Anderson without having to have been born in or around Winnebago County, Illinois.

"It was that Iowa debate," recalled Matthews. "That provided the stage for a stark contrast between Anderson and the other Republican candidates."

The basic Anderson fund-raising letter is essentially the same as his pitch from the stump: that Americans are looking for a serious candidate who will speak honestly to them on the issues.

Many political observers feel that this approach has enabled Anderson to gauge current political sentiment. "Even though Bush won (in Massachusetts)," explained a local political consultant, "the ideological pairing (of Anderson and Reagan) is bad for him. All Bush kept talking about on the day after the primary was how he was in the middle. He kept repeating something about 'viability.' Well, the American people aren't in the middle. They want answers. They want people to solve their problems."

The effectiveness of Anderson's fund-raising program has increased dramatically in the past several weeks and is likely to continue to. The national staff is being expanded daily, the most recent example being the hiring of Dick Stout, a former *Newsweek* writer and a consultant to Morris Udall's bid at the 1976 Democratic presidential nomination.

(Any such sudden expansion is bound to result in an alarming temporary disorientation on the part of the newer enlistees. Stout, an irreverent sort, was prowling around the Anderson staff dinner a few hours before the Massachusetts primary, telling people that "I met John once back in 1964, when he was campaigning for Goldwater." When told he should meet Middlesex County Sheriff John Buckley, an early Anderson booster, Stout opined, "It's always nice to meet the sheriff, but I think I should in-



Anderson with his wife, Keke: "He should be saying, 'I am the mainstream.'"

roduce myself to the candidate first.")

What the Anderson campaign has done is set up a network of small donors around the country. "Small donations don't go away," explained David Thorne. "They keep supporting you. It's building rapidly and very strongly." It is a system not unlike those devised by George McGovern and, earlier, George Wallace.

Ironically, not a few Anderson technicians see a fundamental similarity between their candidate's appeal and that which the former Alabama governor used

to exude. They say the contributions reflect this.

"We've got a steadily growing ability to attract small amounts of money from a huge number of people," explained Tom Matthews. "What you're looking at is a genuine political phenomenon equivalent to what Wallace touched a few years ago. It's the genuine, spontaneous adoption of a man offering something they've wanted for a long time."

Wallace, of course, never successfully translated his phenomenon nationwide,

and it remains to be seen if Anderson will be any more effective. In Massachusetts, for example, only about eight percent of his vote represented registered Republicans. He was helped immeasurably by the turnout of 10 percent of the state's independent voters (as opposed to the norm of between two and three percent). According to NBC's post-polling results, 50 percent of the total Republican vote in the Massachusetts primary was composed of independent voters, and of that, Anderson received 46 percent.

Consequently, there is a feeling among many Republicans that Anderson may not have sufficient appeal to the mainstream of the party, a theory that Anderson himself finds puzzling. "I would assume that a party which has for years tried to broaden its base would welcome this sort of result," Anderson told a Boston press conference the day after the Massachusetts primary. "This ought to make many Republicans very happy. After all, I've often heard Governor Reagan say that he was proud of the Democrats who voted for him."

"If I were writing Anderson's strategy now," said a local political analyst, "I'd fight the impression that he's left. He's not left just because he thinks the ERA is a good thing. He should be saying, 'Hey, I'm not left. I am the mainstream.'"

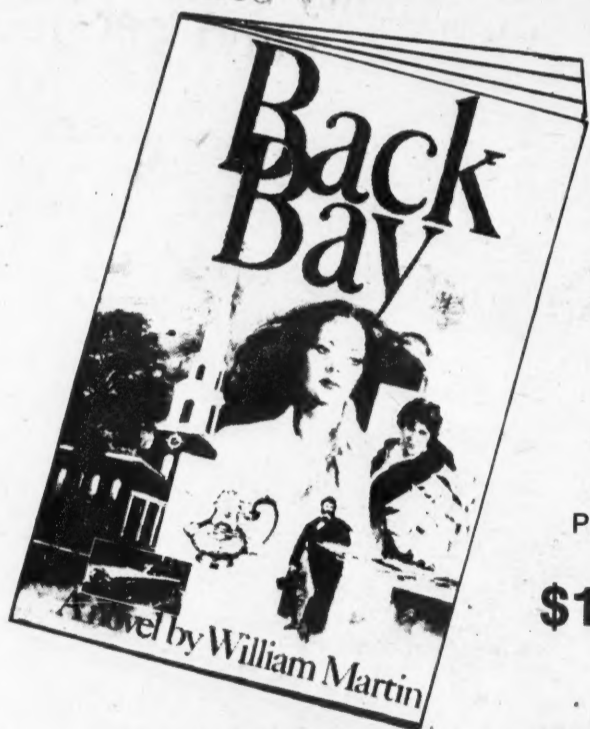
Anderson is eschewing most of the Southern primaries, although he has announced his intention to mount efforts in North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky.

What is clear, though, is that Anderson has staked his newfound status as contender and, through it, the survival of his candidacy, squarely on the states of Illinois and Wisconsin. He obviously hopes that Bush will be crunched in Florida. Anderson would then present an even stronger image as the clearest alternative to Reagan.

It is likely that his campaign will continue to attempt to portray him as the underdog he was before the Massachusetts and Vermont primaries, a dogged moderate trying to make a go of it among conservative heartland Republicans. But this is a line that should not go down anymore.

Anderson, in one of the more perverse twists in an utterly strange political year, finds himself in better financial shape than Reagan. Through a masterpiece of bad management, Reagan has already spent \$11 million of the \$18 million that federal law allows him to spend in pur-

Continued on page 14



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Anderson

Continued from page 12
suit of the nomination. He thus faces 20 primaries with a budget of \$7 million.

Further, Anderson is now committed to two states that appear to be uniquely suited to the kind of crossover-voting. "New Coalition" candidacy he worked so hard to develop and sell in New England. Certain factors common to both states seem to favor him so heavily that, should he do poorly in Illinois and/or lose Wisconsin outright, the question will legitimately arise as to where else he can win.

One of the enduring myths east of Lake Erie is that of the Illinois Republican Party's hidebound conservatism. But recent history indicates that, however conservative the rank and file may be, they evince a startling tendency to line up behind the party's moderate politicians. Senator Charles Percy and Governor James Thompson are only the obvious examples. "The idea

that there is a Taft-Colonel McCormick streak virulent in the Illinois Republican Party," says one Midwestern political operative, "is absolutely not true. Goldwater discredited that kind of thing and, by the 1970s, even the *Chicago Tribune* had moved left."

"Most Illinois moderates who have won have done it through independents and crossover votes," explained Joel Weisman, a Chicago political analyst. "The formal party structure is very conservative, but the leaders aren't."

Much of this behavior has its roots in the Republican tradition of closing ranks behind their party's candidate in the face of the Cook County (Chicago) Democratic machine. Conservative Republicans, then, are likely to be Republicans first and conservatives second.

The custom of crossover voting in this regard should be exploitable by the Anderson campaign. It is even easier to change parties there than it is in Massachusetts, where one has to register in one party or the other be-

fore the primary. In Illinois, the voter simply takes the preferred ballot.

Media fascination with Anderson has preceded him into Illinois. Mike Royko of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, perhaps the country's most influential urban columnist, endorsed Anderson with an encomium several months ago. "Adding up his qualities," Royko wrote presciently on January 20, "you'd imagine that he would be a leading contender for his party's nomination, and would be making a lot of Democratic liberals and independents think about crossing party lines."

"I don't know if Anderson is as strong a swimmer as Teddy," Royko concluded, "but he can complete a sentence without swallowing his tongue." And Illinois is, after all, Anderson's home state.

Ironically, two elections, both of them on the Democratic ballot, may have an effect on all the Republican candidates, but most directly on Anderson. One scenario has Edward Kennedy coming into Illinois after a savage

beating in the South, simply playing out the string. "Anderson might get just enough to take the state," said a Chicago political observer, "if Carter comes in here as the obvious future nominee. It's nowhere near neck-and-neck. Carter's ahead two-to-one right now. And some Kennedy voters may just pick up that Republican ballot."

"If there is a lack of interest on the Democratic side," agreed another expert, "the crossover factor will definitely grow." Indeed.

The other election influencing the presidential primary is that for the Cook County state's attorney. Chicago Mayor and erstwhile Blues Brother Jane Byrne has nominated one candidate. Stephen Daley, son of the late mayor and heir apparent to the old machine, is opposing Byrne's nominee. The possibility exists that this race may keep many Democratic voters in Cook County from taking a Republican ballot. "They'll stay if they feel strongly toward one or the other camps," said Joel Weisman.

Yet distaste for both machines may militate against this. "There are a lot of independents in the 'collar counties' around Cook," said Weisman. And it is not unlikely that liberal Democrats in Chicago will call a pox upon both houses and vote Republican as a protest.

Ever since January, the *Chicago Sun-Times* and TV station WMAQ have been polling the Illinois voters. The last Republican sample, taken in mid-February, showed Bush with 32 percent, followed by Reagan with 25 percent; Anderson checked in with only 6.8 percent. But those close to the poll agree that the next sample (to be taken this weekend) is likely to show a marked difference, conforming to trends seen around the country.

"We've got to characterize Bush's lead as fragile," said a source close to the poll. "It depended a lot on image questions. 'Would you vote for this man?' That kind of thing. On specific issues, his appeal dropped off dramatically. Only 22 percent said they thought he'd do a good job on inflation. Reagan, for example, was closer to 50-50 with image and issues."

Anderson, then, must count on his increasing national visibility. "Hell," said one of his Illinois associates, "you've got to remember that John was only known to about 1/24th of the state. People are at least talking about it."

Reagan's support downstate, which failed to carry Illinois for him against Ford, in 1976, may well be strong enough to hold it for him this time around. But if Bush continues to slide, there is no reason to think that Anderson should be satisfied with anything less than a strong runner-up placing.

"He clearly has the chance for a strong second-place showing, since he hasn't been that organized here that long," said an associate of Anderson's. "Hey, his organization in Wisconsin was stronger a year ago than his Illinois one is now."

Wisconsin, quite simply, should be John Anderson's best stage. His home district, around Rockford, Illinois, is part of a rural intersection of common interests and values, composed of northwestern Illinois, northeastern Iowa, and southwestern Wisconsin. And like much of the region's population, Anderson is Scandinavian. (In fact, one of this year's nagging mysteries is why Anderson didn't campaign harder in Iowa, given this geographic kinship. "If you can drive to Rockford," said one observer familiar with the area, "you can drive to Dubuque.")

As in Illinois, the local media caught onto Anderson early. The *Madison Capital-Times*, a dreadful but influential daily, is planning to endorse him. And even more than in Illinois, crossing over in Wisconsin is a tradition of which the state's voters are proud, and one that drives out-of-state field organizers to babbling every four years or so.

"I see a big Democratic vote for Anderson in this state," said a Wisconsin political expert. "So much so that it may be a bigger problem for Kennedy than vice versa. And Brown's campaign, as near as I can tell, is in almost total disarray. I spent three hours on the phone trying to find it."

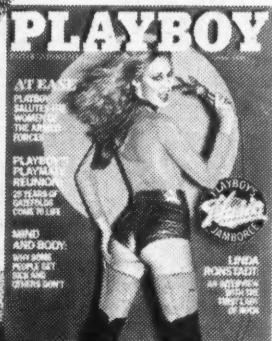
Significant with regard to Anderson's chances, however, is an election that took place two years ago. Republican Lee Dreyfuss started in almost total obscurity. In a debate in which two of the other three candidates refused to participate, Dreyfuss made a statewide impression. In June, he lost the state convention's endorsement, but ran in the September primary. He won the primary 58 percent to 42 percent. With the help of a number of Democratic voters, Lee Dreyfuss

Continued on page 18

Rock 'n' Ronstadt



Tune in to April PLAYBOY, where this month Linda Ronstadt turns up the volume in a typically unabashed *Playboy Interview*. You'll find out what she has to say about her new style, her past music and her current boyfriend, Jerry Brown. Then switch over to *The Year in Music* and relive what happened in—and to—the world of sounds this past year—including the hits, hypes and heavies. That should put you in the mood to plug in to the world's hardest rock-'n'-roll quiz, and check out the winners in our annual *Music Poll*. In addition to all that music, including a report on the latest in turntables, there's PLAYBOY's *Spring/Summer Fashion Forecast*, a pictorial on *Women of the Armed Forces* that'll make you want to enlist, and a lot more. All in April PLAYBOY. At newsstands everywhere.



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A Tall Tale: St. Patrick and the Snakebite

Sure'n you've heard the Legend of Old Patrick the Saint, and his mission among the heathen of the Emerald Isle. But have you never heard the tale of how the darlin' man freed the Old Sod from the horrible curse of the Serpent? Well then, while Patrick was hieing hisself about the countryside, saving souls, and otherwise improvin' the lot of the common folk, the snakes was a-multiplyin' at a grievous rate, and they was all about, puttin' the fear of the Devil in everyone. It was what you might call a Full-Scale Uprising. Well, Old Pat, he says to hisself, "This will never do." So, as the spirit moved, he picked up his pipe and began to tootle a most liltin' air, at which all the reptiles perked right up, and followed along. And what a sight it be . . . Old Pat a-marchin' through the fields, playin' away, whilst thousands of the wee crawlers slithered merrily along behind. Snakes from everywhere was after his flute. Oh, that Pat, he was a charmer. So, to make a long story short, which certainly goes against me Irish nature, Pat waltzed the wriggling menace right smack into the sea, never to be heard from again.

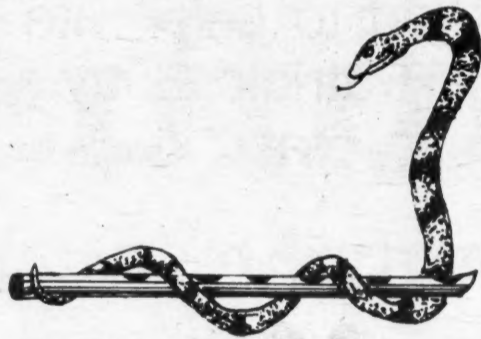
And the legend has it that in honor of this miracle, a magnificent brew was prepared. The brew, a blend of two lovely vessels — one of shimmerin' gold and the other, pale green. The toast, from Pat hisself as he was heard to remark, "Sure'n the snakes are gone . . . but the bite will live forever." A'ya but the man was never to hear the tribute. For, he was off again, troddin' the glorious path to sainthood.

But fear not, pilgrim, for nowadays, when lads and lasses band together in the glorious name of St. Patrick, the recipe from this magical toast is known to all. A sparklin' cup of Yukon Jack, that mysterious spirit from the frigid north and a splash of that pale green essence, known to you today in all it's bittersweet glory as Rose's lime juice.

So raise a "Snakebite" in the name of St. Pat, and repeat with your friends a very special toast:

"May your feet be free to wander,
May your eyes be free to see,
May your heart be free to love, and lose,
And still return to me.

May the sun be warm upon you,
May your gooses all be fat,
And may you sip the darlin' 'Snakebite,'
And remember dear Old Pat."



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Anderson

Continued from page 14
won the general election and is now governor of Wisconsin.

"The way Anderson is running is almost eerie," said Bill Krause, a Dreyfuss aide. "It's like watching a replay. The Bush organization is more traditional; it's brute force against noise. In Wisconsin, it's always safe to bet on noise. Anderson's a maverick. We like mavericks up here."

Right now, most Wisconsin political analysts give Anderson a slight edge. "If Kennedy ran badly," said one, "he (Anderson) could win overwhelmingly."

The popular image of Wisconsinites is that of placid farmers who emerge from the silo, wipe their shoes carefully on the town-hall porch, and vote their traditional values. The farmers in Wisconsin, however, are dairy farmers; they hold to the traditional values of the land, but they are also extremely knowledgeable technologically. "They are very well-educated and politically sophisticated," said one Wisconsin political observer. "Anderson is the only guy I've seen who can negotiate that area between the traditional farm values and the high innovation of the region. He obviously knows farm politics, or he wouldn't have come out for the grain embargo in Iowa. He was the only one sharp enough to know that that would fly. Farmers are patriots."

After Illinois and Wisconsin, Reagan goes west and to his strength. Which has prompted speculation as to what the Anderson campaign can do even if it scores well in the two states. One of the signs that Anderson has gained respect through his New England performance is that not-too-subtle rumors are floating about regarding his availability as a third-party candidate in the general election. "I have certainly not engaged in that kind of speculation," he told a Boston press conference. "However," he added, "I believe that issues are so important that they transcend the narrow, traditional methods of gaining the nomination."



Michael Grecco

Usually, one promises diplomatically to "support the party's choice" in reply to such questioning.

One consultant rumored to have been contacted by the Anderson campaign as a possible adviser to an independent presidential bid denied the report, but added, "I'll tell you this: if ever there was a year for an independent candidacy, this is it, particularly if the choice is Carter-Reagan." That Anderson's people have studied the filing dates for the final election indicates that the idea of a third-party run has at least occurred to them.

Before the Massachusetts primary, George Bush's campaign made much of Anderson's role as a spoiler. So much, in fact, that genuine dislike has cropped up between the two camps. The Anderson

people see themselves as dedicated idealists and the Bush people as deal-making, devious shams. The Bush people, on the other hand, like to portray themselves as reasonable, accommodating moderates faced with the sanctimonious self-righteousness of the Anderson camp. At the very least, God knows, it livens up Republican politics.

During his second trip downstairs to the Constitution Room at the Sheraton on primary night, John Anderson wound up in the style of the preacher he is.

"I don't believe I am a spoiler," he told them. "Is it being a spoiler to offer honest new ideas to our problems?"

"No!" the faithful replied.

"Is it being a spoiler to get away from the stale old rhetoric?" he asked.

"No!" they replied.

"Is it being a spoiler to reinvolve the young people of America in the political process?" he asked.

"No!" they replied; not a few among them were applauding themselves.

At a private meeting earlier that night, Anderson told his Massachusetts campaign staff that "people come to believe in you. This is the thing that keeps you going. It becomes literally a charge upon you that you cannot lay aside."

Cheers following him, John Anderson left the podium. He would awake the next day a tantalizingly close second in two states. But in the odd definitions of this political season, he had clearly won.

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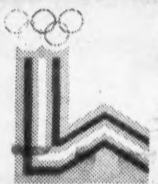
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Florida

Continued from page 7

debacle as the Nashua debate cost Bush dearly, according to Florida Republicans of every ilk. John Connally's Florida chairman, Ander Crenshaw, who manages to be objective despite his affiliation, believes a Bush victory would have been possible here only as "part of a massive national movement that would sweep him in without people taking a close look." The New Hampshire flap and subsequent defeat destroyed that possibility. "He really hurt himself more than he knows with that debate in New Hampshire," said state House Minority Leader Kurt Kiser, who was chairing Howard Baker's campaign. The problem, Kiser said, was that Bush appeared arrogant. "He's never been much of a commoner, and when you get just a taint of arrogance, it hurts a lot."

Nor do Republican pros believe that Bush helped himself by claiming he'd been sandbagged. Paula Hawkins, a former public-service commissioner and the only Republican to win re-election statewide, suggested that to voters, Reagan looked "cool, calm, in charge" in New Hampshire. "He's looked mature in tight spots. In trying times like these, it's what people are looking for." Conversely, Bush raised doubts about himself, especially after the debate. "If he was set up by Sears," asked Hawkins, who has remained neutral, "do we want him dealing with Brezhnev?" Even Jim Baker, Bush's campaign manager, concedes that the public perception was that Bush lost his humility after his Iowa victory.

Yet Baker believes that lowered expectations will serve Bush well in Florida. He insists that the polls — one of which was in Florida — showing Bush with big leads over Reagan were "Iowa fluff. We were overrated going into New Hampshire. Secondly, you had the Manchester Union Leader (attacking Bush), and there's 25 percent of the Republican vote in Manchester." The situation in Florida, he projected, would be more amenable.

Not if Florida's conservatives get their way. Having seen the advantages of going on the offensive against Bush in New Hampshire, Reagan's forces are maintaining the attack in Florida. "These guys play hard ball," said an operative for Congressman Young, and they're proud of it. Mike Thompson, a Miami ad man who is chairman of the Florida Conservative Union (FCU), boasts of how the FCU "savaged Howard Baker down here" over his Panama Canal vote. The FCU is doing similar work for Reagan, picking up where William Loeb left off. "Bush has become an issue," says Thompson. "The rather patrician, condescending attitude evidenced in Nashua — it's got a lot of people talking." To keep the talk going, the FCU placed a half-page ad in the *Miami Herald* and the *Ft. Lauderdale Times* on Sunday, March 2, and also planned to put it in the *St. Petersburg Times*. The ad highlights Bush's membership on the Trilateral Commission, a foreign-policy organization conservatives find guilty of the heinous crime of "one-worldism." "We are fanning that flame as much as we can," says Thompson. "We come right out and say, 'Look, he's a Trojan horse for David Rockefeller and the discredited Republican liberalism.'"

For his part, Reagan has tried publicly to play down the Trilateral Commission flap, evidently aware that the image of rabid conservatism will not prove valuable in the long run. But he may have trouble reining in the zealots. Thompson says of liberal Republicans, "They're a burr

under our saddle, and we'd just as soon have them walk out." Asked why, he replied, "Forget about the past; conservatism is the wave of the present. And if it weren't, George Bush wouldn't be masquerading as one."

The Trilateral-Rockefeller accusations hurt in that they keep afloat doubts about Bush's true beliefs. "I don't think most people know what the Trilateral Commission was," said Crenshaw. "But I think among some opinion leaders it cuts. It's an undercurrent that people talk about. It ties him into the Eastern establishment. Bush tends to appeal to the Northeastern stereotype of Republicanism. He's a Yalie, a blue blood. A lot of conservatives see that as a little bit left, like Rockefeller."

These perceptions cannot be all good for Bush, since, for purposes of a Florida election, they tie him a bit too closely to what was seen as the Rockefeller wing of the party. "You may as well be talking about Lucifer down here as Rockefeller," gloats Thompson. "He's the antithesis of the Sunbelt Republican, of the Democrat turned Republican."

Thompson's remarks, coupled with the results of last Tuesday's elections in Vermont and Massachusetts — Bush's narrow victory in the latter notwithstanding — point up his most serious problem. His base was winning, and a win is something he's not likely to see in the South Carolina primary, which takes place just three days before Florida's. In fact, the possibility looms that Bush may have slipped back into third place there, behind John Connally. Thus, Bush's centrism at best strikes a hollow chord in the absence of victories. More than any other candidate, he is, because of his passion for the middle, victimized by the public's Lombardian view that winning is not everything, but the only thing. And all of his crinkle-eyed gee-whiz smiles and proclamations on nights like last Tuesday won't drive the negative impact of defeat from his door.

Reagan has no such problems with his base. "That's the great thing about Reagan," says Thompson. "There's a hard core of support that can't be shaken loose, short of him being convicted of child-molesting."

The depth of Reagan's support among conservatives gives him a substantial edge with the Republicans of northern Florida, voters whom Thompson describes as "former Democrats who got terribly turned off by LBJ, JFK, or got turned on to Nixon because of McGovern." However, these voters do not account for a substantial portion of the statewide Republican total. Dade County does, though, with a total of more than 125,000 registered in the GOP.

Reagan's Dade organization is running smoothly, attempting to complete at least one phone call to every Republican household in the county and walking numerous precincts door-to-door. Canvass results are showing strong Reagan support among more than 40 percent of those contacted, a number that suggests as significant a victory there as he enjoyed over Ford in 1976. The only possible chink in the united Dade front is in the Cuban community, where Bush's Spanish-speaking son, Jeb, has been dispatched to promote his father's CIA background. The Bush campaign is also running radio and TV commercials on Cuban stations. Herb Harmon, a former executive director of the Florida Republican Party and Reagan's statewide coordinator, admits that Bush has made some inroads into the Cuban community. He says Bush's CIA experience "is probably a plus, and I think that's probably cut our support somewhat."

Continued on page 22



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Florida

Continued from page 21

Others aren't so sure. Among them are Ken Plante, the former state Senate minority leader who is Bush's campaign chairman. "The Cubans are a funny group. They perceive of themselves as extremely conservative. When they think of the CIA, they think of the Bay of Pigs." In other

words, it's another matter that raises doubts about George Bush.

Like Bush, Edward M. Kennedy is being reduced to the hope of making minor inroads among selected ethnic groups within the state, especially in Dade County. (The last poll taken in Florida showed Kennedy losing to Carter, 70-14.) "I don't think we're going to challenge Carter here in Dade — no way," said Mike Abrams, a holdover from the draft-Kennedy move-

ment in Florida. He said Carter "had more innate strength" in Florida and used the state's polls, including Governor Bob Graham, to stop the draft movement. Although Abrams said Kennedy will do very well among Jewish voters, many of whom reside in Dade, he added that Carter "has got most of the black leadership, and he uses federal grants very effectively." As usual, the Carter campaign is taking no chances. A heavy buy was evident on the

state's black radio stations last week. In one commercial, Andrew Young speaks admiringly of the president's humanism and leadership. In another, a black announcer, backed by the strains of "We Shall Overcome," points out that Daddy King is sticking with Carter no matter who runs against him. Obviously, the Carter campaign wants no stories of a Kennedy victory among black voters.

Outside of Dade, Kennedy has little hope of stopping a landslide. Bush's forces, however, believe they can cut into Reagan's strength in Broward County, which includes Ft. Lauderdale. That city's mayor, Republican Clay Shaw, who has remained neutral, confirms that Bush does enjoy some appeal in the wealthier climes of Broward, but adds, "You've got to remember where he started from." Crenshaw assesses Broward as an "old, typically wealthy Republican community. They're Reagan. But Bush will cut into the country-club set."

Country-clubber A. Gray Boylston, a former Republican state chairman who lives in Broward, is more skeptical. A Reagan supporter who admits that Bush has made some progress in Broward, he nevertheless submits that he doesn't know "how you run an underground campaign, but Bush does. I feel there's something going on, but it's not obvious."

A. Gray Boylston is not necessarily a colorless fellow. If the name sounds familiar, it should. In days gone by, his family's farmhouse "was on the site of that old hotel on Tremont Street — what's the name of it? — the Parker House, that's right!" he said.

The old A. Gray is with Reagan, not because he believes the governor is substantive, but because he believes the former actor has the media skills to reach the public "over the heads of the knuckleheads in Congress." Perfect.

Reagan's media skills are being well employed here. In an effective 10-second TV spot aired in the Tampa-St. Petersburg market, Reagan cites John F. Kennedy's 30 percent tax cut and the "unexpected windfall" it brought in federal revenues. He says he wants to try such a tax cut again. By using the Kennedy connection, the spot masterfully addresses the Republicans of central Florida, many of whom are Democrats of old, without sacrificing Reagan's sharply drawn image as a tax-cutter.

With Broward and Dade likely to remain firmly in Reagan's camp, Bush must hope for victories in the counties of the Golden Girdle, where, most pundits believe, the margin of victory for Reagan hangs in the balance. To get a flavor for how difficult is Bush's task, it is useful to know that in three of the

most important of these counties — Brevard, Orange, and Volusia — Ford lost one last time and won the other two by a total of less than 4000 votes out of more than 46,000 cast. And as if this task weren't tough enough, there is the tale told by a sage Republican about the first Lincoln Day dinner in 10 years in Polk County, admittedly one of the more conservative counties in the Golden Girdle. The dinner was on February 22, four days before the New Hampshire primary. This Republican described the crowd as good folks, loose and enjoying themselves. Tom Kleppe, former Secretary of the Interior under Ford and the guest speaker, regaled the appreciative audience with his story of personal success, growing up from working-class roots to make it big in Washington. Predictably, he talked about how the values that he and other people believed were the keys to such future successes were being eaten away by "Carter inflation." And he concluded by saying, unexpectedly, that this was why he was supporting George Bush for president.

The audience of nice folks promptly booted him.

So that's what George Bush is up against in Florida. He's up against the plummeting momentum he suffered after New Hampshire and even before. And "momentum works two ways," as Jim Baker says. "When you've got it goin' up, it's great. When it's goin' down, it's hard to stop sometimes." John Anderson's "victories" in Massachusetts and Vermont were good news and bad news for Bush in that regard. The good news was that the results were not entirely bad; the bad news was that the results were not entirely good. But at least Anderson took the spotlight off Bush's slide... for a time.

Yet even before the news about Anderson's emergence, pundits here had given their assessment of the likely impact of Massachusetts. "If Bush's performance falls below expectations," predicted Kiser, "there's a good chance Reagan will get all 15 congressional districts, including St. Petersburg." In a state where the winner of each congressional district gets all its delegates, Ronald Reagan could snatch up every delegate in sight. Howard Baker's withdrawal from the race, last Wednesday, might militate against such an outcome but does not preclude it. Moreover, to the extent that Gerald Ford's looming candidacy may encourage Florida write-ins, Bush will suffer further. With Anderson on the horizon in Illinois, his home state, where he can attract moderate support, and no other Southern victories to be had, this outcome could leave George Bush sweating bullets in the Florida sun.

In other words, given his Yankee coloring, George Bush is about to get burned.

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Public service, private lives

Forced march: Toward the new, civilian draft

by Ben Singer

Few programs that President Carter could introduce would have such broad public approval as one requiring every young man to give a year of service to the nation, either in military or civilian work.

— George Gallup, 1977

Although current attempts to implement mandatory service of any kind will surely meet opposition, the current patriotic mood, the allegedly

incompetent all-volunteer Army, the pressing problem of youth unemployment, and a general disenchantment with the attitudes of today's kids suggest that the nation is inclined to accept a program of mandatory youth service now more than in any other peacetime period. Pentagon brass and congressional hawks are turning to the National Youth Service (NYS) as a means of satisfying their desire for a larger and, in many cases,

whiter Army without having to deal with the widespread opposition that would arise from an outright revival of conscription.

Congressmen Paul McCloskey (R-California) and John Cavanaugh (D-Nebraska) both have submitted bills that would require all young people to choose among military service, civilian service, or taking a chance in a lottery that would be used if military enlistments become in-

sufficient.

The liberal desire to provide extensive social services may never have been so exploited in such an obvious maneuver to beef up the military. However, the combination of military and social benefits may lead middle-of-the-road legislators to look to the NYS as a way to kill three birds with one stone — i.e., to reduce youth unemployment, revive the Army, and upgrade social services.

But there are compelling reasons to believe that none of the plans for the NYS will solve any of these problems. And more important, NYS, decked out as a respectable alternative to the draft, may well revive mandatory military service all the sooner.

There is strong resistance in Congress

Continued on page 26

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NYS

Continued from page 24
to continuing the volunteer Army on the grounds that the quality and quantity of manpower are inadequate. Reserve forces are currently 10 percent below authorized levels, and enlistees too often are poorly educated. Forty-four percent of male Army enlistees last year did not have a high-school diploma, and the Pentagon complains that en-

listees lack special skills and are hard to train.

Observing that the Army is disproportionately black (35 percent of the Army is black; 12 percent of the civilian population is), many critics say that the volunteer Army relies on "economic conscription" to fill its ranks, since often the only alternatives underprivileged youths have are unemployment and poverty. Cavanaugh says, "We have been using the all-volunteer Army as a social safety valve to relieve our society from the consequence of

our failure to provide true equality of economic and employment opportunities for this nation's minorities." Cavanaugh, apparently, would rather use America's youth to provide a safety valve for the Army's problems.

But is the Army inherently incompetent, or simply mismanaged? The argument that the volunteer Army's large percentage of minority-group members and/or underprivileged people is pushing it to "the ragged edges of viability" (as Democratic Senator

Sam Nunn of Georgia, chairman of the Manpower and Personnel Subcommittee, has put it) is self-serving. Minority representation is no higher, and the average IQ no lower, in the Army than they were in the Vietnam-era Army that pleased hawks so much.

Incentives to enlist have not kept pace with opportunities in the private sector. Since the real spending power of Army personnel has dropped 15 percent since 1972, it is no wonder that reserves are 10 percent low and that the Army gets poorly educated volunteers. Wages would have to be raised before the argument that reserves are insufficient can be taken seriously.

Under McCloskey's National Service Act, all 18-year-old males and females would have to make one of four choices: enlist in the military for two years and earn four years of educational benefits; perform six months' service followed by five-and-a-half years of reserve obligations; do one year of service in a civilian capacity; or be placed in a lottery for six years of draft liability. Those picked in the lottery would serve two years' active military duty and earn only two years' benefits.

Cavanaugh's Public Service Act also features carrot-and-stick inducements to encourage military enlistment. Under his bill, military service would last for only 18 months and earn four years' educational benefits, while civilian-service registrants would work for two years and, as in McCloskey's bill, have nothing to show for it later. Cavanaugh's lottery would expose registrants to only six months of "a random-selection process" for induction into either military or civilian service.

Although McCloskey and Cavanaugh say NYS is needed primarily to reform what they call the "incompetent" volunteer Army, it doesn't seem that their bills would do much to alleviate the Army's troubles. It is doubtful whether mandatory youth service would change the Army's racial or educational balance. If either bill became law, a large majority of well-educated middle- and upper-class youths would likely choose the lottery or civilian service. Since educational benefits, attractive to the poor and uneducated, would be offered exclusively to those choosing military service, civilian service and the lottery would not be economically feasible for many minority-group and underprivileged youths.

Both McCloskey and Cavanaugh say the lottery would be used only if manpower quotas were not met by registrants choosing military service. About one-fifth of the two million males who turn 18 each year would have to choose military service to fill the Pentagon's quotas (which are about as likely to remain stable as gasoline prices). Since NYS soldiers would receive only subsistence wages — considerably less than what soldiers currently receive — most youths would probably choose the lottery so they could hold higher-paying jobs in the private sector.

Military enlistment would also probably be lower than Pentagon expectations simply because of American youth's inevitable opposition to being coerced into national service. The desire to serve is undermined when service becomes compulsory, and even the notion that one out of every five males wants to join the Army seems overly optimistic.

The NYS system's resulting dependence on the lottery would create a military more troublesome to the Pentagon than the current Army. Similarly, one could hardly expect civilian workers who were forced into that capacity by the uncertainty of the lottery to perform social services effectively.

NYS is also hailed as a way of curing youth unemployment, which runs at 12 percent for white youths and 40 percent for black youths. However, a new force of tens of thousands of civilian workers would seriously reduce job opportunities in other areas of the private sector. Cavanaugh's plan requires every federal agency to "designate a minimum of five percent of its employment positions to be filled by public-service registrants." Unless new areas of social service are provided by the NYS — a consideration addressed in neither bill — youth unemployment would only be shifted to other age groups.

Support for the NYS has been building recently because people see it as a way of avoiding a conventional draft. Columnist Neil Pierce acclaimed it as "the best alternative for the draft." However, President Carter and most Pentagon and congressional officials who have spoken on the subject say that if a draft were necessary, they would prefer a Selective Service System offering alternatives to military service. The critical choice, therefore, is not between the NYS and a military draft, but between the NYS as a permanent fixture of our society and the NYS as a strictly wartime program. The current NYS bills were written long before the events in Afghanistan brought about speculation that a draft would be reinstated soon. And anyway, a military draft is probably a long way off. It would be unfortunate if support for the NYS as an alternative to the draft helped bring about sooner the very violation of personal freedom its opponents are trying to avoid.

The most extensive study on NYS, *Youth and the Needs of the Nation*, published by the Potomac Institute states the argument in favor of NYS this way: "Americans (are) wondering and worrying about Saturday night fever, unemployment, the new narcissism, and other afflictions of American youth... Too many sons and daughters of the suburbs are drifting without purpose, apathetic, self-centered... The problem may even begin at home, where children are no longer so often required to undertake regular chores and do necessary work in the house, in the yard, or on the farm."

Massachusetts Senator Paul Tsongas, who endorses *Youth and the Needs of the Nation*, has introduced a bill designed to promote interest in a voluntary NYS system. Proponents of such a system are likely to get a free ride, in terms of study and program funding, by the importance of the NYS as a military maneuver. Before a mandatory-service program could go into effect, a series of increasingly large pilot volunteer-service programs would almost certainly be implemented, so that public opposition would be appeased.

On its own merits, though, the idea of forming a voluntary NYS program seems unworthy of serious attention. There are already plenty of volunteer programs — considerably too many in relation to the number of people willing to volunteer, in fact. Furthermore, any broad-based volunteer system would reach only those people economically able to volunteer — in other words, the middle class, which isn't exactly the group most in need of the \$3 to \$5 billion that the Congressional Budget Office estimates a large voluntary NYS program would cost. Given the current emphasis on reducing superfluous government, it is hard to see a program that would encourage the "spirit of service" while in effect maintaining the *status quo* as anything but a stepping stone to mandatory youth service.

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Sporting eye

The fright of spring: Str II



Henry Horenstein

Sullivan: he isn't talking.

by Michael Gee

WINTER HAVEN, FLORIDA — The first week of spring training is a cross between your first week of school and visiting your folks for the holidays. Like school, there isn't much to do besides get your supplies (gloves, bats, and uniforms for the players, media guides and parking stickers for the scribes and talking heads) and mill about, chatting — waiting for someone, anyone, to provide some action. Covering-first-base drills are the equivalent of "What I Did on My Summer Vacation" themes.

Covering players covering first base is like grading those themes. Like a visit to mom and dad, life at Winter Haven is quite pleasant, if you don't mind going to bed early.

Or at least that's the way it's always been. But there's one concern that now intrudes on the atmosphere of lazy good will, one that's a lot more troubling than most people here admit — maybe even to themselves. Last week, the first steps were taken in a process that could result in spring training's being the only major-

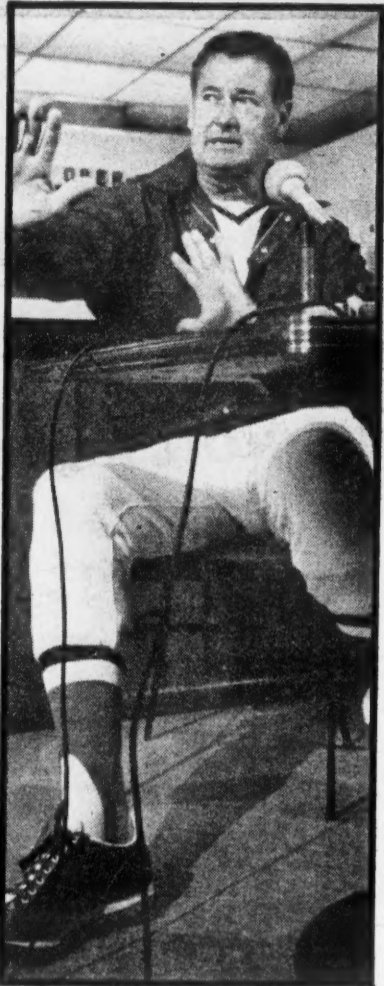
league baseball activity that will take place outdoors for some time — unless you count picket lines. The Players' Association and the owners are gradually moving toward the strike that both sides profess to abhor but that no one has yet displayed the imagination to avert.

Last Tuesday, the Players' Association's executive board authorized director Marvin Miller to take a strike vote of its members. An affirmative vote (which is certain) in turn gives the board the authority to call a strike "on or after April 1." Miller is conducting the vote as he makes his annual rounds of the spring-training camps. The next day, Miller was at the Phillies' camp, in Clearwater; the vote was 40-0 for strike authorization. Not incidentally, Philadelphia has perhaps the highest payroll in baseball.

The association and the owners have been conducting the negotiations on a new basic agreement for 16 weeks now amid a storm of public indifference. It has been the popular perception that these 43 meetings of the minds have produced little in the way of progress. As far as the Players' Association is concerned, that's an understatement. "It's almost as if we're in the first week of negotiations," Miller said of his winter's work.

Since Miller became executive director, the association's contract confrontations with the owners have resulted in one of the more one-sided rivalries in sports, for the Players' Association is the most successful labor organization in history. Since the owners by and large are at least lieutenant-colonels of industry, their failures at the bargaining table and their inability to maintain a rational salary structure seem to have brought out their latent robber-baron tendencies. Simply, the owners' current contract proposal is doomed to rejection, and they know it. Unless there is a substantial change in their position by April 1, a strike appears inevitable.

Nobody has ever accused Marvin Miller of being a softy in negotiating, but the players seem to be making the first tentative steps toward reality in the mat-



Peter Travers

Williams: he's always talking.

ter. If, Miller has indicated, the owners were to show that the clubs were in financial distress, the players would be willing to moderate their demands.

This may sound like a reasonable proposal, except there's a neat catch. Under collective-bargaining laws, if an employer pleads poverty in response to contract demands, he is obligated to open his

Continued on page 30

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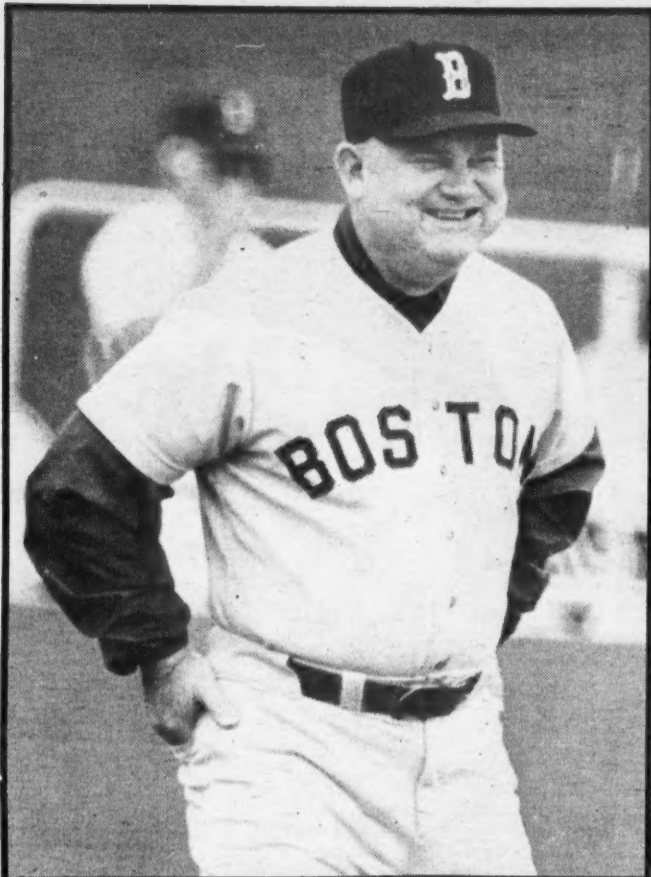
Continued from page 28
books. Which isn't likely to happen any time soon in baseball.

Off the record, baseball executives are willing, even happy, to tell financial horror stories. One said this week that Pittsburgh lost \$1 million while winning the National League pennant and the World Series. And, in truth, there are some teams that would probably welcome a public exhuming of their financial records. But in the fantasyland of baseball capitalism, these are the clubs that lost money. The most successful franchises aren't eager to broadcast it.

Given the nature of modern accounting, one wonders why any owner would make a fuss over disclosure. It is the proud boast of one front-office man that he can turn a \$4 million profit into a \$2 million loss and have every accountant in the country agree with him.

All of this backing and filling at the bargaining table is reaching Winter Haven as second-hand information at best. Those reporters who attended the Tuesday meeting in Tampa were greeted here as if they'd been eyewitnesses at Fort Sumter. The players, who are most directly affected, appear to be operating in an informational vacuum. The most frequent response is, "I've only seen the news on TV." Almost unanimously, they express a desire that the strike be avoided, declare solidarity with the association, and offer the vague hope that "as long as both sides are talking, things ought to be worked out." Maybe so, but SALT had more agreement at the outset than these negotiations, and April 1 isn't far away. In effect, the players last week challenged the owners to get serious. Given the tycoons' record over the years, ticket holders for the April 14 opener at Fenway might be well-advised to have contingency plans.

Only one person has real



Photos by Peter Travers

"But we haven't played anybody yet": Zimmer won't know about Fisk for another 10 days.



knowledge of the status of the negotiations, and he isn't talking. He can't. Haywood Sullivan, as a member of the owners' executive committee, has been to more meetings lately than he'd care to count, but he must remain mute on what has transpired. (He's subject to a \$500,000 fine if he says word one about the negotiations.) One senses he's more than glad to remain mute, that Sullivan is just plain over-negotiated from his three years of ownership. Wednesday, seated on a bench observing the leisurely action of picture day, Sullivan chatted with reporters and players and spoke with regret of his next day's schedule — a drive to Tampa for yet more meetings with the Players' Association. "I

have a lot of work to do," he sighed, "but I just don't feel like getting up and doing it." Considering what Sullivan's work will entail for the foreseeable future, the sentiment was understandable.

* * *

Of course, there may well be a happy ending to the labor saga, and baseball will proceed on schedule. On the athletic front, there is little to report. As Don Zimmer is wont to respond to questions about personnel decisions: "But we haven't played anybody yet." The major question, about the condition of Carlton Fisk's arm, will not, according to Zimmer, be resolved "for another 10 days or so." As for evaluating pitchers, it's hard to

tell in batting practice. For what it's worth, Dennis Eckersley and Skip Lockwood have thrown well.

For that matter, this part of spring training is becoming increasingly obsolete. Ostensibly, teams go south for two reasons: for players to get in shape and for management to evaluate personnel. Twenty years ago, the former reason had validity, as players did little in the off-season. But now, in the age of running, racquetball, and the Nautilus machine, an out-of-shape ballplayer is so rare as to be almost non-existent. And both Zimmer and Sullivan agree that this year's team has arrived in the best shape ever. Accordingly, the leisurely laps and pepper games

seem more pointless than ever. Further, no personnel decisions are being made now, and realistically, there are no more than five or six spots open on the 25-man roster anyway. The guess here is that spring training is its own justification, that we are all here, players, managers, owners, writers, fans, because we enjoy it, because it's a pleasant way to begin the most pleasant of games. Baseball can be cutthroat business, but not during the first week in March.

* * *

Sometimes it appears that Ted Williams is in camp to distract people from the realization that nothing much is going on. Some of the more cynical observers hold this view, in light of

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Williams's readiness to talk hitting with writers as readily as with players, who are the designated recipients (DRs) of his wisdom. In truth, Williams, the Red Sox all-time legend, is here to a large extent strictly for public relations, but he's so good at it (in contrast to the rest of the organization) that this alone should justify his presence. Williams holds court everywhere, talking hitting, baseball in general, fishing, hunting, photography, what have you. He attacks each subject with enthusiasm, his voice conspicuous in this soft-spoken club. I'm not enough of a student of the game to tell if Williams's advice to selected hitters is effective (though how could it hurt to listen to Ted Williams on baseball?), but I think he is most valuable as an example of attitude, of the much-maligned intangibles. Ted Williams is clearly a man fascinated by life, who's explored it to the fullest and who has a hell of a good time being Ted Williams. This quality is, of course, what most observers have found absent from the current generation of Red Sox players.

Monday, one writer said camp was so dull he wished "someone could do something — break a leg, maybe." In the finest traditions of Hearst journalism, he then went out and created the news, although not willingly. George Kimball, *Phoenix* alumnus-turned-*Herald* columnist, is a front-page story from Tampa to Orlando.

It all began, innocently enough, with a satiric Kimball column of two weeks ago, portraying Winter Haven and Polk County as an old Southern depot inhabited by good ol' boys, bleached-blond divorcees, and the Klan. All these things are part of this town, if not the whole, but the column was no more vicious than Kimball has been about, say, Cincinnati.

No one here would have noticed, *Herald* circulation in central Florida being what it is, had not Clif Keane, whose relationship with Kimball can be fairly described as hatred, brought the article to the attention of the local press and citizenry. Suddenly, Xerox copies of the offending column were everywhere and a certain chill could be discerned at Kimball's traditional night spot.

The residents of this area may have a point — that Kimball took a few cheap shots — but their outbreak of Babbitry in defense of their burg served only to underline Kimball's point — that Winter Haven is indeed a small-time small town. His column has been the leading source of local news, even more of a threat to the Winter Haven way of life than Iranians or citrus freezes. The height of *chutzpah* was achieved by a local radio station which, after editorially denouncing Kimball for two days, asked if he would mind doing a few promos. Presumably, the residents would have been happier if Kimball had mentioned their other landmark — condominiums — their chain restaurants, and the phenomenal number of lousy rock bands.

His colleagues, meanwhile, are alternately amused by his predicament and appalled at the orgy of chauvinism. Baseball being baseball, the amusement is all Kimball ever gets to hear. Haywood Sullivan, for example, wondered aloud if Kimball should stand so close to his players in practice, in case the locals "use a bomb instead of a gun."

For his part, Kimball has been doing a creditable imitation of Robert Vesco, dodging hosts of local photographers eager to immortalize him on page one.

Still, George Kimball is not without his supporters here. One local, well along in drink, congratulated Kimball for his honesty and courage. "There you go, George," observed a fellow writer at the bar. "At least you've got someone now to give the eulogy."

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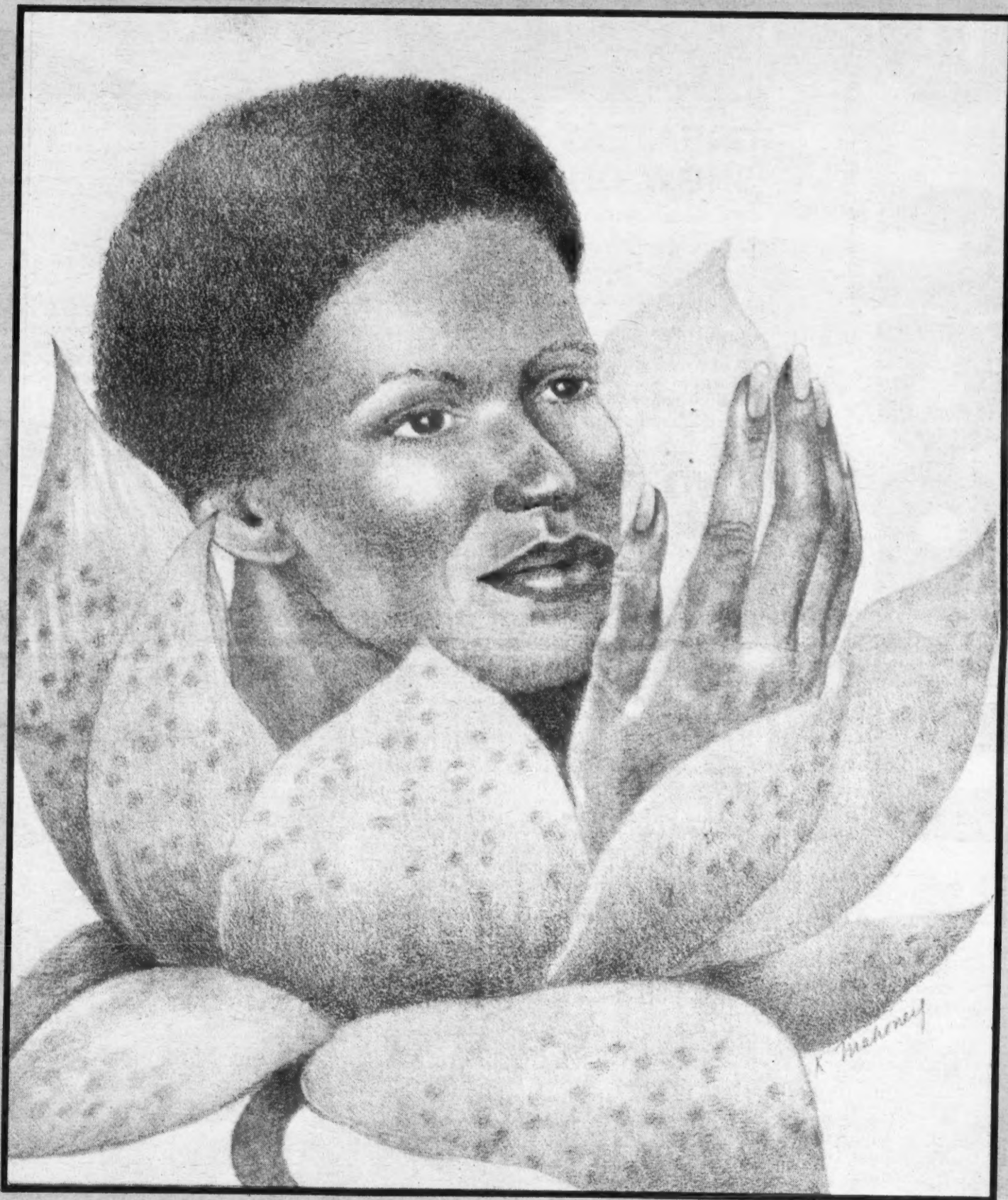
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LIFESTYLE

BOSTON

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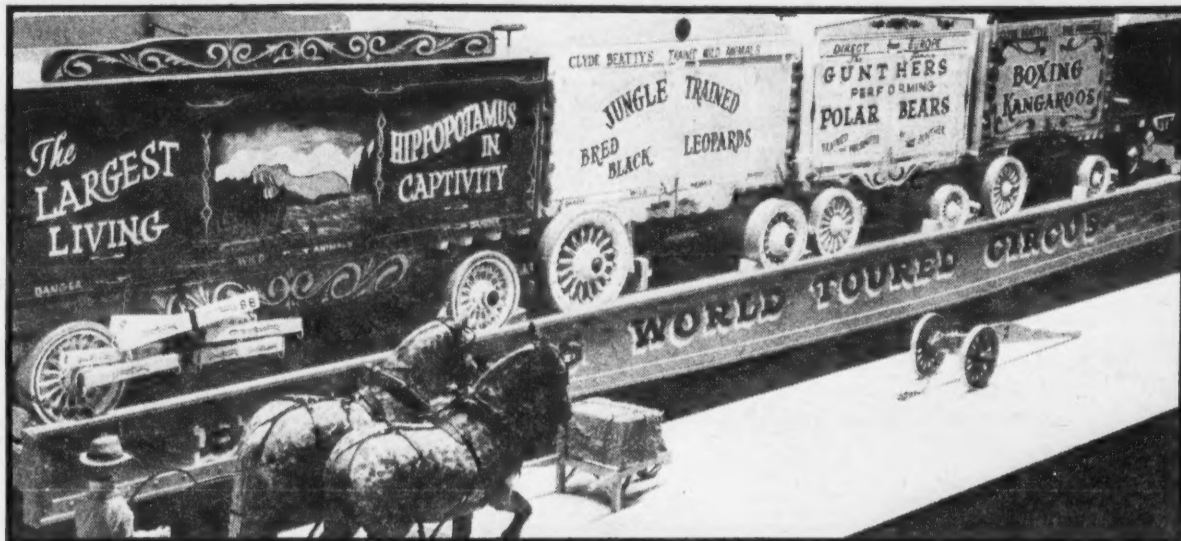


Black Feminism

Six women speak for themselves

Urban eye

edited by Barbara Wallraff



GREATEST LITTLE SHOW ON EARTH

How about a three-ring circus that has bleacher seating for 7000 and a lion act in progress under its bigtop even though the whole thing is only about 12 feet across? It's a scale replica of a 1920s-style traveling show, and a highlight of the current exhibit at the Museum of Transportation, "The Circus Comes to Town."

The model is a *tour de force* by Clyde Reynolds, who built it over a period of 10 years. Reynolds is a member of the New England "Lot" (that's circus talk, adapted to mean "area chapter") of the Circus Model Builders and Owners Association, which lent a bunch of its handmade stuff for this display. Other members have provided a tiny steam-powered

calliope, which will make music if its little steam boiler is stoked; a model of the first American circus, which had 'em on the edges of their seats back in 1790; and re-creations of less remote circus *tableaux*, such as circus wagons being unloaded from flatcars the old-fashioned way — using elephant power — as well as the more modern way — using tractors. The models all depict scenes that were most typical at some time before 1956, when Ringling Brothers folded up its tent to play in civic centers and exhibition halls.

Completing the circus atmosphere are colorful, turn-of-the-century posters, and recorded calliope music.

"The Circus Comes to Town" will be at the Museum of Transportation, Museum Wharf, 300 Congress St., Boston, open daily from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. (Friday to 9 p.m.), through April 27. Admission is \$3 for adults, \$2 for children aged 3 to 15 and for students, or \$1 per person on Friday after 6 p.m.

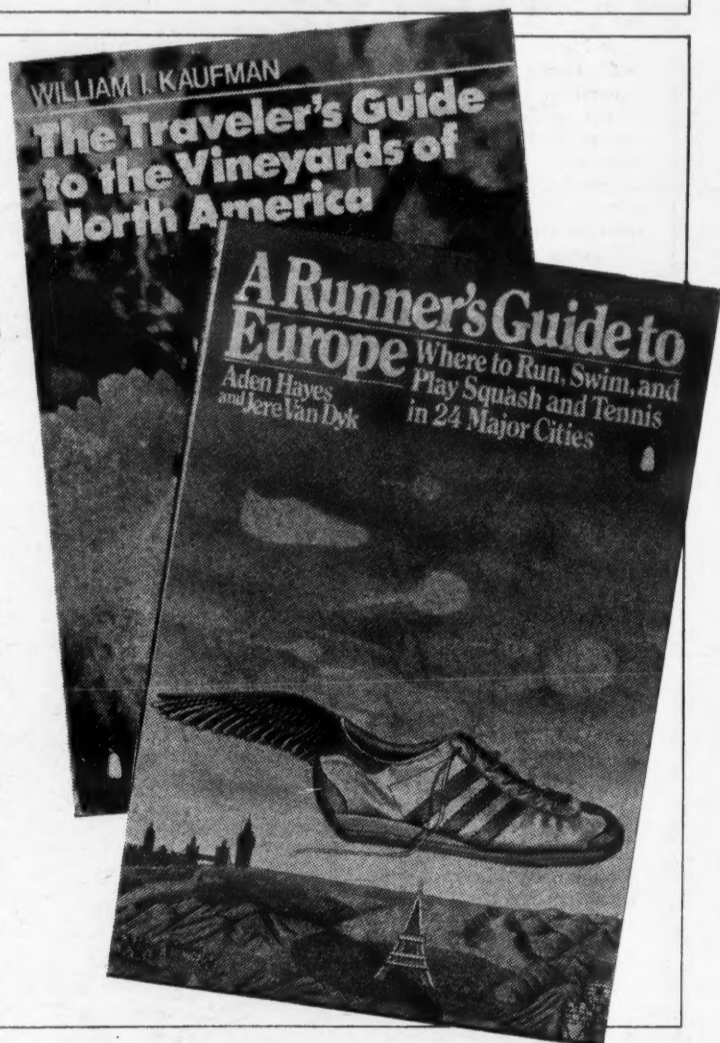
— B.W.

TWO FOR THE ROAD

What better way to get away from it all than by making a tour of American vineyards (or just stopping at one or two on the way to somewhere else)? With *The Traveler's Guide to the Vineyards of North America*, by William I. Kaufman (Penguin Books, \$5.95) as your reference, you can tiddle your way to Baja and back. Or plan day trips to taste the yields of the few vineyards listed for New England and the many for upstate New York. This paperback guide makes no pretense at being comprehensive; evidently it was put together from questionnaires filled out by vineyard representatives. But it gives you all the facts you really need to plan visits to vineyards, plus enough background information on most of them to help you decide where you want to go first.

And if you happen to be planning a European trip, what better way *not* to get away from it all — your fitness measures and pleasures, that is — than by popping *A Runner's Guide to Europe* (Penguin Books, \$5.95) into your luggage and then following its directions to jogging tracks, swimming pools, and squash and tennis courts in 24 major cities around the continent? That authors Aden Hayes and Jere Van Dyk practice what they preach is obvious: they urge you to run just a few more kilometers to get to the really scenic part of some route, warn you about unpleasant rush hours in each city, and even make occasional suggestions about local dishes to order when you want to load up on carbohydrates. Tips on safety for female runners, on local what-to-wear etiquette, and on where to find medical aid, public restrooms, and so on are included. And at the end of this paperback are metric-conversion tables and instructions on how to ask for something to drink in nine languages.

— B.W.



WRECK 'N' ROLL

When your car's in the shop and you're willing to rent any old heap so long as it's cheap, the Rent-A-Mess for Less car-rental agency may be the place to begin hunting. It's impossible to say whether its rates — \$8.45 (including insurance) per day, plus six cents a mile, or \$10, with free mileage, for each of seven or more days — are the best, because different combinations of basic rates and mileage charges can be more or less in your favor, depending on how much driving you plan to do. But Rent-A-Mess certainly has the right idea.

This used-car rental agency, owned by Sy Avellino, seems to be unique in the Metropolitan area since Rent-A-Wreck went out of business, a year or so ago. Its seven-day rate is the same as the usual insurance-company maximum allowance for a substitute car when yours is out of action. It doesn't require that you leave behind a credit card when you rent

(though if you don't, you must deposit \$150 and provide verifiable references). Assorted American cars, vintages 1966 through '75, make up the agency's fleet of 68 autos. Says manager Frances Roberts, "We got some right off the street — their owners came in and asked if we wanted to buy them." Others came from used-car lots, and still others are government-service retirees.

Given the nature of the business, Rent-A-Mess doesn't encourage people to rent its cars for long-distance trips. Lower New Hampshire and the Cape are about as far as Roberts is willing to let them go. If the car breaks down farther away than that, she says, you'll have to "pick up the difference between what the repair cost and what it would have cost us." And, she warns, "it's quite a difference."

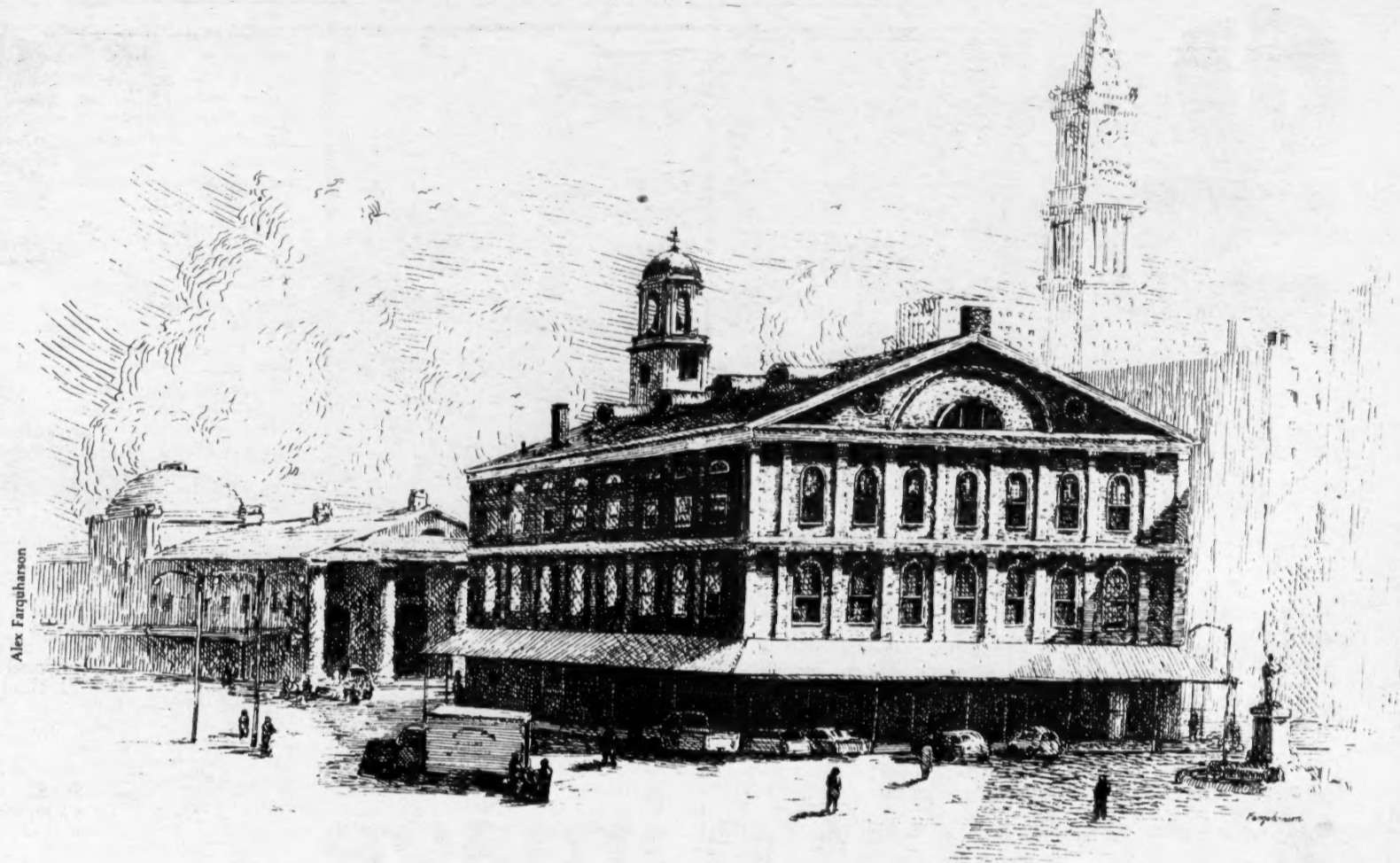
Rent-A-Mess for Less, 749 Hyde Park Ave., Roslindale, 327-3737, open Monday through Friday from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. The agency is on the route of the No. 32 bus, which leaves from the Forest Hills MBTA station.

— B.W.

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DON'T GO AWAY

If you need an excuse to play tourist in Boston, you won't find a much better one than this year's celebration of the city's 350th birthday. The Boston Center for Adult Education is sponsoring a special spring "Jubilee 350" program for those sophisticated tourists-at-home who'd like to explore this area's architecture, the past and present of its pubs and taverns, its Victorian era, the history of its public transportation — oh, any of lots of things. Courses mostly include field trips and/or

audiovisuals to keep them lively, and each meets for an hour or two a week, on weekday evenings, for five to 10 weeks (these start in late March or in April; tuition ranges from \$23.75 to \$41). Besides these full courses, the BCAE is offering a dozen different walking tours in and around the city; each of these meets once, generally on a Saturday (between late March and June; tuition is \$4.25 to \$6). As you might guess from looking at the full slate of tours — including East Cambridge, Marblehead, Salem, and Brookline's Longwood neighborhood — the walking-tour program wasn't designed just for the birthday celebration. The BCAE

has been recruiting architectural historians, historic-house curators, and other authorities to lead such tours for almost 20 years. So if a tour is already full when you try to register (each is limited to 22 participants), or if you don't need an excuse to play tourist, there's always next year.

For a catalog, which includes descriptions of "Jubilee 350" courses and walking tours, stop by or call the BCAE, 5 Commonwealth Ave., Boston; 267-4430; open Monday through Thursday from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Friday from 9 a.m. to 8:30 p.m., and Saturday from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. — B.W.

THE ROVING EYE

Do you ever wonder how machines feel about you?

Once in a while. Sometimes when I'm just fooling around, really off-the-wall thoughts come into my mind, and once in a while that would be one of them. Especially when some machine is giving me a hard time, and I start giving it a hard time back. I never think about it too seriously.

Peter Thomson, ice-cream seller, Cleveland Circle

Yes. They're very submissive to me. It's the only way. And if they don't work, I throw them away.

Greg, coffee-shop manager, Lexington

I'm real nice to my machines. I don't kick them or break them, and if they get broken I go and have them fixed, so they must like me a lot. If a machine doesn't want to get fixed, I don't think it's the machine's fault, I think it's the factory's fault that built the machine, and I get mad at them for being such highway robbers and making people pay money for things that are just crap.

Kathy Todd, freelance illustrator, Cambridge

I sometimes think my car doesn't like me too much, because it breaks down on me a lot. I've got \$300 worth of repairs to do on it. And my toaster oven's broken, and so is my blender. So I have a feeling machines have a problem with me.

Ira, UMass-Amherst student, Waltham

I don't ever wonder, because I just don't like machines.

Annette Mayer, secretary, Allston

After reading a book on cyborgs, I've wondered about my relationship to machines. It's still growing. I don't think that machines are so anthropomorphic as we are in our relationship to them.

Al Phillips, freelance illustrator, Fenway

No. Machines are inanimate objects and incapable of feelings. Any feeling that anyone would describe that a machine might have for them is nothing more than a projection of their own feelings or of the state of their attitude at that particular time. If somebody were to tell you that they thought machines felt any way about them, they would only be talking about the way they felt about themselves.

Geoffrey Stewart, retired musician/songwriter, New York

No, not really, I don't believe in machine intelligence. I don't think machines have evolved enough. I think more about people, you know, than

machines. To my mind, machines might have a personality on the exterior, but they're meant to be used, to be used properly, to be used for what they're supposed to be used for.

Jim Harrington, cab driver and Boston State College graduate student, Beacon Hill

Oh God, no. That just reminds me of housework now. I don't think I'm a good candidate for this. Well, sometimes I think I hear my blender talking back to me when it chops ice.

Mindy Nenopoulos, salesperson, South End

I have a great rapport with all of my machines in the kitchen. I have a blender, a Cuisinart, a toaster, an iron — what else do I have? I have all those

things. I do, and that's a very honest thing to say, too.

Tommy Nenopoulos, clothing salesperson, Fenway

No, I really don't. I've never given any thought on how a machine felt about me.

Larry Lawrence, social worker, Cambridge

I'm an artist and I use machines all the time and I think they love me. They have to; they'd cut my fingers off if they didn't. I take care of them, I make sure they get their workouts and so on. I don't anthropomorphize machines, however.

Jan, jewelry-maker, New York

— B.W.



Ken Brown



Photos by Peggy McMahon

Michele Wallace

In their own image

Black feminism is not white feminism in blackface

by Anita Diamant

White women have been accorded the privileges of race and of weakness that demand protection. Feminism demands that they renounce the second set of privileges. What will happen, in the process, to the first?

— Margo Jefferson

As some of our most powerless citizens, black women are almost invisible in the daily commerce of America. If you tried to get a sense of who inhabits this country by the faces on prime-time TV, the fact that black women comprise as much as seven percent of the population would come as a surprise.

Black women don't play well on the tube — the old stereotypes are no longer in good taste, even though they persist; new roles, more realistic and more comfortable ones, are rarely introduced.

Above all, black women have been viewed as mythic creatures. Even today they live with stereotypes from *Gone with the Wind*: omnipotent and sacrificing Mammy and ineffectual and mindless Prissy. The spotlight myopia of show biz presents us with the brashness and glad-handing of Pearl Bailey as well as the tragedy of Billie Holiday.

The closest we've come to updating the image of black women is thinking of the sanitized, successful executive who appears in bank ads — and who is interchangeable with her white counterpart. But despite assumptions that they are making great strides as a result of the institutionalized tolerance of affirmative action, black women, statistically speaking, are just scraping by.

According to the Department of Labor, in 1978 teenaged black females topped the unemployment list, with a rate of 41.2 percent. That's compared with 35.5 percent for teenaged black males, 15.9 percent for teenaged white females, and 12.8 percent for teenaged white males. Among adults, 11.3 percent of black women were unemployed, compared with 7.2 percent of black men, 5.6 percent of white women, and 3.1 percent of white men. Black women also have the lowest weekly median income, \$158 a week. White women earn \$167; black men, \$218; and white men, \$279.

According to black economist Phyllis A. Wallace, women are the heads of household in 38 percent of all black families; 44 percent of all black children live in these households. The median income of black families in which women head the household is \$5900. The poverty line for an urban family of four is \$6700.

A study done by the Law Enforcement

Assistance Administration found that black and other minority-group women are 1.7 times as likely to be raped as white women. It is also reported that the highest rate of homicide in which a relative is the victim is found among black women. "We are truly the throwaway people," says Audre Lorde, a black teacher, poet, and essayist.

When Ntozake Shange's "choreo-poem," *for colored girls who have considered suicide when the rainbow is enuf*, played on Broadway to packed houses and rave reviews, in 1976, black women and their experience became visible, and the myths began to dissolve.

The specific anger of black women was intolerable to many black men, who charged that Shange was a schizophrenic racist. White women were struck by the fundamental differences between their experiences and her story of black women's lives. Regardless of their reactions, many people began viewing black women as they never had before.

Yet *colored girls* was by no means the first discussion or description of the experience of black women by a black woman. In fact, black American women have been writing since before the Constitution was signed, and their literature has flowered since the Harlem Renaissance, in the 1920s.

But since *colored girls*, there has been

an explosion of writing by and about black women. And today, their experience as leaders in the civil-rights movement, as followers during the black power days, and, for most, as marginal participants in or spectators of the white women's movement has evolved into a new theory and a new activism — black feminism.

By definition, black feminists take on the untangling of racism and sexism, and they define this challenge in various ways. The most volatile subject raised by black feminists is probably that of relationships between black men and black women. The question of sex roles continues to elicit the outrage of some black men, but others have partaken in the painful process of trying to figure out how racism has skewed the ways black men and women see one another.

The relevance (or irrelevance) of the women's movement and the arrogance of some white feminists are other common issues. The tendency of white women to deny the differences of race (as well as those of class and ethnicity) under the banner of sisterhood has alienated even sympathetic black women.

Political activity — consciousness-raising, community organizing, and service work — seems for black women to be focused on local concerns rather than on national strategies, the province of the

white women's movement.

Still, it comes as a shock to many white feminists that black feminism is not white feminism in blackface. This becomes apparent every time black women and white women honestly confront their differences. These differences are, for the most part, perceived as threatening. Changing the threat posed by racial difference into the basis for understanding is the challenge that some feminists, black and white, are taking on.

Audre Lorde is 46 years old, the mother of a son and a daughter, the author of seven books of poetry, a lesbian who has shared her life with a white woman for 12 years, and a very clear-sighted woman. "We are programmed to respect our fear more than each other," she says. "But that fear has bought us *nothing*. We respond to difference in two ways: either we becalm it, which is to say we co-opt it, or we have what I call the 'jugular-vein mentality.' We kill what is different. But within difference there lies a creative charge. We've never been given the tools to tap it."

In talking to black women — lesbians, mothers, workers, wives, middle-class, working-poor, artsy, original thinkers, jive talkers, friends, and adversaries — I improvised, trying to listen without guilt or contempt, trying to respond without apologies or pronouncements. I started each interview by asking, "Look, how do you feel about being interviewed by a white woman about black feminism?" My question was answered with nothing but honesty. Someone once told me that if you want to be trusted, you've got to be trustworthy. What follows is interviews with six women who speak for themselves.

Susan McHenry

For the white person who wants to know how to be my friend.

The first thing you do is to forget I'm Black.

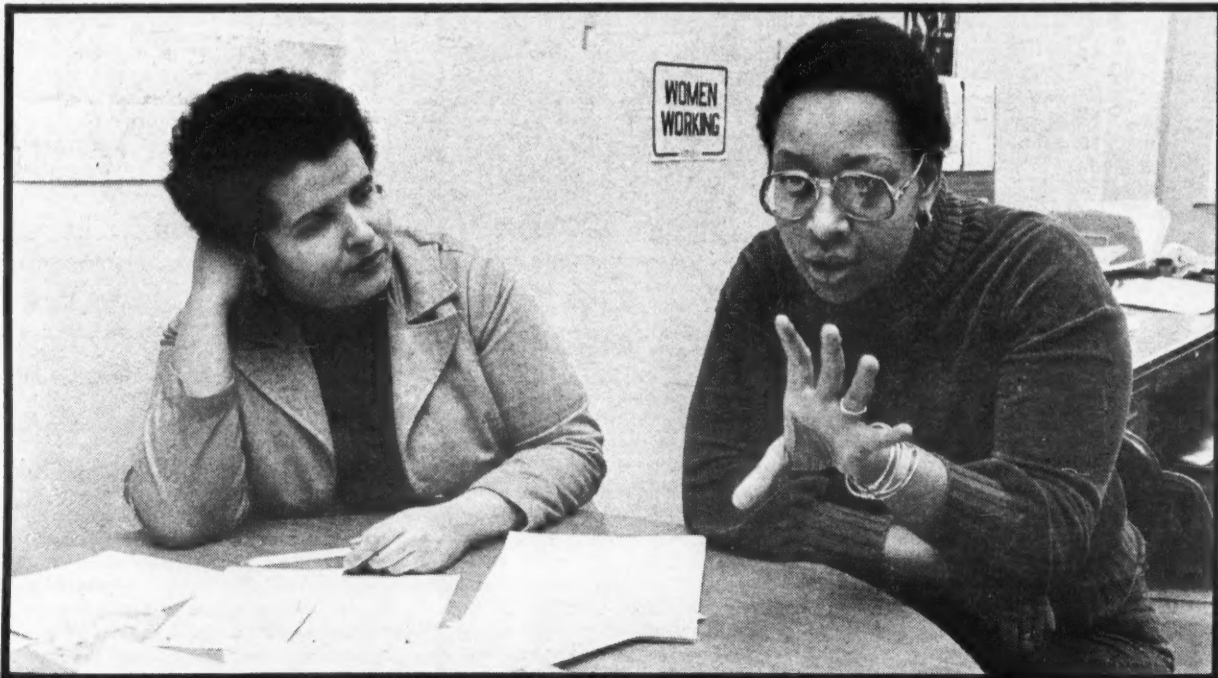
Second, you must never forget that I'm Black.

— Pat Parker

Susan McHenry and I got down to the business of becoming friends with the help of a couple of strawberry daiquiris one hot June afternoon. We'd known each other for about six months, and we'd discussed a variety of things — the difficulties of writing, a mutually disliked employer, movies. But there was one issue that demanded attention before we could call ourselves friends: when I looked across the table at Susan I saw a black woman. When she looked at me, she saw a white woman. So we began a conversation that has resurfaced and changed over the two years of our acquaintance. I've learned how to risk being an ofay in front of her, which also means I've learned how to listen. I can offer her criticism and I can accept her challenges.

Give and take is in the nature of adult friendships. But when you add to that complicated endeavor the acknowledgement of racial difference, you have a wrestling match. So McHenry and I make each other sweat, hashing out ideas and working through insecurities. And we make each other laugh.

"An interview like this has to begin with daring to ask questions out of pure interest. A white woman daring to be my peer. How's that?" she said. Interview-



Connie Sullivan and Renae Scott



Demita Frazier

ing friends isn't the simple pleasure it might seem. The conversation swings in and out of private matters, and since McHenry had moved to New York to become an editor at *Ms.* magazine, we had a lot of catching up to do.

"Talking about this means giving up a lot of arrogance, a lot of cultural baggage. And it means a black woman being willing to respond in the same way."

On the face of it, the questions are simple enough; black feminism — what, where, when, how, and why. The answers, however, are not.

"I am a feminist," she said. "But for me, the modifiers are important. I call myself a black American feminist. I'm not a black African feminist. I don't have the tradition of colonial Africa and independence movements. I have the history of the black African past as a prelude to the slave experience, emancipation, the civil-rights movement, and all the contradictions of racism and sexism in that particular stream of history, a stream of history that has shaped my personal history and my vision."

A child of the early phase of desegregation in Louisville, Kentucky, McHenry grew up acutely aware of her position as an outsider. "I was educated as a token black," she says. She graduated from high school first among the 400 in her class, in 1968.

"I'm not quite sure what kind of a symbol I was, but I represented more to the white people than to my own community," she said. "I think that's the way a token is used. 'Here's the number-one student at Atherton High School. She's black and she has nothing to do with those niggers who are demanding things in the street.'"

"I felt that separation made between me and them, and at that point I was ambivalent about it. I wanted the things that these folks promised me I could have if I was a good girl. Those folks in the street wanted them, too, but they knew, like I didn't at the time, that being a good girl wouldn't help. That's the real pressure of tokenism — that separation."

And McHenry has found that tokenism within the women's movement isn't much different. The psychological toll is the same. "First of all," she said, "it's

very hard to know yourself, because whenever you're speaking, you are heard as *the* black woman, and not *a* black woman. That's because you're *the* black woman in the room. That does a disservice to all black women and it does a disservice to you as an individual. There's the guilt of not carrying your responsibility to other black women — and I believe I do have a responsibility to other black women — and there is the anger of short-changing yourself."

Responsibility and anger. The former is a traditional load; the latter has never been considered a feminine attribute — not in white culture, not in black culture.

"Everything in a black woman's life has been outside herself. Black women learned to be very adept at understanding everyone and their points of view. It was a question of survival. So now, one of the tendencies of the black-feminist movement is to begin to explore our interior reality. And that's why we're so belligerent. Because that interior reality is so precious to us, and so unexplored."

"Living in racist America has done an awful lot of damage to the psyches of black women, and we are working with each other to repair them. We have separations among ourselves to deal with. Class is one, sexuality is another. And to a lesser degree, intertwined with the class separations, are separations of color."

Light-skinned black women with Caucasian features have traditionally been regarded as more beautiful than those who are dark-skinned and thick-lipped, by black people as well as by whites. It's an interesting sociological sidelight for white people, but it's a fact of black life that's taken its toll. "In the '60s, when black became beautiful," McHenry said, "there were a lot of dark-skinned women who would have liked to see a situation where the mulattos had to be ashamed: 'For 40 years I had to feel ugly. Now you go feel ugly.' We all have this sort of revenge urge. But I don't want to replace one stereotype with another."

But the development of black-feminist theory and the growth of a black-feminist movement has met with heated resistance in the black community. Since the late '60s, when the white women's movement began to make headlines, black



Kattie Portis

women were warned against playing into the hands of what was seen as the white man's game of keeping black men and women divided. The warnings and charges continue.

"What's going on there," McHenry said, "is there's a real fear of an autonomous black woman in the community. That's bizarre, because so many of us are heads of our own households. So you can go and be head of your own household, but for God's sake, don't take any pride in yourself."

"*Ebony* magazine and *The Black Scholar* have been printing the same article for years about the problems of black male-female relationships. The black women's quotes are getting a little more impatient, though. A little more, 'I'm not taking this shit.' And that's really terrifying to black men."

McHenry regards the impatience of black women as a good sign. "But what I see that breaks my heart so much is, okay, we get angry and then we go off on our separate paths instead of talking to each other and finding our strength and effectiveness in numbers. That happens a lot more with middle-class women than with women who live in working-class communities, where they make practical connections with each other in terms of child care and things like that."

"And it's crazy to say that black feminism is a middle-class phenomenon," she said, in response to one of the more recent criticisms of black feminism. "Some of the most-active people in the second wave of American feminism who happened to be black were not from the middle class. They were welfare mothers. For them, the issue was very clear. Men weren't around, and they had to go for themselves and their children. I think it was we middle-class women who were lagging behind. We had the luxury of holding on to the fantasy that our men would take care of us."

When she goes to Louisville to visit, McHenry talks about her work and her ideas with her mother and sister. Both women are schoolteachers committed to their community, their children, and their homes.

"I'm not the daughter that went off to the city and got involved with all these crazies and never came back and can't talk to her family. It's very organic," she said. "We force each other to grow. For example, since I don't have children, I have gotten more of an appreciation through them of the burdens this society imposes on mothers, the lack of esteem this society affords them. And there are issues where I push my mother, like on gay rights. As she grows older and really

thinks about what she's seen in her life, she's recalled people she's known, unhappy people who were probably gay or who everyone knew was gay. And remembering what they did in the community, their contributions, she's beginning to understand the importance of having people be whole — all kinds of people. And that's only a recent change."

The Saturday traffic on the FDR Drive was steady and hypnotic. Sometimes it was easier for us to look out at the cars and the river than to face each other.

"You know," she said, "it's good to transcend your own background. That's what black women have been doing for years. Our history is one of transcending our own background to understand what's in everyone else's head."

Michele Wallace

Such material as (Michele) Wallace's *Black Macho and the Myth of the Superwoman* . . . offer(s) one of the most serious threats to black people since the slave trade.

— Terry Jones, chairman of the Department of Black Studies, California State University at Hayward

She has also been called an "artistic agent provocateur" of racism, a traitor, and a conspirator "with the white women against the black male." What Michele Wallace has done to incur the wrath of Jones and other black men — and black women — is to write two essays, "Black Macho" and "The Myth of the Superwoman," which were published, with great fanfare, in book form in 1979. *Ms.* put Wallace's face on its cover and promised that *Black Macho* would "define the '80s." Dial Press touted Wallace's book as "startling and controversial" and quoted praise from such white-feminist honchos as Gloria Steinem, Robin Morgan, and Susan Brownmiller.

The excerpt that appeared on the book's jacket has been quoted widely and has had the effect of the shot heard 'round the world: "I am saying . . . there is a profound distrust, if not hatred, between black men and black women that has been nursed along largely by white racism but also by an almost deliberate ignorance on the part of blacks about the sexual politics of their experience in this country."

Wallace explains the book as "an attempt to write a history of the feelings of black men and women for each other." She was not, however, the first to recognize that black men and women are less than entirely comfortable with each

Continued on page 12



Susan McHenry

tegy to ensure that other states don't follow New York's lead. According to Lubber, "What they're saying is, 'We now support the concept of truth in testing and we'll move into this kind of policy in the future, but we don't want 50 different states developing 50 different laws that we'll have to live with.' I'm afraid it's a move to put off the passage of legislation in Massachusetts, although the argument really doesn't hold water, since the proposed Massachusetts law is practically identical to New York's." Lubber and other proponents of a Massachusetts truth-in-testing law read ETS's recent hiring of Tom Joyce, Massachusetts's leading business lobbyist, as a sure sign that it intends to fight.

A key figure in the struggle over truth in testing in Massachusetts is state Senator Gerard D'Amico (D-Worcester), Senate chairman of the legislature's joint committee on education. That committee's "ought to pass" or "ought not to pass" recommendations will carry a lot of weight with the full House and Senate and greatly affect the chances of the

Other critics object to what they consider a monopoly enjoyed by ETS in the college-testing market. Not only are college-bound students usually required to take (and pay for) ETS tests, but colleges themselves are also locked into buying the company's services. These critics are not impressed with ETS's non-profit status.

truth-in-testing bill.

D'Amico, who is sponsoring his own bill calling for a study of standardized testing, says he's officially neutral on the truth-in-testing bill. "Looking at the surge in the number of students going on to college since World War II, I can understand how admissions officials be-

came dependent on SAT-type tests," D'Amico says. "But I think that consumers who are the subject of testing should have the right to question the power of the testing culture that affects their lives so much. Basically, I hope that we can find other determinants of aptitude besides the standardized tests."

Colleges have a responsibility to find one. Regardless of what new legislation comes out of this legislative inquiry, I think some real thought on the issue will have been stimulated."

By any measure, D'Amico is himself a "success." He graduated from Boston University well within the top half of his class, and finished his graduate studies at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government with a 3.4 cumulative average; he was elected to the legislature at age 27, and at 32 now chairs one of its most important committees. Political observers recognize the widely respected and affable D'Amico as a real "comer." But Senator D'Amico's SAT scores of 330 in math and 410 in English would hardly have predicted such success. "I used to lie when people asked me how I'd done on the College Board exams; I was too embarrassed to tell them what I'd really gotten. I guess I'm finally getting over it," D'Amico says. "Boy, it's a good thing someone in the admissions office at BU looked beyond those SAT scores, or I'd be back home working in the bakery."

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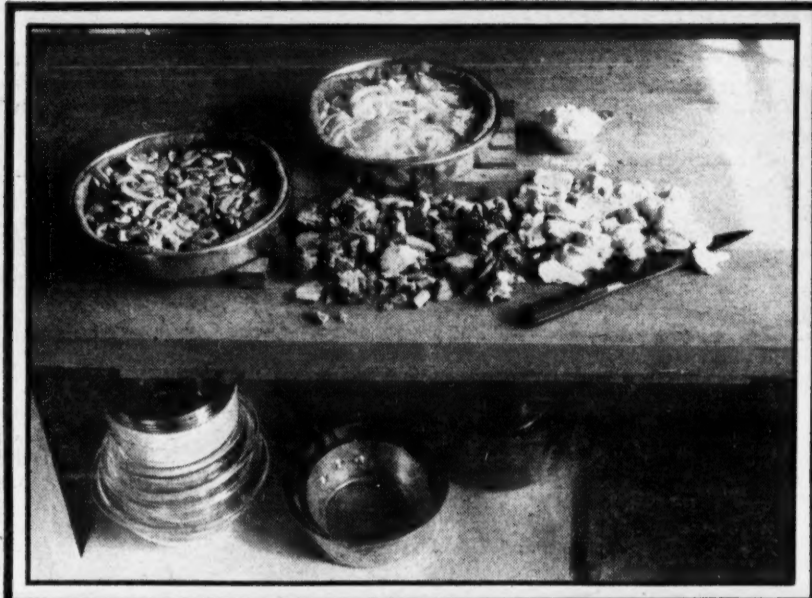
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2/2/80

Thought for food

Getting to the crust of the matter

Vegetable pizzas in the privacy of your own home



Photos by Eric A. Roth



Easy as pie: fill the crust with vegetables and top it with a cheese sauce.

by Sheryl Julian

Some friends and I were having a vegetable pizza at Bel Canto a few weeks ago and one person ventured that these pizzas must be simple to make at home. Would I figure it out?

Well, I tried, and they *are* simple to make at home, but for some reason I had to make them half a dozen times before I was even in the ball park. I can bone chickens and roll puff paste, but I can't duplicate Bel Canto's specialty. The crusts on my first several tries were too hard or too soft or too shallow or too deep, the filling too dry or too watery, the vegetables too crisp or too limp. In the

end, they resembled not in the slightest the vegetable pizzas my friends and I had had — but they were awfully good in their own right.

These pizzas are made with a whole-wheat crust that is pre-baked in a cake pan. The crust is then filled with vegetables and topped with a Parmesan-cheese sauce, so the pie is more like a quiche.

The cheese sauce and crust recipes each yield three pizzas. The cheese can be divided, but you should make the entire crust recipe and just pre-bake and freeze what you don't need. The filling recipes

each yield one. Here are the results of my experiments.

Cheese sauce

Makes three cups, enough for three pizzas
 6 tablespoons butter;
 6 tablespoons all-purpose flour;
 3 cups milk, heated until scalding;
 Salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste;
 1 cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese.

Melt the butter in a heavy-based pan

and whisk in the flour. Cook this over a low heat for two minutes, whisking constantly.

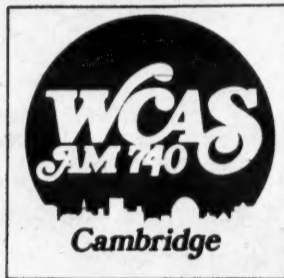
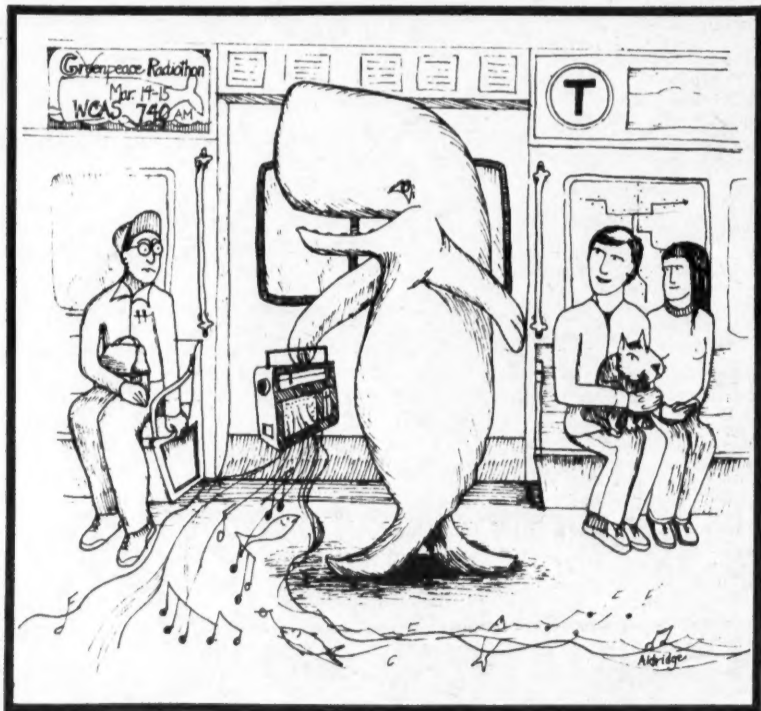
Continue to whisk while you pour in the hot milk. When the sauce comes to a boil, add salt and pepper to taste. Let the mixture simmer another minute, then take it off the heat.

Add the cheese and stir the sauce until it is all incorporated. Use it as directed.

Whole-wheat crust

Makes enough for three nine-inch pizzas
 3 cups stone-ground whole-wheat flour;

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Listen to WCAS AM 740 for the Greenpeace Radiothon, Friday and Saturday March 14-15. We'll have music, special guests, reports on the Greenpeace effort to save the whales and stop the harp seal slaughter, and more. Look for Greenpeace on *Boston Live*, Channel 68's nightly report at 6 PM on Friday March 14, and join us at the Tam O'Shanter in Brookline for a live WCAS Broadcast Saturday afternoon. And call Greenpeace at 542-7052 to pledge your support!

Greenpeace Radiothon March 14-15 on WCAS

3 cups stone-ground whole-wheat flour;
 1 1/4 cups lukewarm water;
 1 envelope dried yeast;
 1 teaspoon salt;
 1 tablespoon olive or corn oil;
 A few drops of oil (for greasing the bowl).

Put the whole-wheat flour into a bowl and make a well in the center of it. Add a quarter-cup of the lukewarm water and sprinkle the yeast on it. Stir the yeast into the water and leave it for a few minutes.

Add the salt and oil to the well, then pour in the remaining cup of water and stir the ingredients with a wooden spoon to form a dough.

Turn the dough out onto a lightly floured board and knead it for a few minutes until it is smooth. (Since the amount of water absorbed by whole-wheat flours varies so much, you might need more to bring the dough together, or a heavily floured board to knead a rather sticky dough. Play it by ear.)

Add a few drops of oil to the bowl and turn the dough around in it so it gets oiled all over. Cover the dough with a damp cloth and leave it to rise in a warm place for one hour (it is ready when an indentation made with your finger does not spring back).

Turn the dough out onto a board and knead it hard to knock out all the air. Use it as directed.

To assemble and bake the pizzas

Whole-wheat crust;
 Cheese sauce,
 Fillings (see below);
 1/3 cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese (for each pizza);
 4 ounces mozzarella cheese, grated or cut up (for each pizza).

Preheat the oven to 500 degrees. Divide the dough into thirds and form each one into a smooth ball. Roll them out on a lightly floured board into five-inch rounds. Cover the rounds with a cloth and leave them to rest for a few minutes.

Lightly oil three nine-inch layer-cake pans.

Roll out the rounds of dough until they are slightly larger than the pan. Prick them with a fork about 100 times each (at half-inch intervals). Fold them in half and ease them onto one side of the oiled pans then unfold them and arrange them in the pans; it's okay if they overlap the rims a little. Line each crust with foil, pressing it down onto the dough.

Slide the pans into the preheated oven and cook the pastry for eight or nine minutes. When the edges are hard, remove them from the oven, lift off the foil, and turn the oven down to 450 degrees.

To fill the pizzas, arrange the vegetable fillings in the crust then spoon out the cheese sauce, sprinkle on the Parmesan cheese and top it all with the mozzarella. Bake the pizzas for 25 to 28 minutes or until the cheese has melted and is brown in spots.

Lift the pizzas from the pans with a flexible metal spatula and transfer them to a large round platter or board. Cut them into wedges and serve at once.

Onion-and-green-pepper filling

For each pizza, thinly slice two medium onions and lay them directly on the pre-baked crust. Core and seed one large green pepper and dice it, lay it on the onion.

Mushroom-and-broccoli filling

For each pizza, thinly slice eight ounces of mushrooms and lay them directly on the pre-baked crust. Peel the stem of one stalk of broccoli and thinly slice the whole stalk, lay it on the mushrooms.

Cauliflower-and-onion filling

For each pizza, thinly slice two medium onions and lay them on the pre-baked crust. Thinly slice two cups of cauliflower and lay it on the onions.

The fat & the lean Jimbo's Bum steer

245 Northern Avenue, Boston; 542-5600; open for lunch and dinner from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Monday through Thursday, until 10 p.m. Friday and Saturday; closed Sunday; full liquor license; no credit cards or checks accepted; the restaurant is at street level.

by John David Ober

Our first reaction to Jimbo's was one of childish delight, as we espied the model trains circling endlessly on their appointed rounds. They run on tracks suspended from the ceiling, on transparent plastic that affords an unobstructed view. The menu says these intriguing toys — larger than the Lionels we knew as children — are German models of European and American locomotives; the models were built by the Lehmann Company, which has been in business since 1881.

Unfortunately, by the time we finished our meal, our overriding desire was to run a section of track out a window and hop aboard for a fast getaway.

Our waitress, earnest but un-

trained, informed us that Jimbo's is the offspring of Jimmy's Harborside. It is unclear just what segment of the dining public the new fish shanty is angling for: almost surely for uninformed tourists; perhaps for the overflow from the parent restaurant; maybe for young, informal singles with less money to spend than their elders who patronize the landmark on the other side of Northern Avenue.

At Jimbo's there is a "hobo's happy hour" from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m. (all cocktails are 99 cents); there is no dress requirement; and the same severely limited menu is in effect throughout the day. The lack of variety in fish and seafood is surprising for a waterfront place in the heart of the

fish-market district.

There is exactly one first course at Jimbo's, and it's billed as hobo fish stew (mug \$1.25, bowl \$2.35). We spotted a lot of the promised celery, onions, and potatoes, as well as morsels of carrot and plenty of tiny flecks of nondescript white fish. Still, the stew was not impressive: the broth was watery and devoid of fish stock; the predominant tastes were of salt and butter, and of milk rather than cream.

Without a doubt, the best food we tasted at Jimbo's was a cheeseburger (\$2.80), craftily disguised on the menu as a "jeezeburger." The ground beef was moist and seared on the outside; the cheese was better than many a vulcanized product around town; and the tasty roll had been toasted and arrived warm. Even so, the burger, which had been ordered as rare as possible, had been cooked a perfect medium-rare. (When we ordered it, our inexperienced waitress asked incredulously, "Are you serious?")

The menu offers boiled chicken lobster (variable price), codfish sandwich (\$1.95), broiled scrod (\$3.50) and three fried seafoods: fish and chips (\$2.85), clams (\$4.50), sea scallops (\$4.40). But the major attraction is what Jimbo's calls "stick food," skewers threaded with various ingredients and charcoal-broiled. All kebabs come with green pep-

per, sliced onion, and tomatoes on the stick and with huge mounds of rice and cole slaw on the plate. In their favor, it can be said that the stick-food entrees offer considerable quantity at very decent prices. But none that we tried was praiseworthy.

We skipped the beef kebab (\$4.50) and ordered scallops (\$4.10) and Jimbo's special (\$6.25), a combination of scallops, shrimp, and swordfish cubes. Two flaws marred both these entrees: everything had been drastically overcooked, and some of the principal ingredients — most noticeably the scallops — tasted fishy, indicating they were not as fresh as they should have been. The shrimp were shriveled and decimated; eating them was tantamount to chewing gum. The swordfish was dry as dust and rock-hard.

The waitress ought to have warned us that the side order of rice (50 cents) is identical to the supposed "bed of pilaf" that comes with the stick food. What we got in both instances was plain, boiled rice without a hint of spice or stock. It was topped with bland tomato sauce. Cole slaw was crisp and fresh, but an abatement of the sugar would have improved it. A side order of onion rings (\$1) is described on the menu as "unforgettable." We would call them "forgotten" — as

Continued on page 14



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the crusty Yankees who capture the imaginations of the Charles Kuralt. His yard consisted of a dirt driveway beside the railroad tracks and a patch of weeds just large enough for a redwood picnic table, where he'd sit on summer days under his towering maple tree. I played cribbage with him when I could, and in winter I'd knock the ice off his leaky roof, as helpful as I believed a good neighbor should be. He smoked cigarettes with a cigarette holder, and he worried a lot about that maple tree, which appeared to me to be slowly dying from some fungus disease. One night the house across the street from his burned to the ground; Tom, his hearing aid turned off, slept through it all. There were people sleeping inside that house when it caught fire, and they were alerted and probably saved by the shouts of the Puerto Rican family that lived on the other side of Tom's house and with whom Tom, at 82, never stopped fighting about their property line. In his Yankee way, Tom always used the word "niggers" when he talked about them.

Now, I don't want to overstate my point. These people were kind as well, at least to me. But they were not simple packages of goodness. Rather, their generosity was often startling, coming as it did from so much bitterness or despair. Another man in this old neighborhood of mine, who lived in the tenement-like house behind the red-haired woman's, spent most of his summer nights screaming at his wife and kids on his porch. (At least I think they were his wife and kids. There were so many families, so many kids living in that house that I'm not sure I ever did figure who went with whom.) This man, who worked in a factory and always walked home after work with a 16-ounce beer in his hand, had a huge belly that pushed his pants down below his waist, so that in the summer, when he was shirtless, you could see the hairy cleavage of his buttocks above his belt. He had some kind of speech impediment, so I usually couldn't understand what he was saying, although everyone else in the neighborhood could. That summer, in my rented house, I found a rusted push mower in the cellar, which I decided to use one

day to cut down the high weeds in my dusty little yard. The mower was dull, and mostly I was flattening, not mowing, the weeds, but I persisted. Then, turning around, I saw the man with the speech impediment pushing his power mower over my weeds. I moved aside and sat on my back steps, watching him cut my grass without saying a word. Afterward, I tried to give him a dollar or two, but he refused, muttering some things I couldn't understand but pretended I did. Each week that summer, he cut my lawn. Because he was so heavy, he sweated profusely. I sat and watched him, sweaty cleavage and all. Once in a while, he'd say something that I understood was supposed to be a joke, although I was still having no luck catching the words he was trying to say. But I laughed, in what I hoped were the right places. I soon realized that he was doing more than cutting my weeds every week. He was affirming that I was now considered a neighbor, under their protection, one of them. They had decided I was all right, and for that I was sincerely grateful, although I wanted little

of their kind of rural life. A friend of mine from St. Louis recently gave me a book of Kliban drawings. One of them shows a pair of shoes and limp socks. The caption reads: "Due to the convergence of forces beyond his comprehension, Salvatore Quaucci was suddenly squirted out of the universe like a watermelon seed, and never heard from again." And that's the point I'm trying to make. Country people most often are not the wise and healthy folk we imagine them to be. Imagining they are that way trivializes them, ignores the sad depths of their true and hard lives. They have no more and no less wisdom than city people, it seems to me, and have to face problems of isolation and poverty and cruelty just as their counterparts in the city do. They have not gotten away from it all. Their lives may in a way be simpler, but that's only because they are often less free, with fewer choices, fewer options. They are trying to make a go of it, fighting boredom, alcoholism, even incest. Yet from these things, love and generosity sometimes rise. It comes down to this:

so many country people I've known have been watermelon seeds, at the mercy of forces beyond their comprehension, trying desperately not to get squirted out of the universe. So in the country, I say hello to my neighbors and slink away to walk in the woods that other people own, going in the opposite direction from the chainsaws and barking dogs. I passed a car yesterday, and on it was a bumper sticker that read SAVE OIL, BURN IRANIANS. The good life. Keep it simple. On Sundays I go to the newsstand to buy the paper. I am a regular customer, so the middle-aged woman who sells it to me, who, I suspect, has spent her entire life in this town, says hello. She smiles graciously and we talk about the weather for a few seconds, until neither of us can think of anything to tell the other. Believe it or not, I like it in the country, but more and more I talk about the things that matter to me with my friends who have come here from the city, from St. Louis or New York, from London or Cincinnati, even from New Jersey. It's in their eyes that I think I see myself.

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Crossword

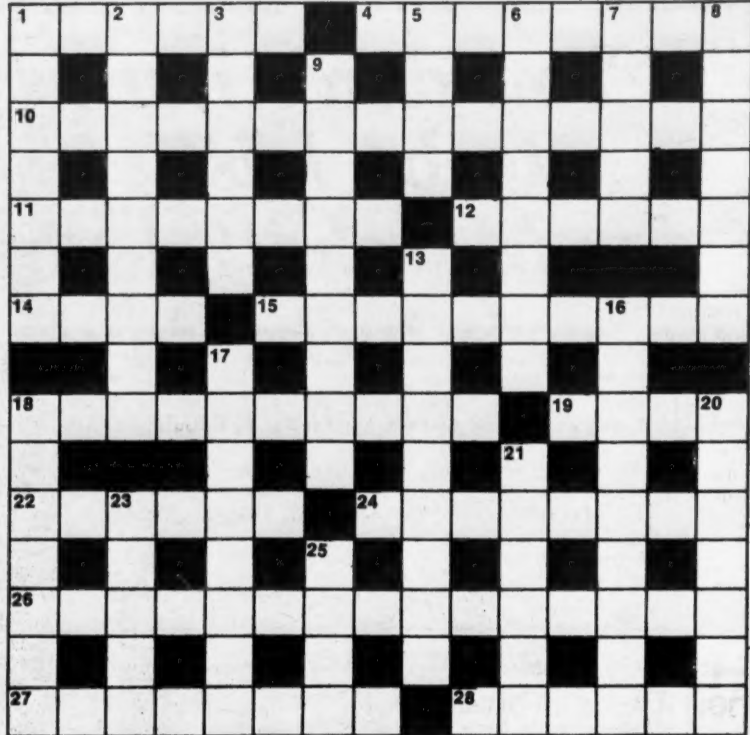
by Mel Taub

ACROSS

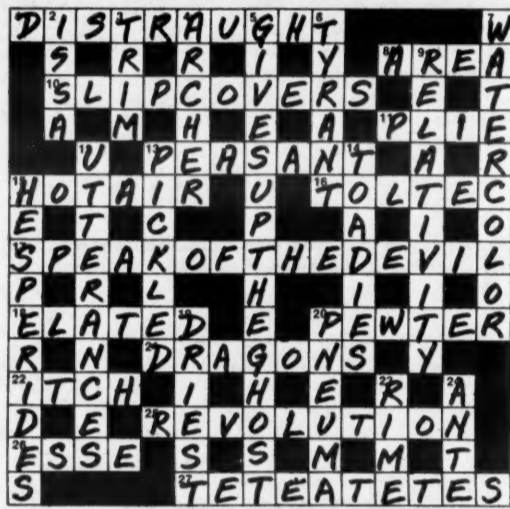
- 1 Bostonian headgear? (6)
- 4 Songproof? (8)
- 10 Penalize *Andrea Doria* crewman for intrigue. (4,7,4)
- 11 Arranges to slip emir arsenic. (8)
- 12 Book in which author discloses what he loves about Act V mix-up. (6)
- 14 In tears, state, briefly, afterthought. (4)
- 15 Daring commercial undertakings. (10)
- 18 A stinging telegram. (6,4)
- 19 How much wine do the containers hold? (4)
- 22 Is Paul the fellow who was just hired? (6)
- 24 Rubs lady in the most ridiculous manner. (8)
- 26 "I love you," e.g., in Spanish or French. (7,8)
- 27 In his brief, lawmaker attempts to involve watchmen. (8)
- 28 Certain qualities of Gr. beverages. (6)

DOWN

- 1 Description if there is more weight. (7)
- 2 007's stationery. (4,5)
- 3 This place could give you the hives. (6)
- 5 Flower girl. (4)
- 6 Between 9:00 and 11:00 a big town may show perseverance. (8)
- 7 Where Africans might hang a disruptive fellow. (5)
- 8 Outside the realm of brevity. (7)
- 9 Trips made to obtain fluffy Niagara material. (5,4)
- 13 It's recorded on ticker tape. (9)
- 16 Rather plump farm laborer with good penmanship. (5,4)
- 17 Fee that made Ira enter the case. (8)
- 18 What told you this was in India? It could be the nostrils. (7)
- 20 Probes Eliot, after a fashion. (7)
- 21 Native of the Valkans? (6)
- 23 Who gained by embracing me? (5)
- 25 Take a quick look at this dog. (4)



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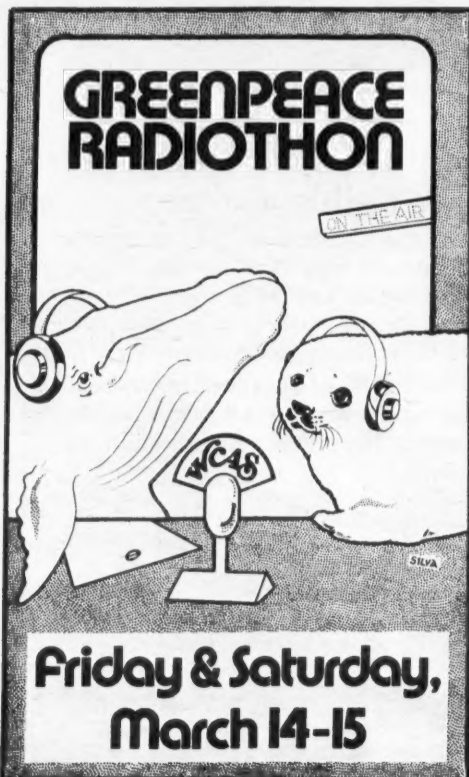
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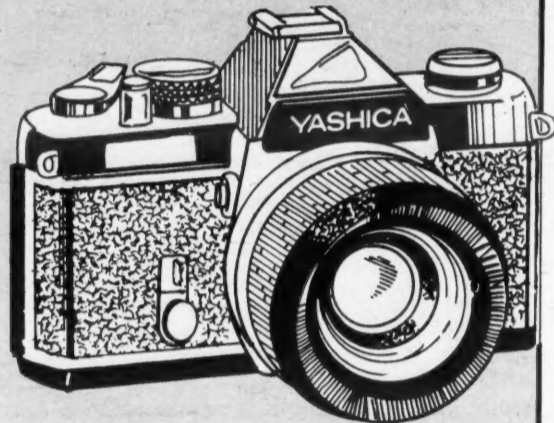


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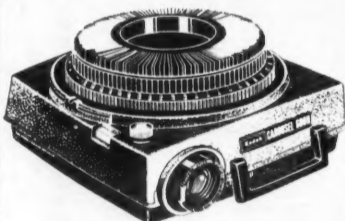
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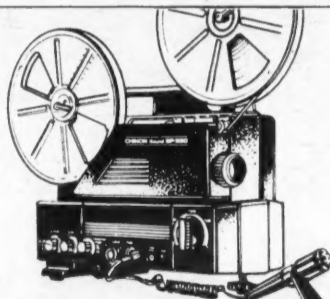
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BOSTON AFTER DARK

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

THE BOSTON PHOENIX, SECTION THREE, MARCH 11, 1980

My new haven

Robert Brustein cuddles up to Cambridge

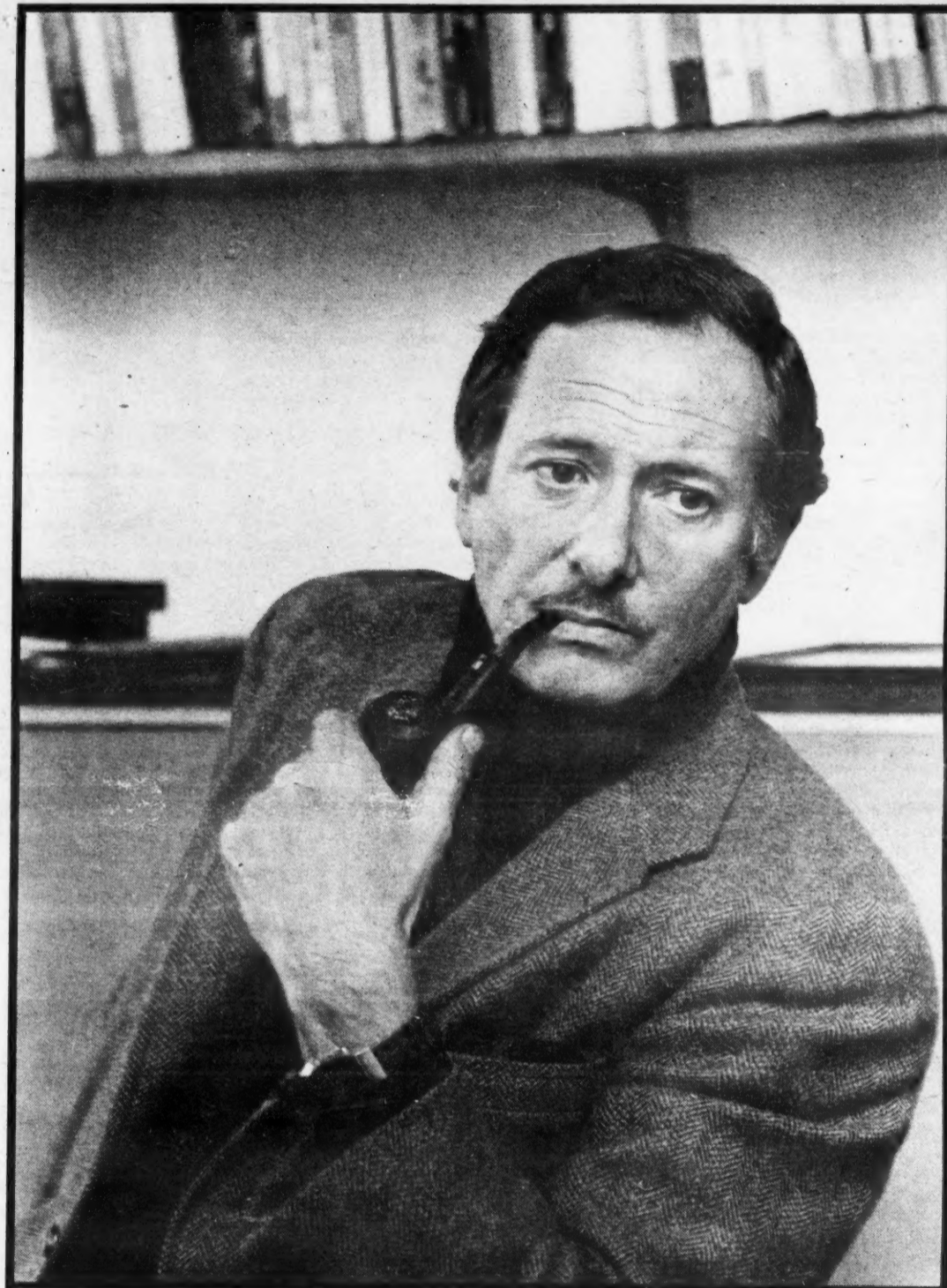
by Carolyn Clay

There are those in the world of letters and leotards who will tell you that Robert Brustein is a son of a bitch. Actually, the Loeb Drama Center's new impresario is more catlike than puppyish. Tossed almost two years ago by then-incoming Yale President A. Bartlett Giamatti from one of that university's highest spires — the deanship of the prestigious School of Drama — he has landed on his feet, a state away, at Harvard. And the man reputed to be as arrogant as Zeus, as abrasive as Ajax, is virtually purring: about Cambridge, about Harvard, about the future. Whether or not he will remain standing, or purring, is yet to be seen. The proof, as they say in less august Harvardian theater circles, is in the pudding. And Brustein's American Repertory Theater (the Yale Rep, transplanted and renamed) will soon dish up the first few servings. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* opens, incongruously, on the first day of spring, March 21. Mark Leib's *Terry by Terry*, in its world premiere, joins the repertory on April 4, to be followed by the Brecht/Weill musical *Happy End* on April 25, and by Gogol's *The Inspector General* on May 23.

The Brustein to whom we spoke in his sunny new office at the dawn of his new life was not the middle-aged man *terrible* of legend. Instead, we encountered a perfectly pleasant, soft-spoken, only slightly acerbic gentleman whose acute intelligence is offset just now by a relentlessly rosy outlook. Asked if he considers himself arrogant and abrasive, Brustein smiled like Sweeney Todd impersonating Pollyanna and replied, "No, I think I'm sweet." He is sweet on our town and on Harvard, to be sure. And he is something of a Pollyanna regarding the chances of his well-reputed but uncompromising company to succeed here, where other serious professional troupes have failed. Let's face it, Boston is to first-rate regional repertory what the Bermuda Triangle is to small craft.

Still, Brustein's optimism may not be unfounded. He has engineered for himself and his company, as well as for Harvard, something of a sweetheart deal. He himself has been installed as Professor of English and overseer of the Loeb, as well as artistic director of the ART. The company will occupy the Loeb rent-free — "nothing to sneeze at," as Brustein points out — though it is responsible for its own operating budget. Harvard, for its part, has had no theater program of significance since the defection, in the '20s, of playwright seer George Pierce Baker — ironically, to Yale. The university is, in a sense, with the acquisition of Brustein, wiping 50-year-old egg off its face. And it is finally putting the Loeb Drama Center, too slick a facility to be occupied exclusively by amateurs, to reasonable use.

In addition, Brustein and company have already launched an impressive if unofficial, performance-oriented curriculum, at least part of which may be offered, as early as next fall, for credit. When Brustein was dethroned at Yale, he had numerous offers for his services, but he wanted to come to Harvard. (Once you've been in the Ivy League, I guess, it's tough to go back to the minors.) In any case, he campaigned for his current post, first proposing a graduate conservatory similar to the one he ran at Yale. That was rejected, so Brustein came back with Plan B, oriented toward undergraduates. But he makes no bones about the fact that an undergraduate concentration, and then a conserva-



Paul Fortin

tory, are his goals. Meanwhile, he teaches English, considered by Harvard to be a legitimate academic pursuit — unlike stagecraft.

What's in this for all of us, of course, is a professional repertory company and a place on the regional theater map. The American Rep has already experienced its growing pains, during a 13-year tenure in New Haven (a burg that became, according to Brustein, something of a growing pain in itself). It comes to us full-grown, with an existing repertory of some 80 productions (including those of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Happy End*, being recycled this season), a stable of talented performers (either veterans of the Yale Rep or recent graduates of the School of Drama, which Brustein raided on his way out), and an established relationship with some of the country's brightest young directors (Andrei Serban, for example) and playwrights. According to Brustein, David Mamet has promised the ART a play, as has Christopher Durang, and he is working on Sam Shepard. In addition, Philip Roth is cogitating on something, probably an adaptation of Chekhov's *Ward Number Six*, and Brustein's tennis and lobster-fishing buddy, William Styron, is working with John Marquand on a piece for the company. All of which sounds like an improvement on the Massachusetts Center Rep, with its endless tributes and benefits (it got to seem like Channel 2 without the programming, just the auction); the Boston Rep, whose good intentions were usually ambushed by incompetence; and even the once-exciting Theater Company of Boston, dormant for so long now that it should perhaps be declared legally dead.

Brustein is, in some ways, an odd man to fill the oft-discussed gap between Boston's blatantly commercial, downtown theaters and its smaller, avant-garde or semi-professional troupes. A 52-year-old Amherst graduate with a PhD from Columbia, where he absorbed Lionel Trilling's philosophy of the inseparability of art and society, he is known as an elitist — though he dislikes the term. During his first tenure as drama critic for *The New Republic*, during the early '60s, he rattled almost every gold-plated cage on Broadway; his reviews from that period are collected in his first book, aptly titled *Seasons of Discontent*. So iconoclastic, erudite, and uncompromising that he makes Richard Eder sound like Gene Shalit, Brustein has continued to paddle against the mainstream of American theater, splashing loudly through such lively tomes as *The Theater of Revolt*, *The Third Theater*, *Revolution as Theater*, and *The Culture Watch*. His newest book, *Critical Moments*, will be out in May.

Finally, in 1966, Brustein was dared — by then-Yale President Kingman Brewster — to put his energy where his mouth was. He became Dean of the Yale School of Drama and founded the Yale Rep — but he did not just disappear into the maw of New Haven. Writing frequently for the *New York Times*, he has continued to stir up controversy with the regularity of a Betty Crocker stirring up muffin batter. A fierce believer in the necessity for a "minority" or "seminal" theater, a place for experimentation without commercial pressure, Brustein maintained, while at Yale, that he didn't give a damn about the needs of the theater-going com-

Continued on page 2

The media are the message

Life at the BF/VF

by Don Shewey

It doesn't look like a "major media center." Stuck in the back of a nondescript real-estate office building between the Boston University campus and Allston's student ghetto, the Boston Film/Video Foundation maintains an exceedingly low profile. But in the last four years, BF/VF (as it is familiarly called) has accumulated several hundred thousand dollars' worth of equipment, sponsored exhibitions by more than 150 artists, assisted in realizing some 40 original productions, and offered numerous courses and intensive workshops — all as part of its effort to provide a home for Boston-based independent film and video artists.

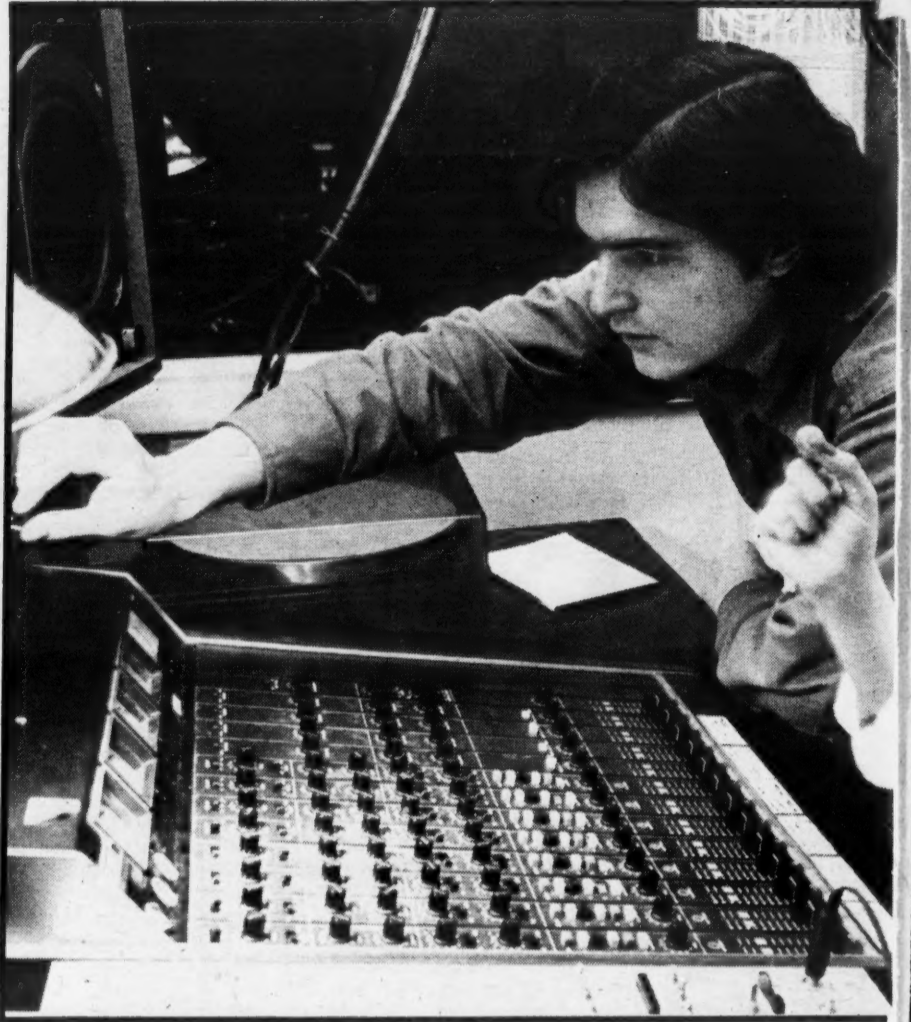
It began with wishful thinking. Having spent years grumbling about the lack of communication within Boston's burgeoning independent film and video community, filmmakers Susan Woll and Helen Krauss published a letter in the University Film Study Center newsletter calling for some group action. "On a sleety January evening in 1976," remembers Woll, "60 film and video artists met at the MIT Film Section and formed committees which began some of the basic services and programs BF/VF provides today. A steering committee of 10 met regularly to hammer out and refine our common goals. Petitions were passed and posted in laboratories, studios and other haunts of independent artists. And in a virtual groundswell, artists joined the new organization, although the only concrete things we offered then were a sense of mutual support and exchange of information."

By the following year, BF/VF was able to offer much more. A \$15,000 National

Endowment for the Arts start-up grant enabled the group to rent its current quarters on Brighton Avenue and convert them into usable space. Shortly thereafter, a deal struck with WGBH-TV brought in a substantial collection of video equipment from the station's abortive New Television Workshop, which BF/VF continues to house and maintain. And while the first artist-members were making use of the center's production facilities, BF/VF launched its exhibitions with an experimental film series, at the Museum of Fine Arts, co-sponsored by Center Screen — thus forging a crucial alliance with other existing arts organizations.

"It took a while for some people to accept this place," says programming coordinator Steve Anker, who recently gave me a tour of BF/VF, "because it represents so many different things. People with a purist nature in film were uncomfortable with the video people at first. Also, this town was so dominated by universities and powerful organizations like the MFA and the ICA that when we started, we got so much resistance. Not necessarily hostility, but resistance. People were so used to funneling their energies into their own little things. I used to be amazed to walk through a building at MIT and see some tiny notice for a lecture by Susan Sontag or Susanne Langer, which apparently no one knew about except a handful of MIT students. Partly because of that, and partly because people don't trust something new that comes along, it took about two years for us to be taken seriously."

If public recognition was slow in coming, artists immediately understood



Peggy McMahon

Steve Anker and Kathe Izzo

the value of a community-access media resource center and pitched in to make it happen. "Except for a foreman who was paid," says Anker, "this place was built entirely by volunteers who donated thousands of man-hours, tearing down walls, putting in wiring, and so forth. It took five or six months' straight work, and, of course, improvements are still going on. And this is the way we've run since then, on volunteer energy." And as administrative director Michele Schofield states in her latest annual report, "If the Boston Film/Video Foundation has emerged in 1979 as the most complete and effective support facility for independent media artists in New England, this is above all because the organization was begun by those artists on their own initiative — they more than anyone knew exactly what they needed, in order to

create their works and bring them to the public. And their vision has now become a functioning reality. BF/VF has matured without losing a bit of its initial vitality. It seems that the more ambitious the project, the more members will rally to support it."

* * *

Membership falls in two categories. General members, of which there are currently 300 or so, pay \$15 per year, and the 60 equipment members pay \$150 (or, if they're volunteers, donate their services) in exchange for access to BF/VF's equipment. These facilities include an elaborate array of video cameras and studio equipment, state-of-the-art audio recorders for film, a variety of editing machines, animation tables, two screening areas, a rehearsal studio with a

Brustein in Cambridge

Continued from page 1
munity. Now, in Boston, he is expected to fill them.

Interestingly, Brustein seems to have softened his "Let them eat Shakespeare" attitude. Oh, he is still dishing up the

Bard and has no intention of offering side-orders of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, but he does care whether we like the menu. And he bristles at the implication that he's a snob, or that his productions are, for the most part, too high brow to appeal to aught but other snobs. Brustein loves to tell about his house-manager at Yale, a New Haven fireman who became one of the theater's most avid supporters. "You see," he explains, "I have a great belief in the development of instincts and intelligence. I'm the one who is called an elitist, but I'm not. All I do is think that people can improve, can extend themselves, given the opportunity. It's the true elitist assumption that people aren't worth much; that's why I've always stood for a pluralistic situation in which you preserve the opportunity for everyone to enjoy a Shakespeare play, whether they think they like Shakespeare or not. You keep that opportunity alive; you can't just sit back and have it obliterated by network television, on the assumption that's all people want."

Let's hope Brustein is right. In New Haven, his company was under less pressure to prove itself commercially viable, as well as artistically unassailable, than it is here, where Harvard's contribution to its operating budget is negligible. (The cost of the first season has been projected as \$1.3 million, with Harvard contributing perhaps \$200,000 — though Brustein says that the university's ante is considerably less than that.) But the director says he's not worried. "It's an odd thing to say, when we've just arrived, but we have a closer connection to this com-

munity than we had with the New Haven community — partially because there is no New Haven community. It's hard to say what that community is, outside the university itself. It was our commitment there to develop an organism, and it took a long time to nourish it. Part of that development was training people, discovering new production techniques, new plays, finding plays that were worthy of production but infrequently done. We did that for 13 years, turned 400 people out of the school, and did over 90 professional productions. By that time, even before that time, it was ready to be shown, to become an aspect of the community. That's why it was quite fortuitous that we had the opportunity to come here." To listen to Brustein, Yale simply provided the kitchen, and we get to eat the cake.

But the cook will not be pinned down as to whether he plans to cater. "We are not starting from scratch here," he points out. "We know what we're about. We know what works for us, what will be popular with audiences and also acceptable to us as a proud achievement." In other words, Brustein has learned how to sell his cake and eat it too. Alvin Epstein's dark, lush production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, enriched by Henry Purcell's score for *The Faerie Queen*, which opens the ART season, is a proven crowd- as well as critic-pleaser. So is the Michael Feingold adaptation of *Happy End* — to be directed here by Walton (*The 1940s Radio Hour*) Jones — which includes such Kurt Weill favorites as "Surabaya Johnny" and "The Bilbao Song." *Terry by Terry*, though untried, has local color going for it; the play, billed as a "passionate comedy," is about a blocked writer in Cambridge. Its author, Mark Leib, is a Harvard as well as a Yale Drama School grad. This piece will be

directed by John Madden and designed by Andrew Jackness, who collaborated on Arthur Kopit's *Wings* (a Yale Rep "proud achievement" that failed commercially).

The season's wild card, as it were, is the Peter Sellars production of the classic farce *The Inspector General*. It replaced *Ivanov* in the repertory when Christopher Walken, who was to have played the lead, took a raincheck in order to do a movie. The employment of Sellars, a Harvard senior and something of a directing prodigy, should prove both interesting and oddly fitting. In the first place, Brustein's appointment to Harvard evoked much hue and cry among the students, who resented the necessary curtailment of their use of the Loeb, and who were aware that Brustein had been unpopular with undergraduates at Yale. Ironically, the Harvard undergraduates are getting a great deal of what their Yale counterparts were mad about not getting. There is no graduate conservatory here, so it is the undergraduates who will be able to work with the professional company as spear-carriers, literary managers, etc., as well as taking performance courses similar to those Brustein developed for graduate students at Yale. (His is a novel acting program, one that eschews the "master teacher" in favor of a three-step curriculum, in which the student moves from acting Ibsen and Chekhov, to acting Shakespeare and the Jacobean, to acting the postmodernists such as Beckett and Handke.) In any case, the hiring of Sellars seems a particularly canny move on Brustein's part. How can undergraduates complain of lessened opportunities when one of their number is offered such a plum?

Also, questions of his greenness aside, Peter Sellars epitomizes Brustein's own attitude toward stodgy, reverential treat-

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we had, they could have saved two or three thousand of the final seven or eight thousand dollars it cost." Besides taking advantage of the equipment resources, BF/VF members have the opportunity to learn from other artists, both through informal apprenticeships and in structured classes. These range from general courses on video documentary and screenwriting to intensive workshops on cameraless animation, lighting, or setting up a non-profit organization.

To follow the creative process from beginning to end, BF/VF maintains a busy schedule of exhibitions, for which it is probably best known around town. (Indeed, it's possible to attend screenings there without realizing its function as a production center.) The programming focuses primarily on Boston-based film and video artists, but it also extends to avant-garde celebrities and experimental artists from other cities, as well as local performance artists and punk-rock bands. The first series at the MFA in 1977 featured such notables as Jonas Mekas and Yvonne Rainer, and the first season at BF/VF included presentations by Kenneth Anger, Nam June Paik, and Warhol superstar Ondine. Last fall's schedule boasted BF/VF's most ambitious line-up to date: 19 events ranging from documentary films by D.A. Pennebaker and Jan Egleson to lurid, quasi-home movies by George Kuchar and super-8 reels by punk filmmaker Vivienne Dick; from video experiments by Betsy Connors and Mary Lucier to performances by John Holland's Text-Sound Chorus and Ellen Rothenberg.

A similar series now in progress will run through May and will feature the return to Boston of Ken Jacobs (March 29-30) and Stan Brakhage (April 5); Brakhage will be in Boston for a four-day blitz, making stops at Center Screen, Mass. College of Art, and the Museum School as well as BF/VF. The spring series also includes a rare appearance by mad genius Jack (Flaming Creatures) Smith (April 19 and 20) and a performance by monologist Spalding Gray (see interview on page 5). As it did last year, BF/VF will host some of the activities in Mass. College of Art's annual Eventworks festival.

And a recently-inaugurated Friday-night program of rock bands and B-movies will continue indefinitely. "Red Alert," as it is called, is the brainstorm of an energetic young woman named Kathe Izzo, whom BF/VF staffers mock-earnestly call their "liaison to the punk community." Izzo's brains, connections, and guerrilla publicity tactics (as well as the closings of several local punk nighteries) have made "Red Alert"

hugely popular — so much so, Izzo notes bemusedly, that the staff has been "having all these theoretical meetings to discuss whether it's good for BF/VF." Apparently, the mess and potential rowdiness of 200-plus crowds has so far been outweighed by the publicity and income "Red Alert" has generated.

The lion's share of BF/VF's revenues comes from membership fees and government grants; last year the NEA provided \$30,000 and the Mass. Council on the Arts and Humanities \$10,000. (BF/VF is one of fewer than two dozen Media Arts Centers in the country funded as such by the NEA.) Like many heavily subsidized organizations, BF/VF is relatively free of pressures for big box office, though it can't afford to be totally unmindful of its audience. "If we only had exhibits where we paid \$200 to artists to come and work and got only 25 people consistently, we'd have to worry about it. To that extent, we're tied to the gate," says Anker. "On the other hand, if we were consistently getting 100-150 people, that wouldn't be desirable either, because sometimes an intimate experience is desirable, even though having 100 appreciative people might be exciting. In any case, small audiences have never been an issue for the artist. Most people understand why we have to support shows that run the risk of bringing in only 20 people."

Nonetheless, the center is looking for ways to become less dependent on subsidies; as staff member Bob Raymond says bluntly, "The days of grants are over. The social programs aren't there anymore, and people are less willing to give money to institutions. So one thing we can do is siphon money from foundations by sponsoring artist-in-residency programs. Most non-profit organizations that serve as conduits for grant money take 30-40 percent for overhead; we take five to ten percent. It's small, but it is a source of income. We're also looking toward more community-service projects. There are a lot of people who would like to see the place open up to young kids to come and learn things, so we're trying to find some mechanism for that to happen." Last spring BF/VF sponsored a rape-prevention program, "Topic: Rape," which was shown in various neighborhoods with legal and medical experts on hand for discussions. There is some talk now about presenting such community-responsive political forums on a regular basis to initiate a dialogue on issues like nuclear power, feminism, and gay-community concerns.

Media equipment resource centers similar to BF/VF exist in other cities, and Boston has other exhibition outlets and

community-oriented arts programs. But few organizations attempt to combine all three functions, and BF/VF's biggest problem is trying to deal with so many different needs. "Our eagerness to support anything that comes down the pike sometimes stretches the limits," Anker admits. "One of our ambitions is someday to have a regular theater capable of running five days a week as well as a studio and an artists' residence. Right now we're limited to two or three nights a week for exhibition because we can't have shows when people are working or conducting seminars. People who have day jobs complain when they can't use the equipment at night, and there is a minimum amount of production activity needed to support the exhibitions." Expansion is inevitable, but so is frustration. "Last year when we did a few rock concerts for the first time, I got 30 calls the next week from bands wanting to play here. They're desperate for places to play. Until other venues crop up, BF/VF has to do all these things."

Under the circumstances, it's remarkable that BF/VF functions as well as it does. It is the only organization in Boston that provides a forum for the exhibition and discussion of video, an art form still in the process of being defined. It embraces the presentation of performance art because such mixed-media work incorporates some of the most exciting experimentation going on in the art world. And perhaps what is most extraordinary is that the organization operates as a true collective, sharing labor and means yet preserving an atmosphere conducive to artistic individuality. In other words, it manages to avoid the seemingly inevitable clash of political ideology and artistic temperament. "BF/VF has to satisfy so many needs, it couldn't survive if it tried to preach one thing, especially a political line," says Anker. "Artists coming through have been bowled over by this kind of communal, 'up' energy. They're so used to working on their own that it takes a lot of time for some to relax; they don't believe they can come in and actually make themselves at home. I know I had that problem myself. But once you know what you want and are willing to take the initiative, you can accomplish a lot, because all the supporting energy is there. Everybody feels their identity is involved in everything that goes on, so if a show comes in — say, some weird performance thing from New York that needs three slide projectors and two monitors — suddenly, I'll have technicians running around for four hours plugging things in and finding out where to get the additional stuff. That's the way the place is."

dance floor, a video library, and a six-member full-time staff available for technical and administrative assistance.

"Until we came along," says Anker, "to use this kind of equipment you either had to be connected to a university like MIT or Mass. College of Art, or you had to rent it commercially, which is very expensive, even literally prohibitive. There's a film called *Mission Hill: Miracle of Boston*, a very, very cheap documentary that has taken three years to be produced. Some people put it together out of their house; they even developed film in the basement. It's been shown about five times and was feature-reviewed in the *Real Paper* — this is a film that never would have been possible if they hadn't had access to cheap cameras and editing equipment. We didn't exist for most of that production; they said if

ment of the classics. In his famous essay, "No More Masterpieces," he railed against definitive, museumy mountings of the great plays, suggesting instead that each new production be considered a "directorial essay" on the original. Peter Sellars's prior work at Harvard includes such directorial essays as *King Lear* in a Lincoln Continental and *Antony and Cleopatra* in a dormitory swimming pool. No doubt his *Inspector General* will shake up traditionalists in the academic community. Brustein regards this as inevitable. "I gave a talk last year to the Choate Club," he recalls, "and one vigorous Harvard undergraduate told me he didn't think Shakespeare should ever be done except as he was done at the Globe. It's bad enough when people want it done a la 19th-century, which is the way most people think Shakespeare should be done."

Not one to aim low, Brustein's model for the ART is, believe it or not, the Royal Shakespeare Company — or so he told the *Providence Journal*. "I was thinking," he explains, "not of the tourist attraction at Stratford but of what the RSC does at the Aldwych in London, both with Shakespeare and with other classics, and with the new plays they evolve. In other words, the idea is to emulate the structure of a theater that does both classics and contemporary plays. The contemporary plays influence the way they do the classics, and vice versa. When Peter Brook, for example, was at the RSC, the kind of work he did, say, on theater of cruelty influenced the kind of work he did on *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *King Lear*. It's a very good way for a theater to evolve, especially good for the actors because it keeps them alive and contemporary, not academic and stiff and conventional. Which is the tendency with some strictly classical companies. At the

same time, theaters that simply do new plays lose their touch with tradition. And they even lose their companies, because each new play requires a completely different set of actors. And the tendency is simply to typecast those new plays."

Brustein is having none of that, you can be sure. He is a passionate advocate of repertory and the permanent company — though he is not above jobbing in such celebrated Yale Rep veterans as Walken and Meryl Streep, if they will deign to appear with the ART. (He seems quite surprised, however, at the suggestion that these people are stars, and balks at the implication that he is in the business of hiring stars. "I certainly didn't mean to tantalize you with the mention of names," he says. "Meryl happens to be a very good actress and also to be a star, which is liable to be a handicap for her." Brustein denies that he will try to boost ART revenues by booking The Fonz and The White Shadow, even if they did go to the Yale Drama School.)

In Brustein's view, it is the country's 60-odd resident theaters that provide "our only hope for an American national theater. It's the only situation where people grow together and develop a harmonious style and vocabulary." The director has in recent years made himself somewhat unpopular by his public frowning on the uneasy alliance that has sprung up between Broadway and the non-profit theaters, both regional and Off Broadway. More and more commercial productions, it seems, are originating in non-commercial settings, then going on to great success in the marketplace and subsidizing their parent companies. The most famous example, of course, is *A Chorus Line*, which has been supporting Joe Papp's Public Theater for five years now. "I think the quality of aspiration

has lowered considerably," says Brustein, "like the temperature of the samovar in *Uncle Vanya*, as a result of the opportunity Broadway now offers for companies to increase their royalties."

"The interesting new development is that the Long Wharf in New Haven, the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles, and the Guthrie in Minneapolis have joined forces to create an Off Broadway New York theater; they're going to be showcasing in New York directly, eliminating the middle-man, as it were. The Taper and the Long Wharf don't have companies anymore; all they have are shows. That is one of the things that has happened as a result of this alliance. Once you send your production to New York, you don't have anyone left at home. That's what I think is deadly; it takes away the whole basis and foundation of the non-profit theater. To play in repertory is the thing that keeps us honest. You can't pull anything out." But wouldn't he be tempted, I wondered, if the ART had a potential *Chorus Line* on its hands, a show that could support its starving playwrights for years to come? "No," Brustein replies flatly. "I worry about my own corruptibility, and it's very easy to yield to this. All the material comforts for a theater are provided by it. But I think that, if a community can't support a theater, with the help of external sources such as the private foundations and the government, then it doesn't deserve to survive."

Brave words from a man about to launch a serious professional theater in a community starved for serious professional theater but heretofore unwilling to fork out sufficient money or commitment. But Brustein, benign as he seems just now, is a brave fellow. He routinely twits the foundations, the government, and other grant-givers for their populist

approach to arts-funding — despite that his theater is dependent on them for survival. And if that's not proof enough of his courage, Brustein, a former actor as well as director, critic, and culture-watcher, will be making his Cambridge debut with the ART — as Theseus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Isn't that asking for it? Brustein just smiles. "I've been asking for it all my life," he replies.

True enough. And we, in turn, have been asking, clamoring, for Brustein. He has been treated in the media, since his appointment, as a sort of cultural messiah. He himself hints that his company is capable of rejuvenating the entire Boston/Cambridge theater scene, simply by providing a standard of excellence. "Good theater breeds good theater," he says.

Still, the ART's situation in Cambridge will be different, in a number of ways, from the one it left behind. New Haven could look to the Long Wharf for serious consumer theater, freeing Brustein and company to be as seminal as they pleased. (And there is nothing Brustein deplores more, he says, than "middle-seriousness" — i.e. *The Elephant Man*.) In a sense, he is being asked here to be both our Yale Rep and our Long Wharf. Does the pressure make him nervous? "No." Does he fear media backlash? "Oh, I'm certain it will come, but — here goes my arrogance — I really feel we can satisfy the expectations."

As a cultural messiah, Brustein is decidedly low on humility but high on principle and promise. He may — and he may not — perform miracles. I, for one, will settle for a few loaves and fishes — in the form of some good, solid, intelligent theater. For the raising of Lazarus, the breathing of life into our moribund theater scene, I'm willing to wait. After all, life is brief but ART is long.



Sissy sings Loretta

Film

Marriage country-style

Sissy Spacek as Loretta Lynn

by Stephen Schiff

COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER. Directed by Michael Apted. Written by Tom Rickman, from the autobiography of Loretta Lynn, with George Vecsey. Photographed by Ralf D. Bode. With Sissy Spacek, Tommy Lee Jones, Levon Helm, Beverly D'Angelo, and Phyllis Boyens. At the Pi Alley and in the suburbs.

Filmmakers scarcely know how to make movies about happy marriages any more — and no wonder. The tie that binds has come to be regarded as a Peculiar Institution, as slavery was in the ante-bellum South: an archaic system that probably ought to be abolished. Where are the Nick and Nora Charleses of the '80s, the Irene Dunnes and Cary Grants? For a long time, people have thought of marriage as the Big Blunder, the one your parents made and didn't learn from — the one everybody makes, and regrets, sooner or later. It's an atavistic curse, a relic from a dark, unliberated past. On the cover of a recent *Village Voice*, for instance, a woman named Elizabeth Stone makes a startling confession: she is a feminist, and yet — she has wed! Stone discusses her marriage with the detached curiosity of a valiant researcher performing some hideous experiment on herself, and her article reads like a revelation of strange and

unspeakable practices: "I Made Love With a Seagull — And Lived!" Though movies often end with happily-ever-after marriages, they're never *about* them. And in fact, it's hard not to make a celebration of marriage seem corny. Look at a recent attempt called *The Last Married Couple in America*. There, everyone ties himself in knots trying to be with-it and urbane, and, in the end, none of the actors bears even the vaguest resemblance to a human being: George Segal yowls and Natalie Wood moos, and Richard Benjamin's head keeps springing into the air like a champagne cork.

Of course, Tolstoy had a point: all happy families are alike, and so who wants to see a movie about them? But by now the sexual alternatives of the late '60s and early '70s have lost their luster: swinging and swapping are going the way of communes, leisure suits, and \$35-an-ounce gold. Marriage is enjoying a resurgence — or, at least, no one is predicting its imminent demise. And because it is returning, like a prodigal son, to a somewhat altered social landscape, we need movies about happy marriages. We've seen *Blume in Love*, *Scenes From a Marriage*, *Kramer vs. Kramer*. We know the stages of

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And now, the real McCoy

Coal Miner's Daughter is a movie that seeks to work on several levels, but the one on which it has to work is that of authenticity. Obviously, a glamorized version of Loretta Lynn's life, dressed up for the camera, would prove convincing to no one and would sacrifice the strengths of the story from which it draws. This, it was clear from a recent New York promotional appearance (by director Michael Apted, actors Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones, and Loretta Lynn herself), was very much a concern in its making. *Coal Miner's Daughter* faithfully re-creates the ambience of Lynn's 1976 autobiography, a plain-spoken document of courage, simplicity, and humor.

And yet ambiguities necessarily creep in. In the book, Loretta's ambition is very much clouded over ("The singing career was Doolittle's idea"), and Doolittle's role (he is far from a model husband) is by no means clear. The movie, as the tall, surprisingly candid director Michael Apted points out, is a love story: "... the story of two people trying to hold something together. That is the whole spite and shape of the film." This is all very well in terms of providing a focus to the material, and it may even be true to some aspects of these lives, but it creates a romantic, upbeat aura that is definitely at odds with my impression of the book. Apted, too, feels that the film — like the book — does skirt the question of the star's ambition. "I don't believe for a moment that it's all Doolittle," he says. "Loretta has always seemed unwilling to take responsibility for her success. But she must have wanted it. No one has done what she's done without wanting to be successful." Nonetheless, the film perpetuates Loretta's view by building up Doolittle's role.

For Loretta Lynn, the one part of the movie that doesn't ring true is the portrait of country singer Patsy Cline, Loretta's idol and first friend in Nashville, who, in the portrayal of Beverly D'Angelo, is one of the more vivid supporting characters in the film. Sophisticated, self-possessed, tough-talking but with a heart of gold, Patsy Cline is the very antithesis of Loretta at this stage in her career, and in fact Loretta is practically worshipping (as she remains to this day in talking about Patsy)

when she visits Patsy in the hospital for their first meeting. In the movie, Patsy is drinking beer, and this is what Loretta objects to — vociferously, in fact. "Well, it wasn't true. It wasn't in the book. They knew that, but that's the way they set the scene up. That's just a scene that wasn't true." Michael Apted, who takes a somewhat longer historical view, says, "We had this problem all the way through. Loretta was always on about it. The problem is, Loretta thinks you are in a sense dumping on the image of Patsy Cline and being disrespectful towards her. She can't distinguish between telling the truth about someone and keeping some legend."

Other areas are passed over as well. Loretta's breakdown ("I wanted to sleep; I didn't want to wake up. So I'd come off stage, I'd take my nerve pills, and I'd sleep until just before my next show, get my hair fixed, put my makeup on, do my show, sign my autographs, and go back to bed") is done too cursorily. Her children — and the problems of being a mother and a country-music star at the same time — are virtually absent. Professionally, her association with the Wilburn Brothers, who started her out on the road and published her songs, and their eventual parting in a welter of law suits and countersuits, is not even alluded to. There are other omissions, major and minor. But perhaps they can be excused, because, as Loretta says, "How you going to put all your problems over 30 years in just two hours of film?"

Yet there is respect for the music here, and for the feel of the material. I think what exemplifies the movie best is that even where business is invented you are prone to believe that it is drawn whole from life. There is one scene, for example, in which Patsy Cline and Loretta sing at a fairground. It is pouring, and the audience stands patiently in the rain while both women hold up umbrellas. The image seems perfect somehow, but it turns out to be an accident of shooting — they had the crowd, they had the location, and it started to rain. This, it appears to me, says more about authenticity than all the "authentic" details in the world. By being true to the spirit of an occasion, art takes reality a step beyond.

— Peter Guralnick

Trailers

FATSO

Fatso, which marks Anne Bancroft's debut as a writer and director, has the look and feel of a home movie: the film is grainy and overexposed, the subjects mug shamelessly, the camera either wanders nervously or sinks into a torpor, and the dialogue drifts in and out of audibility. In fact, maybe *Fatso* is supposed to seem like a home movie: this send-up of overbearing, overemotional, over-religious, and overfed Italian-American families is apparently drawn from Bancroft's own (she was born Anna Maria Louise Italiano in the Bronx, although the film is set in a present-day but somewhat mythical Greenwich Village).

In Bancroft's surrogate family, bachelor brothers Dom and Frank DiNapoli (Dom DeLuise and Ron Carey) share the top apartment of a Bleeker Street townhouse, while sister Antoinette (Bancroft) occupies the ground floor with her husband and kids. The three are so volatile that they can run the emotional gamut in a matter of minutes. They chase one another around the house with kitchen knives, pummel birthday cakes, explode into exuberant tarantellas, and, at a funeral, scream at the corpse — the movie is like a warped, speeded-up version of *verismo* opera. What motivates the hysteria is food: in the DiNapoli household, the Italian imperative "mangia!" meets its nemesis in the American obsession with weight loss. The focus is on the cheerfully chubby Dom, who, at the behest of his sister, embarks on a sort of fool's odyssey that takes him to trendy East-Side diet doctors and mutual-support groups (in this case, a society called Chubby Checkers, whose program owes more to AA than to Weight Watchers).

The food in this film is photographed and discussed with a pornographic sleaziness that would make a *Gourmet* editor cringe — and this seems apt. But *Fatso* really doesn't tell us much about compulsive behavior — the equation of food with hunger for love is too facile, the love-me-as-I-am conclusion hardly novel. Still, there's a gentle lunacy to the whole thing that shows where Bancroft's heart is. As once was said of Carole Lombard, Bancroft's talents may not be of the highest caliber, but her spirits are, and in this rather sweet, brainless film, she turns earthy warmth into a cinematic virtue. At the Pi Alley, the Allston, and in the suburbs.

— Alan Stern

BRITISH ANIMATION

Except for the United States, most major animation-producing countries present certain characteristics, a definite look, to the world. Some of the reasons are obvious: major studios, film schools, or producers with well defined traditions, tastes, and interests. But there are other reasons, too: subtler national and cultural influences that hover at the edges of the frame.

In the case of Center Screen's British Animation Program, the 19th-century English tradition of book illustration — Beardsley especially — is still at work, influencing shorts remarkable for their studied neatness of drawing, modulations of shading, and allusions to the art and artists of the *fin de siècle*. Countering this decadent dreaminess is another spirit: mod, urban, raucous, and aggressive; part Carnaby Street, part Orwellian indictment. And, caught between the trendiness and the nostalgia is an even hoarier tradition: the famed British sense of humor.

British animators have an almost maddening talent for imitation. Maddening because you feel the prowess they reveal could be put to more creative use than dressing up the window displays of London's museums. Tony White's "Hokusai: An Animated Sketchbook" neatly sets the Japanese master's sketches in motion, accompanied by a narration that's part art appreciation, part quotes from the artist's writings. Geoff Dunbar pays similar tribute to "Lautrec," although with a dash more humor, playing on our familiarity with the painter's legend. Both films are very beautiful and a pleasure to watch, but their reproductions only make you hunger for the originals.

Dunbar's turn-of-the-century Francophilism reaches its height — or depth — in "Ubu," an adaptation of Alfred Jarry's proto-punk masterpiece. In one of the most outrageous adolescent assaults on the Sanctity of Art, Jarry puts his characters, Ma and Pa Ubu, through a *Macbeth*-like saga with a ferocious glee. Dunbar's drawings and backgrounds are appropriately grotesque and primitive. Juxtaposing Jarry's own caricatures with simple, lurid splotches of red and black, the film captures something of *Ubu's* raw vitality, despite Dunbar's rather awkward literalness. In a more pop vein, Chris James's "About Face" moves carefully studied portraits of cult heroes — Mao, David Bowie, Dali, Wilde, Lord Alfred Douglas, Hitler, and Mick Jagger — across a surrealistically ambiguous landscape. The drawing is superb here, but there's nothing between the lines.

British animation's other flamboyant style leaves nothing to the imagination. In fact, literalness and a heavy literary bias are piled as thick as the traffic in Derek Phillips's "Losers' Club," "Max Beeza," and Andy Walker's "Too Much Monkey Business." The themes of overpopulation, pollution, propaganda, and pressure are chaotically represented by stacks of skyscrapers, sprawling suburbs and slums, and lines of anonymous people choking the streets, gardens, and cemeteries.

In these films, gaudy colors, slick technique, glib voice-overs, and music-hall-style comic speeches and music put an ironically bright face on a defeatist mood that's just one step removed from the Sex Pistols' *Pretty Vacant*. Rarely have animation screens been so cluttered with sheer junk — H.G. Wells gimcracks, dinky toy ma-

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Theatre My life is art Gray's anatomy

by Don Shewey

In the last few years, Spalding Gray's explicitly autobiographical work has placed him in the forefront of contemporary experimental theater — though he is little known, and rarely performs, outside New York. *India & After (America)*, which Gray will present Saturday, March 15, at the Boston Film/Video Foundation, is one of a series of monologues called *3 x Gray* — the others are *Sex and Death to the Age 14* and *Booze, Cars, and College Girls* — which simply recount incidents from various stages of his life, a life unusual only in its having been so thoroughly examined. These monologues grew out of a trilogy of more elaborate but equally personal theater pieces called *Three Places in Rhode Island*, created over a period of four years in collaboration with director Elizabeth LeCompte and a company of actors who, like Gray and LeCompte, are veterans of Richard Schechner's Performance Group. Like *3 x Gray*, *Three Places* surveys Gray's childhood, adolescence, and maturity, focusing on vivid and often comic details, both mundane and profound — the most profound being those relating to his mother's suicide in 1967. In each of these pieces, Gray serves as both the actor and the material, dealing directly and overtly with the kind of autobiographical concerns that even related *avant-garde* artists like Meredith Monk, Robert Wilson, and Richard Foreman feel compelled to disguise or make oblique. "This is as big and important a current in the art of acting as was the development of motivational technique, and the notion of the Brechtian or 'epic' performance," Lee Breuer, director of the experimental theater troupe, Mabou Mines, has declared. "In other words, this is the third new idea about acting in this century."

Gray acknowledges that the impulse for his personal theater came from his work with Schechner. Schechner propounded a theory of acting in which the performer remains himself or herself at all times, while doing a series of actions associated with a character — instead of becoming the character. Schechner's equal emphasis on text and actor made him unpopular with playwrights and critics, but many actors, including Gray, found the approach liberating. Ironically, this freedom led Gray to question the idea of playing a role — a fictional character — at all. Stepping away from the Performance Group, he began experimenting with a process of free association, using props and improvising with other actors, which led to the creation of *Sakonnet Point*, an almost wordless evocation of his childhood, which became the first section of *Three Places in Rhode Island*. Gray found that by incorporating the reactions of the other actors, and by allowing LeCompte to edit the work and provide a visual framework for it, he was able to transform personal material into art without descending into self-indulgent confessionalism. The Gray-LeCompte trilogy began as an



Spalding Gray

experiment. But its careful exploration of volatile emotional issues (suicide, madness, religion, family, art) and its imaginative use of film, dance, music, child actors, and non-linear texts made it one of the most impressive and innovative theater events of the '70s.

Just as Gray left Schechner's Performance Group because he felt uncomfortable playing roles, he switched from collaborating to performing solo in an effort to be "more expressive" — though this step didn't present itself automatically. "When I was in Santa Cruz teaching at the University of California in the summer of 1978," said Gray when I spoke to him recently at the Soho loft he shares with LeCompte, "I took a course in the philosophy of emotions with a woman from Princeton. We became very close and took long walks and talked often about my work. I'd done these very personal pieces, and I didn't know where to go next; plus, I had this chronic feeling of impending nuclear destruction. She suggested the way to deal with my doomsday feelings was to remember that the most creative people who were still operating when Rome was going under were the chroniclers. That rang a lot of bells in me. I

wanted to chronicle what I deeply felt was the decline of the white middle-class world as we'd known it. To write it down would be presuming there was a history that would survive on the printed page, so I wanted to do something immediate. I thought I'd take a period of my life and recount it as simply as possible before an audience. That's how *Sex and Death to the Age 14* began.

"I began to realize," Gray continued, "that I was questioning the whole reason for metaphor in my life. We worked so heavily on metaphor in *Three Places* to somehow uplift the work and take it beyond the self-indulgent state, to make it into Art. But what would happen if I simply reported a series of events that I remembered? So I sat down and did this thing, and it was about 45 minutes long. Each night new material would come to me through memory, through my imaginative film of the past, through free association — this was, of course, the psychoanalytic process. I'd been interested in psychoanalysis for years, in the idea that one is simply reconstructing the puzzle of one's life in front of another person, and that person gives one permission to verbally recreate a whole new world and to accept that world. But I trusted the performance process more because I had a community of people — anywhere from 30 to 150 — to share the experience rather than one psychoanalyst. Actually, it was reverse psychoanalysis: the audience would be my witness and pay."

The way Gray vacillates between professorial earnestness and deadpan humor is charming, and charm is an incalculably valuable dynamic in his performance. In *Sex and Death* and *Booze, etc.*, for example, Gray sits down behind a small desk and begins to spin out a series of off-handed anecdotes, skipping from one to the next without regard for chronology or coherence. His manner is composed and friendly; he knows what might be funny but doesn't lean on one-liners or overplay big scenes. His unflinching matter-of-factness makes him an expert raconteur; the individual stories may seem roundabout and unrelated, but when he's done, Gray has mapped out, with surprising clarity, an entire personal landscape. His reminiscences of funerals for pets and his tales of borderline-alcoholic antics make these pieces memorable and frequently uproarious, almost too uproarious to suit Gray. "A funny thing happened after a while, which I am still conflicted about. The performer in me took over and began to edit and play these pieces. I felt I was pandering to the audience; I'd learned to manipulate their responses. At this point I'd rather print them up and publish them rather than do them over and over."

India & After (America) is quite different from the other two monologues in form, content, and relationship to the audience. It deals not with the halcyon days of youth but with the period during which Gray traveled to India with the Performance Group, stayed on to study with a guru, returned to the States, and suffered a nervous breakdown partly induced by a previously-undiagnosed hypoglycemia. Most intriguingly, Gray's recollections are structured from the outside; an actress named Meghan Ellenberger sits nearby, picks words at random out of a dictionary, and gives Gray a time limit within which to free associate. "I found with *Sex and Death* that, because of the distance on that age, the memory came in cut-up time. But I couldn't figure out how to get *India & After* into that form. When I first did it, it was one long boring travelogue — boring for me — with all these psychological bridges: 'I did this because that; in

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The broken china syndrome

by John Engstrom

WINDFALL by Maxine Klein. Music by James Oestereich. Directed by Maxine Klein. Set designed by Michael Anania. Lighting by John Polglase. Costumes and choreography by David Carl Olson. With James Oestereich, Ellen Field, Sidney Atwood, Judith Black, Gerard Hirsch, David Carl Olson, Kathryn Pintar, and Bill Johnson. Presented by Little Flags at the Boston Center for the Arts, Thursdays through Saturdays through April 19.

Windfall, you might say, is the theatrical equivalent of reading *Das Kapital* while inhaling laughing gas. This "political" musical, with book and lyrics by Maxine Klein, makes its points without hectoring the audience. The characters are all, with the exception of some "evil" corporate executives, like the animals in a Walt Disney film — cute, jolly, and full of friskiness. And the politics of the piece, which are a sort of half-baked Marxism, would not offend a child. But therein lies the show's weakness. It's not supposed to be innocuous; it's a political play, intended to jolt people.

Oddly, for most of its first hour, *Windfall* eschews politics, focusing instead on its three raffish central characters. Lyle (James Oestereich), a paunchy, middle-aged trumpet/piano player in a saloon, is prone to spectacular losses at gambling; Biddie (Ellen Field) is, as her name so subtly suggests, a 63-year-old, hard-drinking, foul-mouthed woman who has never been able to hold a job; Scoop (Sidney Atwood), the youngest of the three, is a garage manager and former factory worker who has lost his left arm in an assembly-line accident. These three are nightly habitués of the Barrelhouse Tavern (located, apparently, in Boston) where, aided by a tough-cookie bartender named Dottie (Judith Black), they drink themselves under the table, all the while regaling one another with obscenities and far-fetched money-making schemes.

So the first half of *Windfall* combines the low comedy of *The Three Stooges* with the boozy good humor of *The Time of Your Life*, relying more on textural variety than on plot to sustain our attention. Politics — or Klein's simplified version of it — rears its head only occasionally, in such song lyrics as, "There are only two classes of people, those who own and those who work for them." Still, for the most part, the focus is on these colorful boozers and, in particular, on Biddie's fitful attempts to find employment. (In one funny episode, she applies for a job in a funeral parlor, where she is interviewed by an "automatic hire clerk." "What was your last job?" the machine queries. "I was a gun-runner for the Apaches," she deadpans. "Why did you leave?" "They turned it into a Civil Service appointment.")

Thus far, *Windfall* is amiable enough, sustained by the performers rather than the material. As Lyle, Oestereich manages to be both boyish and seedy; Ellen Field plays Biddie like a coquettish Sherman tank; Sidney Atwood, as Scoop, strikes forceful notes of anger and bitterness. On the other hand, Oestereich's music, though pleasant, tends to evaporate the moment it's heard; and Klein's lyrics, while rarely worse than Biddie's "I'm too old to snag a feller, the garbage is my Bonwit Teller," are seldom much better. Moreover, we can't help wondering, through all the meandering songs and jokes and anecdotes, when the show will find its focus.

Alas, it finds it in Act Two, when Lyle and Scoop are laid off to make room for automation. Desperate for cash, Lyle agrees to participate (with Scoop and Biddie) in a shady deal involving the disposal of hundreds of gallons of chemical waste. However, when the trio arrive at the scene of the dump, they are appalled to discover that it is not only highly radioactive, having previously served the same dark purpose, but that it is also adjacent to the proposed site of a nursing home. Naturally, they dash back to the Barrelhead, where they begin a frantic campaign to "outlaw the dumping." Faster than you can

say "Three Mile Island," *The Three Stooges* has become *The China Syndrome*. Scoop appeals to his older brother, an Allied Chemical executive, to put a halt to the nursing-home construction; but the brother, it turns out, is indifferent. Need I add that he is portrayed as utterly despicable, concerned only with profit and self-advancement? Or did you already know that all executives are soulless, heartless ogres?

In the last scene, Lyle croons a ballad called "Even a Bum Like Me," the gist of which is: stop nuclear expansion, save our children, etc. Thus inspired, Dottie the barmaid dashes to phone the Sierra Club, while Scoop lurches off to contact his union. Then the cast launches into a Latinate number, complete with maracas and castanets, entitled "Take It to the People."

What to make of it all? Despite its earnest liberal sentiments, the show does not begin to suggest solutions to the important problems it poses. (Believe me, I do not mean to make light of the issues, just of the Disneyesque treatment.) Instead, it collapses into a heap of left-wing slogans that will persuade none but the already-convinced. As for the concept of "political theater," I begin to suspect, watching *Windfall*, that, as Fran Lebowitz says of "educational television" and "designer jeans," the two words really do not belong together.

Cowboys and lobsters

by John Engstrom

COWBOY MOUTH by Sam Shepard and Patti Smith. Directed by Maggie Topkis. Set by Jonathan Lemkin. Lighting by Elizabeth Harris. With Martin Davies, Margaret Frank, and Ashley Rountree. Presented by the Harvard/Radcliffe Dramatic Club at the Loeb Experimental Theater. (Closed.)

Cowboy Mouth, according to the credits scrawled in white paint on the walls of the Loeb Experimental Theater, where the one-act play was recently performed by students, was written by Sam Shepard and Patti Smith. It is also, as we know, an autobio-

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Music

Ronstadt's new wave

It's not just in her hair

by Kit Rachlis

It could be a variant of one of those lightbulb jokes. How many LA rock stars does it take to make a new-wave album? Five — one to make the record and four to write a letter to *Rolling Stone* insisting the singer has always been into new wave. The punchlines and the headlines are coming already — Linda Ronstadt has gone new wave. You've got to admit there's a lot of *People* magazine-Tonight Show potential here: rich but rebuked rockers speaking about new wave in the same Angst-ridden, breathy tones that Hollywood stars once reserved for Method acting — how it opened up their lives, how they never understood what rock 'n' roll was really about until they discovered new wave. And, of course, these italicized confessions will be answered by backroom giggles and not-so-well-disguised smirks. When Ronstadt decided to include three Elvis Costello songs and three by an unknown, Mark Goldenberg, the leader of a LA band called the Cretones — all in an effort to make what is known in the industry as a back-to-the-basics album — the response was inalterably set. Suspicion, if not outright dismissal on one side, defensive praise on the other, the sweeping proclamation as the principal means of expression. If I'm suggesting reasonableness here (something no critic or fan ought to be held to, I admit), it's because I think it's easy to miss the point about *Mad Love* (Asylum), Linda Ronstadt's new album.

Despite the headlines and the jokes, the confessions and the rebukes, *Mad Love* is neither the radical departure Ronstadt and her publicity machine would like to claim nor the affected embarrassment her detractors would so dearly like to tear apart. In many of its essentials, *Mad Love* fits the formula of Ronstadt's last five platinum albums: producer-manager Peter Asher has overseen the project; many of the LA sessionmen associated with Ronstadt — Russ Kunkel, Dan Dugmore, Bill Payne — provide back-up; the material consists entirely of love songs. On the other hand, there is no J.D. Souther tune, a staple on her recent LPs, and no famous covers, the source of almost all of her hit singles (Little Anthony and the Imperials' "Hurt So Bad" and the Hollies' "I Can't Let Go," the oldies here, aren't well-known enough to count). The record is too glossy, too conventional, to be called new wave, yet Ronstadt sings with a perky



Linda Ronstadt

looseness and a hesitant though convincing trashiness that usually has eluded her in the past. *Mad Love* is a compromise, a contradiction in terms, the best many of us have been fearing since the Sex Pistols first shattered the scene — mainstream new wave. Like the redundancy of the term itself — new wave, after all, was a reduction of punk — *Mad Love* does seem suspect, rock's version of radical chic, and it's awfully tempting to equate Ronstadt's choice of Elvis Costello as her punk entree with her new, fashionably tufted haircut. But fast equation and snappy one-liners don't explain that *Mad Love*, for all its missed opportunities and glibness, is Ronstadt's best album since *Heart Like a Wheel*; they don't explain that the album's basic contradiction — punk recklessness vs. LA formalism — has forced Ronstadt to struggle for the first time in years, forced her to make new sense of herself and her singing.

Like most pop compromises, *Mad Love* cries out for a pat theory. Part of its pleasure is that it doesn't yield one. On the whole, Ronstadt sings more aggressively and succinctly on the uptempo tunes, yet the album's best song is its towering ballad, "Hurt So Bad." Ronstadt doesn't know what to make of Costello's twists and turns in "Party Girl" and "Girls Talk" — she gets all tangled up in them on the first and bypasses them altogether on the second — yet she concludes the record with a master-

fully coordinated sprint through "Talking in the Dark" (Costello's version is available only as a B-side of the "Accidents Will Happen" import single). Some of the songs demand a less polished, more militant band, but one wonders if such a band could erect the cavernous structure of "Hurt So Bad" or trim "Talking in the Dark" with the properly colorful ornaments that sparkle here. *Mad Love* goes bad where Ronstadt's albums invariably go bad — when the plump, perfect notes are so worried-over, the phrasing so transparent, that she sails right past the song. It's a peculiarly narcissistic form of singing, and Ronstadt rarely brings to it the high jinks of someone mugging before a mirror. Neil Young's "Look Out for My Love" is the victim this time. Ronstadt transforms it into a drowsy ballad — all lace handkerchiefs and faint perfume. Her voice, made all the more airy with some echo, wafts over the title/refrain as if Young intended it only as a blushing request and not also as a warning, a possible threat. Though she keeps her distance during "I Can't Let Go" and "Justine" (overwritten in the first place), "Look Out for My Love" is the worst example of Ronstadt's self-inflicted obliviousness; it doesn't help that its folkish strains are at odds with the record's aggressively pop flavor.

This pop aggressiveness comes almost entirely from Ronstadt's singing. The guitar-centered arrangements (uncredited) still seem studied too much of the time, still encase her in good taste more than they should. Yet this is also the source of the album's tension, because Ronstadt, at her most exciting, is interested here not in the restraint of taste but in the liberation that can be found in pop trash. Her voice now is warring with itself — swinging, sometimes madly, from purity, and the reason and maturity it represents, to the chaos and unrestraint of squeaks and squeals. The wobbly "oooh's" that come streaming across "How Do I Make You" carry the loud excitement of fun; they aren't the expressions of someone fretting over her formal graces. Ronstadt's too busy revving up for the high challenge of romance to care whether she's singing properly, only that she's singing it all. In the middle of "Mad Love," when runaway desperation seems to have gotten control of Ronstadt's voice, she stops short, and, with withering, high-school nastiness, lashes back at her mad love: "Now you call me and you're so cool." Her words come down hard, echoing the crunched-up consonants, the anger of "The Cost of Love." Most of this is drugstore-paperback stuff; by refusing either to condescend to it or to dress it up, though, Ronstadt gives it the schlock grandeur that pop strives for. And she's rarely been as overwrought as — or more accurate than — on "Hurt So Bad"; the song becomes her dark, Satanic, Gothic novel. Everything is out of perspective. Her voice is magnified, mixed way out front, the guitars slashing time far in the distance. She belts out a pleading "Oh," and the guitar solo emerges from her voice as if it were a snake. There's horror in her voice, she's banging her fists, screaming, "No, no, no," slurring her words until phrases are mangled, her voice has lost all its control, and the song's only resolution is to fade away, leaving Ronstadt to wrestle with her newfound freedom and her newfound fears. You can get hurt a lot worse by playing it safe.

Cellars by starlight

An LP and a Clash

by James Isaacs

It's Easy To Remember is a good first album by pianist-composer Art Matthews, who teaches at UMass-Amherst and therefore plays more frequently in western Massachusetts than in Boston. Thoroughly modern hard bop of a lyrical bent, *It's Easy* (recorded in December of 1978 and released last November on Matthews's Matra label) features such notable as trumpeter Dizzy Reece, saxophonists Archie Shepp and Bill Pierce, bassist Charles Fambrough, and drummer Alan Dawson. But it is the leader's two original compositions more than the all-star sidemen that are of greatest interest.

"Samba Ebony," a burning set-opener with challenging changes, would be ideal for Woody Shaw's band or Art Blakey's Messengers, among others, and "Love Dreams" is an attractively understated ballad in oneiric waltz time. George Coleman's "5/4 Thing," with Bill Pierce digging in on tenor, also works, but the second side's two standards are less successful. "I'll Remember April" is jumpy, while the title tune is given a meandering, samba-to-bounce reading.

Dizzy Reece's playing is lustrous and arousing throughout; Pierce is in fine form, too, but Shepp sounds out of sorts, particularly on "Samba Ebony." If the bass and drums seem weak, it's because of the muddy mix. Matthews, whose approach draws from Bud Powell, Cedar Walton, McCoy Tyner, and, to a lesser extent, Horace Silver, has a light yet firm touch, an admirable sense of swing, and the always welcome gift of balladic eloquence (e.g., his introductions to "Love Dreams" and the title tune). One hopes, on the basis of his two originals, that he writes more on subsequent LPs — his own and others'.

If you can't find *It's Easy To Remember* in the local stores, send a check for \$7 to Matra Records, Box 635, North Amherst, MA 01059.

Sometimes it seems that Don Law goes out of his way to dissatisfy his customers. Take the Law organization's recent clumsy handling of ticket sales for the Clash's March 9 concert at the Orpheum. According to the ads

that ran in the local weeklies, advance sales were to have begun at the Orpheum box office on Friday morning, February 29. Instead, the much-prized (over-priced?) ducats were sold on the morning of Wednesday, February 27. By early afternoon the next day, they were all gone, save a few single and obstructed-view seats.

At about 6 a.m. on the morning of the 29th, however, a painter and Clash fanatic from Rockport named Dennis Poirier began standing in line outside the Orpheum for tickets. The temperature was a brisk 12 degrees Fahrenheit. Poirier and, in his estimation, about 25 others waited in the cold for up to four hours. They obviously had not heard the announcements Don Law had placed on WBCN on the morning of February 26, informing the public of the earlier sale date, and on the afternoon of February 28, declaring a sell-out. And apparently there were no "Clash Concert Sold Out" signs posted on or near the box-office window. Not surprisingly, Poirier and some of the other chilled fans were not happy.

How did it happen? Don Law vice-president Fred Johanson explains the foul-up as follows: "We got the Clash date confirmed on February 22 and ordered tickets that evening. Based on our best estimates of how Globe (theater-ticket manufacturers) has been delivering to us, we figured to have the tickets on the 28th. Instead, we got them on the 26th. Normally it takes us three weeks or so to sell out a show for a band like the Clash. Obviously, we underestimated in this case. When they played the (2800-seat) Orpheum last fall (September 19), they did not sell out, and we thought that being given an extra two days to sell the tickets would certainly help everyone. A lot of people heard our announcements on 'BCN, but obviously they're not going to reach everyone. Looking back with 20/20 hindsight, we made a mistake. I think it really is an isolated incident. Nobody was defrauded out of money. We've received maybe 10 or a dozen complaints over the phone, and most people have been understanding when we told them the circumstances."

"When I talked on the phone to a guy at Don Law's office," said a still-angry Dennis Poirier, "I told him that

if (Clash leader) Joe Strummer found out about this, he'd be pretty upset. The guy I talked to knew nothing about the Clash and what they mean."

If a quote attributed to Strummer following last fall's Orpheum show is any indication, though, the Clash may not always mean what they say — especially during a fit of pique. After that engagement, at which the security people (aka the red shirts) apparently did their work with typical zeal, Strummer told the *Globe*: "We will not work for Don Law again because you cannot hire animals to control people." Strong and commendable sentiments, those. But haven't we heard them before — from Elvis Costello, Rachel Sweet's management, and blah-blah-blah, woof-woof-woof?

No second Clash show will be added.

ODDS AND ENDS: Happily, no injuries or losses of musical equipment resulted from the March 1 four-alarm fire at the Harbor House motel, adjacent to the Main Act, in Lynn. The Rings, opening for the Fools, were onstage when the room was evacuated. After closing for a couple of days to clean up, the club has resumed presenting live music. Private Lightning, making their first local appearance since their A&M album was released, headline on March 13.

The brilliant Catalonian pianist Tete Montoliu will play his first Boston concert at Morse Auditorium (602 Comm. Ave.) on March 17 at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$5.50, \$5 for WBUR listener-sponsors. Should be tremendous.

Peter Simon's Saturday-afternoon radio program on WCAS (740 AM), *Reggae Bloodlines*, has been expanded to two hours, 1 to 3 p.m. If you tune in this week (March 8), you'll hear the incomparable "You Can't Blame the Youth," written by Peter Tosh and taped at a Wailers 1972 club date in San Francisco. Don't miss it!

The Nervous Eaters will begin their first album for Elektra next month, with Harry Maslin producing. A June release is anticipated.

GG Allin and the Jabbers at the Club, March 12 and 13 . . . Reedman Ron Mooradian's quartet at the Sunflower, March 14 and 15 . . . Bellvita at Ryles, March 14 and 15 . . . Rebekah and Albin Zak, piano/guitar duo, at Emmanuel Church, March 9 at 6 p.m.; they specialize in a kind of Middle Eastern/jazz fusion . . . Sal Spicola's quintet at Sir Harry's, 18 Oliver St., in the financial district, March 14 from 4 to 8 p.m. Jon Jarvis plays solo piano there, Monday through Thursday from 5 to 9 p.m. . . . Chris Smither at Passim, March 14 through 16 . . . Stan Getz at Lulu White's, March 12 through 16.

The message is ska, Rudy

Madness and the Specials

by Mike Howell

Though the energy and intelligence with which British punk music expressed its alienation is admirable, the milieu from which it sprang is decidedly less so. True, rock 'n' roll has always been the music of the "have-nots" of this world. But in a period of tremendous frustration, the definition of "them" can be expanded to include almost anyone. That's when things get nasty. Punk's great shame was that in declaring "I am somebody" — even if that somebody was an anarchist or the Antichrist — it frequently carried through on the statement's dark corollary: you are nobody. And all to often punks directed this judgment at those just slightly farther down the ladder than themselves — blacks, gays, and immigrants — even as others formed such organizations as Rock Against Racism. Many bands were formed by restless kids on the dole. Angry at having nothing to do and feeling displaced by the influx of immigrants from old colonies like Pakistan and Jamaica, they struck out. Ugly reports of "Paki-bashing" and "queer-bashing" were common. If the spirit of the time was one of jubilant self-assertion, it was also laced with violent racism and xenophobia. In musical terms, it fostered an approach that rejected any outside influences; the Sex Pistols wanted to sound as though Chuck Berry, Elvis Presley, the Beach Boys, and the Beatles had never existed.

Yet the Pistols' statement of anomie, once made, could never be repeated; for pop music, Britain is an impossible place in which to be isolated. So it was only natural that post-Pistols punks began to claim oldies as their own, move toward commercial styles, and assimilate foreign ideas into their music. Not surprisingly, reggae held the greatest appeal. It articulated the Jamaicans' version of "us against them," an attractive new resistance to authority, and its loping Caribbean beat had already proven commercially potent. Elvis Costello incorporated reggae's tight drum sound and pumping bass into "Watching the Detectives," while the Clash, who had a truculent reputation, put Junior Murvin's "Police and Thieves" on their first album. The bashing sprees may not have been over, but these acts indicated an awareness of who "them" really were. (Of course, all this time Jamaican reggae was developing in its own way, quite independent of what the punks were up to. But that's another story.) Since then, white British reggae has become increasingly popular. The Clash continue to champion it, with several reggae songs on *London Calling*, and the Police have become stars with their diluted, idiosyncratic version.

But every advancement breeds a throwback, and the general acceptance of reggae has prompted a revival of its less political precursor, ska, a mixture of native Jamaican music and the New Orleans R&B that could be picked up



The Specials at the Main Act

by island radios. It's dance music, uncluttered by the mystical, highly stoned influence of Rastafarianism that characterizes most reggae, and its current white British kings are the Specials and Madness.

Madness are by far the more loony — and they come right out and tell you so. "This is the heavy, heavy sound . . . the nuttiest sound around" goes the spoken introduction to their album, *Madness* (Sire). A baritone sax starts to stir things up and we're off on a non-stop joke. Madness are out to have a good time, even if that good time resembles the Blues Brothers playing an all-nighter at Animal House. In fact, with their sax and organ dominating a skiffle sock-hop beat, their so-square-they-rep-hip black-and-white cotton suits (not an earring in sight), and cartoony songs ("One Step Beyond," "The Prince," "Tarzan's Nuts"), they seem to have created themselves for a frat party. But for all their seeming casualness (actually closer to disarray), Madness understand that the secret to this approach is never to let up. Onstage, lead singer Suggs (an earnest young man with skinhead haircut, ill-fitting suit, and proudly lower-class accent much like Ian Dury's) is constantly trying out new dance steps or knocking heads Three Stooges fashion with Chas Smash, who contributes (according to the liner notes) "backing vocals, various shouts, and fancy footwork." At their recent Paradise show, Smash's echoed exhortations reminded me of amusement-park rides where the operator is always blaring "Do you want to go faster?" He needn't ask, for, like those rides, Madness

will eventually break down any reservations of reason or taste and you find yourself shrieking "Yes, yes!" Their record doesn't fully capture this manic energy, but I doubt that a record could.

The grandmasters behind the return of ska and its most admired practitioners are the Specials. This seven-piece band (nine with the horn section) includes two Jamaicans, vocalist Neville Staples and rhythm guitarist Lynval Golding, which immediately gives them points for authenticity over Madness. Moreover, the Specials can almost be credited with the entire revival. In the best punk tradition, they started making their own records, but since they had only one track ("Gangsters") they backed it with one done by some friends, who called themselves the Selecter, and put the two-group single out on their own 2-Tone label (named for their style of clothing). Its success resulted in a distribution deal with Chrysalis, and 2-Tone began putting out more records, including the first Madness single, more from the Selecter, the Beat, and their own music. Five consecutive British Top 20 singles in all — every one ska. (Their latest, a five-song live EP, has already shot to the top of the British charts.)

"A Message to You Rudy," their FM hit, shows why the Specials are a delight. The singing is tough and imploring, the chunky beat inspires a twitch in the leg, and the saucy trombone part gives the whole thing punch. Though "Rudy" is the album's standout, there's more

Continued on page 13

Sherman and Zander, cont'd.

by David Moran

At long last, Boston pianist Russell Sherman has made his BSO debut, and it was superb. His vehicle was Liszt's Piano Concerto No. 2, an odd concerto, gracious with rich interiors, beautifully quiet where it might not be (the slow, calm opening), semisonata-like in operation (built rather formally, if sprawlingly, on opening themes), sometimes a sort of tone poem with piano. The address of guest conductor Sergiu Comissiona and the orchestra was exceedingly friendly, even loving, and never glib. The couple of tardy orchestral entrances and rough ensembles, results of Comissiona's inattention, did not detract. And beyond the orchestra's direct and warm ways into the Liszt, music that's easy just to let pour out, lay the caring and the radiant intelligence of Sherman.

What makes Russell Sherman one of the great Liszt players is his taking the composer absolutely seriously. The majestic moments are declared gravely; the dissonances are fully and comfortably voiced; the big gestures are not hoked up but treated with deliberation and respect; and the trapeze-trashy passages, as well as the movie music, are done straight. On Leap Year weekend, then, Liszt sounded for once like the great composer he was. Playing a glorious new Steinway, Sherman was constantly clear, duly sonorous, often pointed (as is his wont), digitally flawless, thoughtful even when not going at all slow, and unflashy when he flew. And how he flew. It was like watching Larry Bird.

Flanking the Liszt were Haydn's wonderfully weird *Clock* Symphony and Stravinsky's startling *Petrushka* (the 1947 revision). The former sounded appropriately alert, spry on occasion, but not much more. The latter is an amazingly various thing: it seems full of every kind of color, rhythm, timbre, soloing, clatter; you're wowed at least a dozen times. It was eagerly set into: the BSO percussion are a miracle (and Stravinsky gives them loads to

work with), Joseph Silverstein was again a superior Stravinsky violinist, and trumpeter Rolf Smedvig blew loud and clean. Only flutist Doriot Dwyer sounded below par — hurried.

Still, with all this responsive enthusiasm, the *Clock* remained episodic — it had some of the necessary quick wit but no long view or "goal-oriented" phrasing — and *Petrushka*, too, got laid out in sections, with no logic between here and there and yon. Stravinsky must also be entirely clear (one gets this sometimes from Ozawa and got it always from Michael Tilson Thomas). Comissiona has a dancy, undetailed beat, which may be nice for small bites but was no help at all in X-raying this score. Nonetheless, a fine BSO concert for this season.

Local conductor Benjamin Zander, who's gotten more press the last several months than anyone who wasn't a hostage or a presidential candidate, is famous for his large bites, long view, revisionist researches, and sense of structure ("paragraphs," he sometimes calls it in his didactic and overwrought program notes). Self-promotion aside, his fame is recently due to the messy politics of his Civic Symphony-board firing, his re-forming the same musicians into the Boston Philharmonic, and the subsequent media bandwagoning; his fame is justly due to his radical interpretations and rigorously thoughtful visions. However, it must be stated emphatically in this period of Zander hoopla that he's not an able conductor technically. He's much improved over a half-dozen years ago, when his vigorous intellect and imagination were equally admirable; at that time, it was suggested that if Zander were put in front of a real orchestra, he'd be (in the words of one knowing observer) "probably laughed off the podium." Zander's beat is sturdy, large, and unobtrusive — glee-clubbish and reaching — yet it can get striking results. And his concepts are still often marvelous.

The scandal of the recent Philharmonic concert was

the ensemble violin playing throughout the Mozart Oboe Concerto and the Bruckner Ninth, which most of the time was unbearably out of tune, patchy and ragged, except maybe on the lower strings. Tutti pizzicatos were invariably arpeggiated. Most appalling was the likely cause: only one of the 30-plus violinists ever looked at Zander during the performances (the others' noses were buried in their scores). Such negligence is the fault only of Zander and of concertmaster Daniel Stepner.

No surprise that the Mozart was characterful and oboist Peggy Pearson's playing supremely pretty and pure (as always), if a little clarinet-squealy in ascents. But the performance was all somewhat slow. And conflicted: Pearson's nimble phrases would get held back by Zander's tutorial tempos, or her deft small passagework would labor against her hopefully compliant longer lines and ideas. This performance didn't breathe naturally, although Pearson's own breath control was phenomenal.

Bruckner's massive war and peace was right to the point, even if some sectional tempo choices weren't as contrasted as what I think Bruckner calls for (e.g., secondary themes, a sentimental *Mysterioso*). But it was never windy or boring, as Bruckner performances can be, and, played with such suitable scope, this Ninth thundered often. Bruckner Scherzos sound alike, asking that same question over, and over, and over, yet this one was scary, a roof-raising ruckus, hugely potent — like, say, listening to Fleetwood Mac live. If only one weren't always made anxious about those violins. Zander enthusiasts probably disdain the BSO's strings' virtuosity — soulless, only creamy, they charge, not interpretatively brainy. But we should never have to choose between beautiful playing and penetrating musicianship. No work was ever improved by a poor performance; indeed, music is harmed and a composer's intentions insulted as much by grossly slipshod playing as by stupidity about or lack of reverence for the score's markings. For the Ninth, Zander got much thrilling work from the timpani, violas, the brass choirs, and the cellos (his own instrument). For all pieces, he should start stamping his foot toward those folks to his left.



Boston's Most Purchased Albums

| LAST WEEK | THIS WEEK | ARTIST | TITLE | WEEK(S) ON LABEL |
|-----------|-----------|-------------------------|-------------------------------------|------------------|
| 2 | 1 | PINK FLOYD | The Wall | 13 |
| 3 | 2 | TOM PETTY/HEARTBREAKERS | Damn The Torpedoes | 17 |
| 1 | 3 | J. GEILS | Love Slinks | 5 |
| 4 | 4 | BETTE MIDLER | Rose Soundtrack | 11 |
| 5 | 5 | MICHAEL JACKSON | Off The Wall | 19 |
| 11 | 6 | CHUCK MANGIONE | Fun And Games | 2 |
| 7 | 7 | DAN FOGELBERG | Phoenix | 14 |
| — | 8 | PRIVATE LIGHTNING | Private Lightning | 1 |
| — | 9 | THE FOOLS | Sold Out | 1 |
| 21 | 10 | WARREN ZEVON | Bad Luck Struck In Dancing School | 2 |
| — | 11 | GARY NUMAN | The Pleasure Principle | 1 |
| 6 | 12 | DONNA SUMMER | Wal | 19 |
| 17 | 13 | HEART | Bebe Le Strange | 2 |
| 10 | 14 | EAGLES | The Long Run | 19 |
| — | 15 | LINDA RONSTADT | Mad Love | 2 |
| — | 16 | RAY, GOODMAN AND BROWN | Ray, Goodman and Brown | 1 |
| 12 | 17 | THE KNACK | ... But The Little Girls Understand | 2 |
| 8 | 18 | THE CLASH | London Calling | 5 |
| 25 | 19 | WHISPERS | The Whispers | 6 |
| — | 20 | THE SPINNERS | Dancin' and Lovin' | 6 |
| 24 | 21 | RUSH | Permanent Waves | 4 |
| 13 | 22 | THE SPECIALS | The Specials | 5 |
| 17 | 23 | THE PRETENDERS | The Pretenders | 7 |
| — | 24 | KOOL AND THE GANG | Ladies Night | 13 |
| 15 | 25 | KENNY ROGERS | Kenny | 19 |

WBCN's Most Played Albums

| | | | | |
|----|----|-------------------------|----------------------|----|
| — | 1 | BOB SEGER | Against the Wind | 1 |
| 4 | 2 | PINK FLOYD | The Wall | 13 |
| 2 | 3 | J. GEILS | Love Slinks | 7 |
| 8 | 4 | TOM PETTY/HEARTBREAKERS | Damn The Torpedoes | 15 |
| 5 | 5 | THE PRETENDERS | The Pretenders | 6 |
| 6 | 6 | PRIVATE LIGHTNING | Private Lightning | 3 |
| 18 | 7 | THE CLASH | London Calling | 3 |
| 7 | 8 | THE FOOLS | Sold Out | 1 |
| 3 | 9 | LINDA RONSTADT | Mad Love | 2 |
| 1 | 10 | ELVIS COSTELLO | Get Happy!! | 2 |
| 20 | 11 | THE SPECIALS | The Specials | 6 |
| 9 | 12 | HEART | Bebe Le Strange | 3 |
| 16 | 13 | MARIANNE FAITHFULL | Broken English | 11 |
| 14 | 14 | WILSON PICKETT | I Want You | 7 |
| 24 | 15 | RAMONES | End of the Century | 6 |
| 19 | 16 | RACHEL SWEET | Protect The Innocent | 2 |
| 15 | 17 | LENE LOVICH | Flux | 4 |
| 12 | 18 | IGGY POP | Soldier | 3 |
| — | 19 | SHOOTING STAR | Shooting Star | 1 |
| — | 20 | UTOPIA | Adventures In Utopia | 4 |

WITH A BULLET

Selected by Kit Rachlis, Boston Phoenix Music Editor

Get Happy!! (Columbia) — Elvis Costello and the Attractions. On the surface, Costello's most ordinary and, paradoxically, most off-putting album. But in time, the melodies begin to inveigle, the phrases and slogans begin to come through, and Costello has once again taken you down into his subterranean lovesick blues. Twenty songs full, it's equal to one-and-a-half albums.

Bad Luck Struck In Dancing School (Asylum) — Warren Zevon. No more Mr. Tough Guy? Well, not quite. But it's Zevon's most contemplative record. Which is to say that he uses all his familiar tools — perverse humor, gun imagery, martial beats, narrative turn-arounds — to ask all the right questions of himself, of rock heroes, of you.

Mad Love (Asylum) — Linda Ronstadt. Her best album since *Heart Like A Wheel*. You can hear Ronstadt struggling to get out of the contradiction the record sets up: new-wave recklessness vs. LA formality. And that struggle means that she's thinking about how the songs should feel, not about how they should be phrased. And if you have any doubts that new wave has entered the mainstream (for better or worse), this album should put them to an end.

Records

Professor Longhair CRAWFISH FIESTA (Alligator)

In death, as he was not in life, Henry Roeland Byrd — better known as Professor Longhair — is a rock star. Outside New Orleans, where he died on January 30 at 61, Longhair was largely considered a Legend; his funeral was not only covered by the big-time rock press but by such front-rank dailies as the *Washington Post*. The progenitor of the Crescent City's regal line of rocking piano players, he was wrapped in an aura of voodoo, real or imagined. Within his hometown, though, Longhair's rolling, rhythmic rock 'n' rumbogeblues pianistics, rollicking songs, and patented vocals (between a yelp and a yodel, with some hiccoughing octave drops for emphasis) were simple, joyous common occurrences.

But in the final year of his life, the Legend was, more than ever before, seen in the flesh by American audiences. With the Blues Scholars, his crack six-piece band, Longhair undertook a short tour, flooring crowds (like the one at Jonathan Swift's) that had known him only from his few records, if at all. Then, last November, Longhair and the Scholars, expanded to an octet and including Mac "Dr. John" Rebennack on guitar (one of the Professor's most industrious, if not always inspired students), cut *Crawfish Fiesta*, his third American album. It's a gem.

New Orleans Piano, 13 vintage sides recorded for Atlantic in 1949 and 1953, was Longhair's Rosetta Stone, and is indispensable. *Live on the Queen Mary* (Harvest), with the Professor and a three-piece combo playing a 1975 bash thrown by Mr. and Mrs. Paul McCartney, had a demo-tape quality, albeit with irresistible rhythm tracks. (There is also a hard-to-find French import, *Rock 'n' Roll Gumbo*.) While Longhair's music has always been accessible, the new LP is easily his most contemporary set. *Fiesta* is arguably his crowning moment, and will stand alongside the Meters' *Rejuvenation* as the consummate modern New Orleans funk fest.

Like a gourmet Creole meal, *Fiesta* is sumptuous, spicy, rich, a bit exotic. With the band serving up a deliciously punchy riff, the Professor whistles while he sails through "Big Chief," one of four updates of Longhair classics. Another remake, "In the Wee Wee Hours," cooks even harder than the 1953 original — no mean feat. "Her Mind Is Gone" and a cover of Solomon Burke's "Cry to Me" are pure "second line," with 16th-notes chuffing round and round over rumba-accented eighth-notes ("ONE-two-three-FOUR-five-six-SEVEN-eight/ONE...") — and now is as good a time as any to credit the rhythm section, particularly drummer John Vidacovich.

"You're Driving Me Crazy" is a springy two-beat (another staple New Orleans groove); a cover of Fats Domino's "Whole Lotta Loving" is highlighted by Longhair's wild scating in unison with the two tenor saxophones and a brief, honking, shrieking wrangle between the saxes; a wailing cover of Little Johnny Taylor's "It's My Fault, Darling" (ah, wedded bliss) and a great remake of "Bald Head" (Longhair's first race-record hit, from 1949) are examples of the comical, call-and-response stuff that would make Huey "Piano" Smith the life of the party in the late '50s. "Bald Head" is further distinguished by a piano solo, wherein the Professor, in a mere 16 bars, fashions, with typical rhythmic *eclat*, an ingenious, lattice-like construction against the harmonic contours.

Lastly, there's the title tune, a keyboard fantasy in E flat with conga and what sounds like tuba (or jug) accompaniment. We hear fragments of folk, pop, and children's songs: "A-Tisket, A-Tasket," "Rum and Coca-Cola," "I Went to the Animal Fair" and — can it be? — "Groovin' High," weaved together by a sprightly calypso beat. It is a fitting valedictory for Professor Longhair, who spoke softly but tapped all who heard him with his rhythm stick.

— James Isaacs

Leo Smith SPIRIT CATCHER (Nessa)

Leo Smith is the poet of the AACM. His melodic immediacy communicates directly even to the casual listener. Given Smith's skill in transmitting his lack of extravagance and pinpoint execution to his sidemen, it's easy for the collective achievement to overshadow his appeal as a trumpeter; yet the bleak beauty of Smith's sound, his sureness in the lower register, and gentle, but firm attack exploit the affective personality of his horn in a manner akin to Miles Davis. Listeners unfamiliar with the structures of Smith's compositions ought to recognize the emotional terrain; "The Burning of Stones," with Smith muted over three harps, recalls the introspective ambience of *Sketches of Spain*, while the melody of "Spirit Catcher," for all its mobility, somehow seems to hang there like one of Wayne Shorter's musical haikus.

As with many of his AACM compatriots, Smith has a fresh and fluid sense of form, yet the unexpected thrusts and turns of his music are never obscure. To an even greater extent than Roscoe Mit-

chell, Smith has humanized these forms and plays them out coherently, so that expression takes precedence over structure. "Images," a quintet piece, sets out to keep "an equal balance between the improvised portion and the notated or composed portion happening all the way through," and it succeeds through the seamless weaving of lines rather than the use of blatant effects. Melodic threads can be clearly followed as they pass among the five players in various groupings. At times secondary instruments are used to good advantage (as in one wooden-flute duet between reedman Dwight Andrews and bassist Wes Brown), though for much of the time Smith merely holds the more conventional "blowing" instruments in keen balance. Andrews, Brown, vibraharpist Bobby Naughton and drummer Pheeroan ak Laff have completely absorbed Smith's ideas, and each puts his substantial technique at Smith's service (here again Smith the leader recalls Miles Davis).

In format, *Spirit Catcher* is identical to Smith's *Divine Love* (ECM), recorded eight months earlier. Both albums begin with a side-long group statement, proceed to pieces of great fragility built around a three-instrument "section," and close with a theme-solos-theme construction. The rhythmic involvement is more intense on *Spirit Catcher*, thanks, in part, to the presence of a bassist and drummer. (Those who are quick to dump on ECM and/or praise the ever-astute Chuck Nessa might overlook this obvious difference. On the other hand, credit Nessa for getting the extraordinary Rudy Van Gelder involved in recording this type of music.) *Spirit Catcher* moves faster and more boldly than *Divine Love*, though the latter proves Smith's compatibility with Manfred Eicher's "ECM sound." In any case, both Nessa and Eicher did well by Smith and intend to record him again. Given Smith's achievement so far, such news deserves any available hyperbole except "too much."

— Bob Blumental

The Spinners DANCIN' AND LOVIN' (Atlantic)

The Controllers NEXT IN LINE (Juana)

From 1970 to 1978, the Spinners epitomized vocal-group elegance. Led by the bubbling energy, polished charm, and virtuosity of Phillippe Wynne, and guided by the sentimentality of producer Thom Bell, the group made songs that owed a huge debt to daytime television's milieu of tears and ravaged love. Still, lyrics and themes were tender and simple, the melodies lush and the harmonies tight, emphasizing a soul-gospel flavor that survived Bell's reliance on maudlin string atmospheres. In addition, they recorded several excellent uptempo dance numbers, like "Mighty Love," and pursued a successful collaboration with Dionne Warwick on "Then Came You" — in short, a track record that boasted more pop victories than defeats.

But the Spinners' peak period ended abruptly with Wynne's defection, hitting rock bottom with Bell's dismissal after several album flops. *Dancin' and Lovin'* attempts to reshape the post-Wynne Spinners as a floor-disco singing group, with a possible future adapting white pop. Though the album has given them their biggest hit, "Working My Way Back to You," since "Rubberband Man," it exposes every glaring weakness that has plagued them since Wynne and Bell departed. Most of the selections are faceless, second-rate material that even in disco's heyday couldn't survive a club sound system and surly crowd. The group sings in a rote fashion, as if it wanted to end the agony quickly, and without comment. Five of *Dancin' and Lovin'*'s six selections are the work of a group in trouble, desperately searching for an identity.

The lone hit offers mixed solace, because the melody contains little of the soulful flourishes that were basic to past Spinners triumphs. The opening theme gets a competent reading, with John Edwards crisply singing Frankie Valli's pledge. Only in mid-song, as Edwards rears up and wails, does the music have any vitality. He soars over the wall of sound with a jerky, shouting delivery, elevating a pedestrian effort into a buoyant, crackling dialogue. His line "I'm sorry" is drenched in humility, recalling the showmanlike fire of the Trammps' Jimmy Ellis, the inflection and sincerity of a bluesman. This rocking, vibrant performance is in vivid contrast to the tentative, tepid work Edwards has done with the group since joining in 1978, and offers some hope for the future.

The Spinners are shown up by a lean, four-man crew of unknowns, the Controllers. Though their origins are Southern, their 1977 hit, "Somebody's Got To Win, Somebody's Got To Lose," and most of their new album, *Next In Line*, splits its style between vintage Gamble-Huff arrangements and Chicago-soul approaches. "I Can't Turn the Boogie Loose" and "Let Me Entertain You" feature driving rhythmic structures and fun, insignificant lyrics. Their initial single, "We Don't," begins with a melodramatic, brooding orchestration that brings you directly into the hooks, segueing into a Marvin Junior-derived, growling vocal that parties to the demise of a relationship. Devoid of pretentiousness, gimmicks, or stock devices, the Controllers are the type of no-frills, earthy vocal group too often locked out of pop paradise. But their directness and authenticity are exactly the qualities that once made the Detroit Spinners something special.

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Books

The little green book

Words that come right from the horse's, uh, mouth

by Larry Simonberg

When the teachings of Emily Post and Chairman Mao are combined, a peculiar new sort of world view emerges. This has, in fact, been accomplished in a paperback quickie called *Sayings of the Ayatollah Khomeini* (Bantam, 125 pp., \$2.25).

This slim volume of dubious wisdom, which Bantam likes to refer to as "the Little Green Book," has its charms if you accept the world as an irredeemably absurd and murderous place. Ayatollah Khomeini has established himself as America's favorite bogeyman and standup comic. And since we've been unable to cow the villain, there's some comfort in mocking the clown.

Sayings offers excerpts of thoughts and commandments ranging from political philosophy to bathroom habits, with emphasis on the latter. It is a translation of a French compilation, which was itself drawn from three books written by Khomeini. The migration of ideas from Farsi through French to English makes one skeptical of the accuracy of their rendering. And the removal of these pronouncements from their context can only reinforce that skepticism. The book has a brief, scholarly introduction on Persian history by Clive Irving, but the editor is Tony Hendra, best known for *The '80s: A Look Back* and the spoof newspaper *Not the New York Times*. *Sayings of the Ayatollah Khomeini* has one purpose: titillation.

There are a few fragmentary statements about politics that chill the atmosphere. For instance:

"Europe (the West) is nothing but a collection of unjust dictatorships; all of humanity must strike these troublemakers with an iron hand if it wishes to regain its tranquility. If Islamic civilization had governed the West, we would no longer have to put up with these barbaric goings-on unworthy even of wild animals."

The people who selected this thought for our consideration did not bother to include any specific explanation of what the thinker was referring to. More typical of *Sayings* is the following item:

"The leaders of our country have been so deeply influenced by the West that they have regulated the standard time of their country upon that of Europe (Greenwich Mean Time). What a nightmare!"

Hey, don't bother to ask why a nightmare. Just laugh. Speaking of laughter, the following is even more reflective of the bulk of the book:

"The meat of horses, mules, or donkeys is not recommended. It is strictly forbidden if the animal was sodomized while alive by a man. In that case, the animal must be taken outside the city and sold."

One imagines that *Mein Kampf* as interpreted by Lenny Bruce might have come out sounding this way. Or perhaps the Book of Mormon as excerpted by Steve Martin. From his gospel as presented here, it is hard to say whether the ayatollah is a savvy revolutionary or a

megalomaniacal prophet. Perhaps a bit of both.

Most, if not all, of these musings and directives were apparently committed to paper in the bitterness of exile. What their relevance is to the current situation, which is both triumphant and troubled for Khomeini, is anybody's guess.

No attempt is made to present a coherent statement of the man's religious or political beliefs. But like any holy writ, *Sayings* contains something for everyone. Some will applaud this:

"Wine and all other intoxicating beverages are impure, but opium and hashish are not."

Others may favor the following:

"Shaving one's face, whether with bladed razors or electric apparatuses intended for the same purpose, is highly unacceptable."

There may even be some people who would agree with this injunction:

"Any trade in objects for enjoyment, such as musical instruments, however small they may be, is strictly illegal."

And surely no one will find unreasonable this conclusion:

"To look upon the faces and hands of Jewish and Christian women, if this is not done with intention of enjoyment thereof, and if one does not fear temptation, is tolerated."

Actually, *Sayings* doesn't have much of the ayatollah's thoughts on women. He is quoted as saying a woman must give up her studies if she can't keep her face covered in the presence of a male teacher or can't avoid "contact" with men while studying. Just how far women may step out into Khomeini's brave new world is unclear from the few references available here.

Sayings has a few thoughts on modern geopolitics, urging holy war against infidels in general and condemning Jews and Israel in particular. And the Russians might take note of the ayatollah's opinion that it's the "sacred duty" of all Moslems to defend an Islamic country from invasion by unbelievers.

The ayatollah also declares: "If anyone, in the guise of pursuing Islamic justice, interprets the Law in a manner contrary to the divine will, he has committed the sin of innovation."

But most of the book is taken up with a dizzying series of hair-splitting advisories on how to wash one's delicate parts and when and by which means to purify one's body for prayer. Nowhere is it indicated how much of this is standard Moslem ritual, how much is Shiite doctrine, and how much is the ayatollah's personal teachings. As a general statement, consider the following:

"There are eleven things which are impure: urine, excrement, sperm, bones, blood, dogs, pigs, non-Moslem men and women, wine, beer, and the sweat of the excrement-eating camel."

One other substance might be added to this list: books like *Sayings of the Ayatollah Khomeini*. When reading such books, beware the excrement of bulls. ●

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Art Drawing color out of line

by Kenneth Baker

The acclaim given Morris Louis's late color-field paintings has obscured the earlier work that preceded them. Louis's mature art, and the criticism appreciating it, are often called "formalist." In formalist terms, Louis's late paintings are something like objective phenomena or historically specific possibilities of art that he discovered, almost as a scientist might discover a previously undetected property of physical reality. In this view, Louis's achievement was to have subordinated his personal ambitions correctly to the historical necessities of painting. The trouble with it is that it presumes painting is a kind of autonomous institution that lives historically through the mindful or unwitting agency of people who try to paint. Louis's biography, consequently, matters only insofar as it tells how he became the vehicle for a historically urgent manifestation of painting.

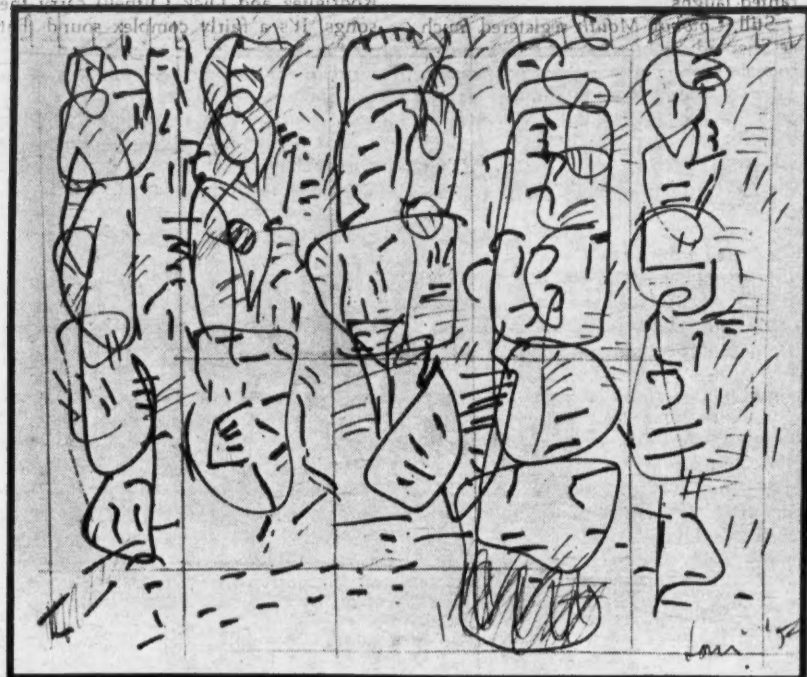
The discovery of hundreds of drawings produced by Louis in the decades before his breakthrough in painting is likely to force a revision of the formalist view. The Fogg Museum at Harvard is presenting through April 6 a selection of Louis's drawings, chosen by Diane Headley, the art historian who unearthed and catalogued the works. The drawings all date from the decades during which Louis got almost no recognition or encouragement. And they raise the question how more than 20 years of constant drawing could have prepared Louis to find an original way of eliminating drawing completely from his paintings.

Headley's catalogue essay sympathetically recounts Louis's many years of frustrated ambition, both in the studio and in the larger world. Despite his having no real facility for conventional drawing, Louis drew continually, as if

convinced that the discipline of the effort alone would somehow be redeemed. In the process, he tried more or less deliberately to absorb the influences of artists such as Picasso, Miro, Matisse, even perhaps Andre Masson. There is an irony in his effort to assimilate the drawing styles of such artists: their drawing had been guided by the desire to forget or unlearn their conventional facility. Louis tried to imitate modernist drawing without having any natural facility to renounce. The frequent result of his efforts was drawings that look like naive transcriptions of modernist graphic style. It is as if Louis saw the anti-methodical aspects of Surrealist drawing, for instance, as a method he might learn.

The poignancy of the drawings is that they seem to establish that, without his incomparable late paintings, Louis would not be remembered as an artist of importance. His drawings, by themselves, do not point to a memorable conclusion. They do not culminate in any original graphic achievement, though there are some individual works that can hang comfortably alongside drawings by the artists Louis imitated and admired. So, were the drawings of more than two decades simply unproductive, proof only of his tenacity?

Part of the ingenuity of Louis's color-field paintings is in their elimination of linear drawing. Louis was in step with his contemporaries in struggling with the problem of how to combine or reconcile drawing and painting in the same work. It seems paradoxical to think that his drawing activity should have led him to a way of abandoning drawing — unless we refer to aspects of the drawings themselves. There are two problems on which Louis seemed to be working repeatedly: the problem of how to manage details,



Morris Louis's "D399," 1953

and the problem of engendering a new kind of pictorial space. In other words, the focus of his efforts can be seen as the desire to devise the kind of space that is now referred to as a pictorial "field," as in "color-field" painting. Because he was working in a graphic medium (or several at once), he seems to have been trying to make graphic details combine to produce a new kind of space. And he seems even to have succeeded occasionally, as in the fine untitled drawing designated "D399," from 1953. Here he has successfully addressed the surface of the page as a whole, producing that impression of inner wholeness that the term "field" denotes. It is possible, in other words, that Louis learned from drawing the kind of spatial effect he would later realize so powerfully in painting. The crucial shift in his art seems to have come about from his effort to think of painting utterly in terms of color. Once he did that, apparently under the influence of Helen Frankenthaler, he soon found a way of painting that produced the spatial field he had sometimes achieved in drawing,

while eliminating drawing's details. In retrospect, it looks as if every major painter of Louis's generation had to struggle with this problem. Barnett Newman, Jackson Pollock, Philip Guston, Kenneth Noland, and others all addressed the difficulties of organizing details on canvas. Louis found a painting process that let him eliminate all graphic detail. Seeing his paintings in this light makes you wonder whether he would have found such a solution had he not spent such a long time confronting in drawing the problems of composition and execution that preoccupied his contemporaries.

In short, the discovery of Louis's drawings has added to the complexity of his mature work, enhancing the mystery surrounding the conception and execution of his brilliant late paintings. The drawings suggest the length and depth of the artist's struggle to maintain hope for an artistic breakthrough he could not foresee, and, in that sense, they should speak to any contemporary artist now engaged in a similar struggle.

Trailers

Continued from page 4

chines zooming through societies run by Big Brother — or by fascist bullies operating a zeppelin. Amid the gloom there's a childishness, a sense of play that keeps bubbling to the surface. The ignominious history of humanity and the impending apocalypse are seen as a jolly good show. Sometimes annoying, sometimes refreshing, sometimes even frightening, British animation marches to a different, and often hypnotic, drummer. At Center Screen in Carpenter Center, Friday through Sunday, March 14, 15, and 16, at 7:30 and 9:30.

— David Harris

THE NINTH CONFIGURATION

The first towering howler of 1980 displays the upbeat side of *Exorcist*-author William Peter Blatty's Catholic kitsch sensibility. *The Ninth Configuration*, which Blatty wrote, produced, directed, and even appears in (he bears an uncanny resemblance to Richard Nixon), is a deliriously strained parable of faith and self-sacrifice (self-martyrdom, really) — it ends with a psychiatrist committing suicide to provide his patients with a curative form of "emotional shock treatment." It's set in a medieval German castle that's been transplanted, stone by stone, to the Pacific Northwest (the picture was actually shot in Budapest) and is now an experimental loony bin, run by the Army, for psychotic Vietnam veterans. The movie tries for a disorienting, hallucinatory tone, but Blatty (a former TV writer) has such a feeble imagination that the result is a sort of *Hogan's Heroes* surrealism. Ex-GIs dressed as nuns or Nazis, engaged in such projects as adapting Shakespeare's tragedies for an all-dog cast (Hamlet to be played by a Great Dane), stride back and forth, waving their arms and screaming joky *non sequiturs*. "Robert Browning had the clap," shrieks one tortured soul, "and he caught it from the Bronte sisters!"

What's the Army to do? It's hard to say, since Blatty is also teasing us with hints that the wacked-out grunts are only

faking. Sort of. Consider the castle's token astronaut (Scott Wilson), who has flipped out just before lift-off ("The man in the moon tried to fuck my sister," he explains). Wilson suggests that "if Hamlet hadn't pretended to be crazy, he really would have gone crazy" — at which point, an Army psychiatrist scratches his chin thoughtfully, murmurs "Hmm, the Hamlet theory is correct," and institutes a regimen of organized role-playing. (Cut to the puzzled face of a supply sergeant back at headquarters studying a requisition form: "Sixteen pairs of swimfins?") But whether or not the men have been "playing roles" all along is, to the end, an open question. Madness, you see, is itself a form of role-playing. Stacy Keach, glowering and grunting through a really execrable performance, is the radical young shrink brought in to attempt a cure — except that he's actually a notorious Green Beret assassin known as "Killer Kane," who cracked while cradling the severed head of his 30th battlefield victim, a 12-year-old boy. Keach now believes that he is his own brother (who really is a psychiatrist), and he's been placed in charge of the asylum because a concerned doctor thinks this "therapy" will cure him. (If the men are faking, of course, Kane can't really expiate his blood-guilt by curing them, but let it pass.) Actually, the putting-the-loonies-in-charge idea applies to the making of this movie, too. The performers here are laboring under the chronic delusion that they are actors. But who can blame them? William Peter Blatty, I hear, thinks of himself as a serious theologian. At the Exeter, the Academy, and in the suburbs.

— David Chute

Shepard

Continued from page 5
graphical work, loosely based upon the actual romance between Shepard and Smith.

But is "written" really the proper term for it? Does *Cowboy Mouth* conform to any of our accepted notions of "play-writing" or "autobiography"? Answer "yes" at your peril. *Cowboy Mouth* is conventional only in that it is based, to a limited extent, on fact, and in that it uses

techniques familiar to us from other plays.

Plot. A young rock 'n' roll star (no doubt very like Patti Smith) named Cavale is enamored of a young, married playwright (no doubt very like Sam Shepard) named Slim. (These two roles, incidentally, were played by their real-life models for the piece's New York premiere, in 1971.) Crazed with jealousy, and high on peyote, Cavale abducts Slim at gunpoint, and imprisons him in her squalid hovel of an apartment.

Motivation. Cavale's mattress-strewn, cockroach-infested apartment reflects the mind of its occupant. The woman is, in Shepard's words, "beat to shit." Yearning for domesticity — or at least some kind of regularity — in her life, Cavale fondles her pet dead crow, whom she has named Raymond, and croons, "I don't have any housewife shit. I want some stuff ladies have. I want a dishwasher and a stovepipe and a scrambled-egg maker."

Conflict. Slim, for his part, is still devoted to his wife and child, although he is painfully in love with Cavale. However, he will have none of her fevered ambition to brainwash him and, eventually, transform him into a sort of rock messiah — "a street angel. A saint, but with a cowboy mouth. Somebody for people to get off on when they can't get off on themselves." Through much of the play, this ungainly couple have at each other with abandon, braying, smashing plates, hurling food, and screaming expletives. *Cowboy Mouth* is *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* in punk drag.

Action. Shepard does nothing to resolve this situation. (I'm attributing the play to him because it has stylistic resemblances to other works of his, and because it is published in a Shepard anthology entitled *Angel City, Curse of the Starving Class and Other Plays*; Urizen.) He is not interested in character motivation or in psychology — except, perhaps, his own. Nor does he use meaningful events to keep his plays moving. There are precisely two actions in *Cowboy Mouth*. The first is the entrance of a six-foot lobster — superbly realistic in the Loeb production — who serves the malnourished pair a dinner of scrambled eggs, toasted bialys, Pepsi, and tequila.

The second is the Aphrodite-like emergence, from the lobster's shell, of the rock messiah for whom Cavale has longed. His hair dyed cranberry, his lean, naked body strewn with glitter, this androgynous figure stands, clutching his guitar, in a pool of light. Cavale hands him her Colt .45, which he raises to his head. As he pulls the trigger, there is a loud click. The lights fade, and the play is over.

By now, it's a commonplace to say that Shepard's method is more painterly than dramatic. Another of his short-shorts, *Action*, has very little to do with action and a great deal to do with images, specifically a dead fish and a cooked turkey. Likewise, *Cowboy Mouth* relies less on tension than on accretion: in the course of an hour, Shepard's strange words and images pile up, gaining resonance, until finally we are left with a complete mosaic portrait of Cavale and Slim. And although it lacks the structural cohesiveness of Shepard's *Buried Child*, it is still an amiably demented, even compelling little play. Moreover, it is shrewdly proportioned: Shepard has made sure that it does not last a second longer than it should.

Maggie Topkis's production at the Loeb Ex demonstrated that roughness can sometimes be preferable to polish. Shepard's wild mixture of modes — from realism to symbolism and back again — was made to seem all of a piece; transitions were handled so deftly that they were scarcely noticeable. Jonathan Lemkin's set captured the horror of every cheap, peeling, dilapidated apartment in the world. And the two actors, Martin Davies and Margaret Frank, looked, as they should, absolutely disgusting. Davies, in scruffy overalls and punk haircut, was a tense, highly strung (and strung-out) Slim, particularly convincing when he was flailing away at the drums. Frank, dressed in black, slouching and sulking, was hard to distinguish from Cavale's mangy dead crow. Their performances caught Shepard's mordant humor. But they were rather short on hysteria: Frank, in particular, so underplayed Cavale's drug-induced hallucinatory ravings that they were nearly inaudible. At other times, both actors seemed to camp up Shepard's script and play it for unwar-

ranted laughs.

Still, *Cowboy Mouth* registered much as Shepard might want it to. Deliriously free-associative, it was not so much a coherent one-act play as a collage, showering us with glittering fragments of speech and imagery.

Ska

Continued from page 7

than enough on *The Specials* (Chrysalis) to justify the excitement they've caused in Britain. Like Madness, the Specials emphasize danceability. Their approach highlights ska's sharp, tinny drum sound, exceptionally fluid bass playing (from Horace Panter), and an odd blending of two distinct vocal styles — Terry Hall's nasal British whine and Neville Staples's full-throated gruffness. Producer Elvis Costello lets these elements (plus occasional horn parts by Rico

Rodriguez and Dick Cuthell) carry the songs. It's a fairly complex sound that comes across as simple — which is more difficult than it may appear, because in ska, like reggae, the drums cut across the beat established by the bass and rhythm guitar. That part's easy enough to get down, but to have the horns and vocals integrated into the total sound is tricky. The Specials manage it effortlessly. "(Dawning of a) New Era," "Concrete Jungle," and a cover of "Do the Dog" are taken at a slow, funky pace with an intriguing back-and-forth rhythmic quality. Danceable but not overly insistent about it. "It's Up to You" re-creates the drums from "Watching the Detectives," and the bass and horns in "Nite Klub" evoke a raucous atmosphere. On record, one of the chief differences between the Specials and Madness seems to be a sense of pacing. Madness are bent on taking everything at music-hall time, afraid that the whole house of cards might collapse if they hold

back. The Specials are more confident, and it shows. They're loose enough to leave holes for other members to fill and cocky enough to attempt a ballad like "Doesn't Make It Alright" or a horn-led instrumental like the live EP's "Guns of Navarone."

As their recent performance at the Main Act showed, this certainly doesn't diminish their ability to get a crowd on its feet. From the opening notes, the packed house was bouncing so that even with an elevated stage standing on chairs was the only way to see. Onstage, the Specials showed themselves to be a powerful dance band, but they also demonstrated something their good-time image and ska's non-political nature may have obscured: that the Specials are profoundly political as well. Just as their music mines ska in a reaction to the isolationism of early punk, their solidarity as an interracial band is an implicit rebuke to racism. They brought this up front when they performed "It Doesn't Make

It Alright." The song begins with a single plaintive voice (Hall) singing the archetypal underdog's lament. But they turn the idea around, pointing out that deprivation is no more an excuse for violence than riches. "Just because you're nobody," Hall sings, "it doesn't make it all right." By the end of the song, he's done what few other white singers could do. He turns to the band and repeats the same teaching: "Just because you're a black boy . . ." But by this time, the lesson is being given by all of them. Neville Staples booms forth a soulful "it doesn't make it all right" while across the stage, Jerry Dammers and Lynval Golding, arms around each others waists, also join in. Sure, it's a didactic moment, but it's also one that wrestles with a lot of problems before arriving at its conclusion: "Before we take on anyone else, let's get ourselves together first." For all the — quite legitimate — challenges the early punks posed, they never could get around to that one.

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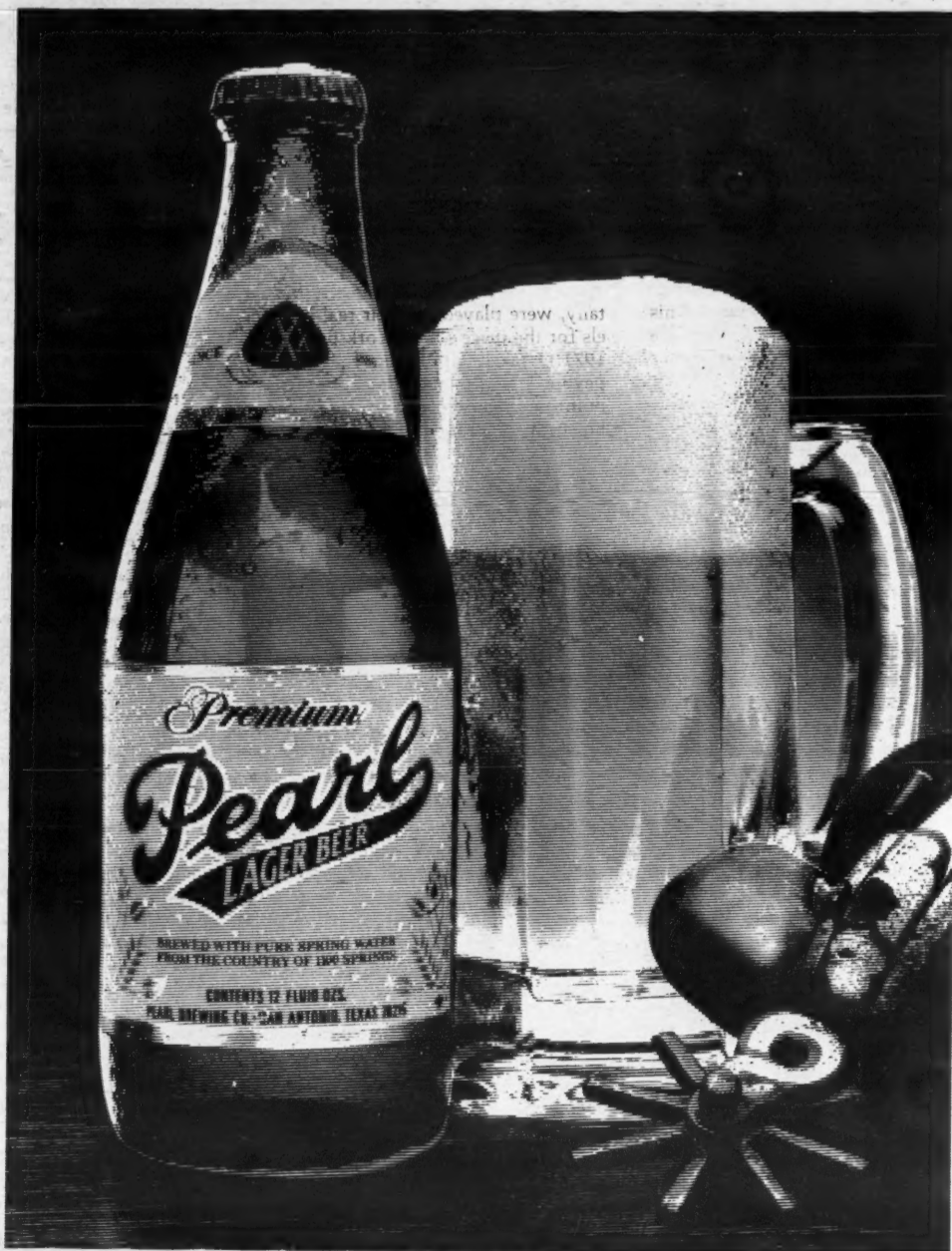
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Gray

Continued from page 5
 case you didn't know what this is, it's that. Too many footnotes. I knew I had to break it up somehow, and when I tried the dictionary thing, it became this huge puzzle finally put together by dovetailing of time and place and story. One story would be cut off by the time limitation, and the audience would go, 'Ohhh' — it'd be like a cliffhanger. As the time went on, the pieces would begin to come together in the audience's head. . . . That's the most interesting piece for me now because of the chance element. I don't know what's going to come out each time, so I can play it over and over. It's like throwing the I Ching."

For the foreseeable future, Gray (who is 38) plans to continue his public autobiography. One upcoming project, called *A Personal History of the American Theater*, is a running commentary on all the plays Gray has been in since he graduated from Emerson College; they range hilariously from the Open Theater's *Terminal* to a summer stock *Under the Yum Yum Tree*. Some reviewers have speculated that such intensely personal work may damage Gray by making it impossible for him to relate intimately except with a crowd. I mentioned this to him and jokingly imagined an audience hovering over his loft to watch

him eat dinner or make love. "That's an idea for another piece that I haven't gotten to yet," he said quite seriously, gesturing to indicate a tentative arrangement. "I would have 20 people at this end, and I would go through what I do in the course of a morning, juxtaposed with some tapes of my father talking about what he does." What, I wondered, would this mean? "What energizes my life and my performance," he explained, "is that certain memories need to be told over and over until they don't need to be told anymore. If I'm out in New York City in the course of a day, I've got to find somebody — Liz or someone — to come back and report certain incidents to; if I don't report them, I feel stifled and claustrophobic and neurotic. Beyond that, I don't analyze it. The need is to tell a story. The audience perceives that need."

Exposing one's life so relentlessly in the theater might be assumed to reflect a monstrous egotism, but Gray seems more self-effacing than self-obsessed. "I don't have a strong concept of self," she admitted. "I do feel myself to be an onion. I keep peeling and peeling. One thing I realized is that I was an actor before I chose to be an actor. I was always circling around the outside, and that kind of 'I alone have escaped, to tell you' became my signature as an actor. I think it comes out of my terrific fear of death. I'm trying to create my own world in which I am dying all the time and returning from

the dead for the Last Judgment. All Christians have this fantasy that the supreme moment will be that last judgment with God. When I gave up the idea of religion, I had to make my audience God, and the last judgment becomes all the time."

Loretta

Continued from page 4

disintegration. But can the movies, with their unique intimacy, show us how a good marriage works? (And are there filmmakers who've kept a marriage together long enough to know?)

A partial answer comes from unexpected quarters: director Michael Apted's *Coal Miner's Daughter*, a careful, touching adaptation of the autobiography of country singer Loretta Lynn, which floats along very beautifully for an hour and then falls to pieces. Probably Apted and screenwriter Tom Rickman never set out to make a movie extolling marriage. But they must have discovered early on that Lynn's durable relationship with her husband Doolittle (nicknamed "Mooney" because of his moonshining past) was the one element that separated her rise-to-fame story from all the others. Better still, here was the opportunity to depict nuptial bliss without leavening it with contemporary cynicism — or schmaltz. For Loretta (Sissy Spacek) and Doolittle (Tommy Lee Jones) came from a pocket of

American society that's as remote from current mores as Patagonia: they were hillbillies, and they lived in a rugged coal-mining community known as Butcher Hollow, Kentucky. Working on location in the backwoods of Appalachia, Apted (the British director of *Agatha and Star-dust*) has turned Lynn's life into a Rousseau-esque myth: the noble savage goes Nashville. In their simple, stripped-down mountain world, Loretta and Doolittle find love as casually and spontaneously as a pair of puppies. We come to believe that they understand some ancient, unspoken secret, lost to our hustle-bustle culture, that they're living "naturally," that their impulses are pure — pure enough, that is, to vindicate a grown man's betrothal to a 13-year-old girl. We've had hillbilly stories before (*The Real McCoys*, *Ma and Pa Kettle*, *The Beverly Hillbillies*), and most have used folksy simplicity to browbeat contemporary slickness. But *Coal Miner's Daughter* does more; it makes the hillbilly world a monument of Americana, a place where the New-Age back-to-the-land sensibility of the left and the red-neck chic of the right can share a peaceable kingdom, where American goodness and ingenuity can triumph without jingoism, and where the shroud of civilization can be torn away to reveal the humanity underneath.

At the beginning of *Coal Miner's Daughter*, Doolittle has just returned from World War II and is showing off his Jeep to the

home-town boys. They ooh and ah and wisecrack, and it takes a minute for us to realize that this isn't merely the first Jeep they've ever seen; some have never even laid eyes on a car before. In Butcher Hollow, warmth and desolation have struck a balance. It's the same balance that's in Ralf D. Bode's cinematography. Outdoors, all is drizzle and mud; the light is gray, and wintry skies glower at shanties and pine trees and one-room schoolhouses. But when the filmmakers take us indoors, something changes. The walls may be covered with newspaper and the furniture may still have tree-bark on it, but the songs of Kitty Wells and Red Foley crackle over the radio. And in this world of ragged kids and gaslamps, the light is deep gold: the color of firesides, of yellowed pages and old photographs. Butcher Hollow is a harsh yet idealized portrait of the American past, a never-never land where the poor don't know they're poor and ignorance becomes a sort of grace. True, the setting calls up visions of the Depression, black lung, and Walker Evans photographs — indeed, rock drummer Levon Helm (formerly with the Band), who's very moving as Loretta's father, and folksinger Phyllis Boynton, who brings a sorrowful dignity to her portrayal of Loretta's mother, look as though they stepped from the pages of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*. But this is also the mythic ground from which an Abe Lincoln might have sprung — or a Citizen Kane

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Apted is very careful not to move too quickly over such terrain. He underplays his jokes, though they often approach slapstick, and the best lines come very quietly. He knows we'll have to linger for a moment here, that we'll have to get over the discomfort of looking at poverty; only then can we understand the joy his characters display, the fierceness of their devotion to such a forbidding homeland. His method works. For its first hour, *Coal Miner's Daughter* is as buoyant a piece of filmmaking as I've seen in months. And much of the pleasure is in the acting. As Doolittle, Tommy Lee Jones gives the beefy, sly, good-humored portrayal of which he's seemed capable ever since 1976's *Jackson County Jail*. And Sissy Spacek delivers the performance of a lifetime. With her pallid face, her wispy curls, and her soft, insinuating eyes, Spacek makes Loretta a prodigy of instinct and innocence and guts. Marching around in her bobby-socks and her frowzy stocking cap, she's a mercurial creature, a child in whom the future lover, mother, and superstar intermingle. Spacek is 30 years old, but she's the only actress I know of who can play childhood and adulthood with equal conviction. Instead of simulating adolescence, she puts herself in a sort of teenage trance; the eyes that stare out at us are a 13-year-old's eyes. Which is why her young Loretta never falls into the sort of forced jauntiness that most adult actresses adopt to appear youthful. Apted gives her time to relax, to be solemn or laid-back or shy, to suggest the shifting moods of a strong yet unformed personality.

He also has a fine command of narrative rhythm, and every so often he unbridles his story and

spurs it to an exuberant gallop. In the film's best scene, the town gathers at the schoolhouse for a pie social: the girls bake pies, which are auctioned off to the men; and the highest bidder gets to take the pie-maker home. Amid bright lights, twangy music, and jubilant country folk, Doolittle bids for Loretta's pie — which she has unwittingly made with salt instead of sugar. The camera dances from the face of Doolittle's plump rival to that of an apple-cheeked cherub who, with a look of giddy mirth on his face, holds Loretta's pie aloft for inspection. Doolittle keeps shaking his craggy head and raising the bid, Loretta blushes and squirms, and the flood of innocence and high spirits nearly lifts you out of your seat. Throughout this film, people seem to be having a good time; you can catch them in the corners of the frame, giggling and bobbing their heads. Indeed, Spacek and Jones get so much fun out of their mountain accents that their mild joshing soon seems as pungent as the badinage of a Coward or Shaw. The first half of this movie makes happy simpletons of us all.

Apted and Rickman sustain the high-kicking mood for an awfully long time: through the first rocky days of the Lynns' marriage; through their move to the state of Washington, where the domineering Doolittle decides he likes the way Loretta sings to their four children and buys her a guitar; through the euphoric scenes in which Loretta and Doolittle cut a record in a cheap studio and then drive all over Kentucky and Tennessee, peddling it to disc jockeys and cajoling airplay out of them. Here the filmmakers do lovely riffs on the old you-and-me-against-the-world theme. It's Doolittle, a "natural" businessman guiding Loretta, a "natural" musician, up the ladder of success: every newlywed couple's

dream. The Lynns wear their ignorance like a halo; for them, ambition needn't entail corruption, nor climbing greed. In Loretta and Doolittle, goodness is steadily rewarded; they get by on countrified purity and their magical marriage. Indeed, *Coal Miner's Daughter* often seems to be a Dogpatch morality play, in which we watch the salt of the earth inherit the Kingdom. And Apted and Rickman nearly get away with it. They're wary of sentimentality and hero-worship, and, wisely, they know that they can keep us in their thrall as long as they trace their characters' transformations carefully, with an eye for the intimate detail. Always, the focus is on the marriage. And so, when Loretta makes her shy debut at a local saloon, Apted's camera shifts from her increasingly confident face to Doolittle, who wanders through the crowd, silently rousing support for his wife, checking audience reactions, and occasionally just rocking back on his heels and beaming, like a kid who's just found a shiny dime. Potentially sudsy scenes, like the one in which Doolittle takes Loretta's publicity photo, using a bedspread for a backdrop and a pot for a reflector, are quick and understated. And best of all, the film pays special attention to the growth of Loretta's voice. Sissy Spacek did all her own singing in this film (as did Beverly D'Angelo, who does a remarkable portrayal of Loretta's mentor, Patsy Cline), and if she never reaches the plaintive heights that the real Loretta Lynn scales, she also avoids the shrill, off-key renderings that made Gary Busey's otherwise magnificent *Buddy Holly* and Bette Midler's *The Rose* sound so bad on the home stereo. The crooning that Spacek does as she putters around the house and washes the dishes is quiet and un spectacular, but occasionally she'll hit a

lovely high note or pull a perfect melisma like a rabbit from a hat. Then, as she practices amid screaming children and an ornery washing machine, the voice gains strength and assurance. And finally, when she first appears at Nashville's Grand Ole Opry, she has become polished and stylish, the tone sliding into place from a stylized hoarseness with wonderful ease. Spacek uses her voice the way most actors use their walk and gestures: to suggest character development.

The view of marriage in *Coal Miner's Daughter* is not a simple one. The quarrels, the power struggles, the little cruelties — all are here, as they must be. The Lynns' marriage teeters precariously at times, but it always snaps back, and this seems a testament to its roots in that pristine Kentucky soil. In fact, the film traces an algebra of love and success: as long as Loretta and Doolittle can hold onto their marriage, they remain in touch with their roots, and those roots feed Loretta's songs. Remove one element, and the whole thing topples. And yet the balance of power in their relationship must shift as Loretta rises and feels her strength; their roles must, in some degree, reverse. And such a metamorphosis should have been fascinating to watch.

But I'm afraid it's at this point that the movie collapses. As soon as Loretta makes it to glittery Nashville, *Coal Miner's Daughter* becomes sketchy, reticent, and trite: a drab lonely-at-the-top melodrama that tramps the same soggy ground as *The Buddy Holly Story*, *The Rose*, *Elvis*, and even *A Star Is Born*. There are the usual concert scenes, the scenes on the tour bus, the headaches and pills, and finally an on-stage breakdown that pales next to the one Ronee Blakley brought off so poignantly when she played a Loretta Lynn-like figure

in Nashville. Ralf Bode's cinematography gleams here; the light becomes brighter, more flattering, more show-biz — all of which should create an air of lurid unreality. But Apted is rushing through this material, working in a weirdly archaic style (I half-expected to see calendar pages being ripped away, one by one), and so the atmosphere is unreal in a different way; the facts of Loretta Lynn's life begin to feel like fiction. The Patsy Cline character is given such short shrift that we never understand what she is meant to represent — hardened superstar, bad influence, or loving friend. In the end, the film becomes a runaway carousel, and when Apted finally returns to a scene of playful bickering between Loretta and Doolittle, he seems to be clutching that old marriage motif for dear life.

And when *Coal Miner's Daughter* finally collapses, even its sundry beauties seem somehow forlorn. For in camouflaging this happy-marriage story in the trappings of legend, Apted and Rickman have failed to look deeply enough into what made the marriage work. When the conjugal knot is tied, it's in a world totally unlike ours — and when the Lynns finally burst into our world, where the strength of that knot is tested, the filmmakers blink. In so doing, they miss something even more crucial. They miss the joy and terror that Loretta Lynn must have felt as she made her dizzying ascent and watched the past drop away beneath her. Indeed, by the end, we may be surprised to see how little we understand of the real Loretta and Doolittle, the ones who aren't mythic creatures, the ones who live among us still. All we know is that Loretta and Doolittle keep going somehow — and that leaving their harsh Eden in the Kentucky hills has only made the going rougher.

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The Boston Ballet perform Balanchine's *La Sonnambula*, Taylor's *Aureole*, and Ron Cunningham's *Estuary* at 2 p.m. at the Music Hall. Tickets \$4-\$15.

Silly Wizard, a six-piece band, play traditional Scottish folk songs, ballads, and instrumentals at 8 p.m. at the First Congregational Church, 11 Garden St., Cambridge. Admission \$4.50.

George Shearing and **Bill Evans** tickle the keys at a *Boston Globe* Jazz Fest concert at 8 p.m. at the Berklee Performance Center. Tickets \$8.50-\$9.50.



The Boston Ballet

10
MON



Laurie Anderson

Laurie Anderson and **Rhys Chatham** share an interesting bill, full of music, electronics, and multi-media works by both artists. The event takes place at 8 p.m. at the Institute of Contemporary Art, 955 Boylston St., Boston (266-5152). Admission is \$4, with reduced rates for members of the ICA and the Boston Film/Video Foundation (BF/VF).

Perfect Pictures, a staged reading about a woman's confrontation with questions about two failed marriages and her own identity, is presented at 8 p.m. at the Next Move Theater, 955 Boylston St., Boston (482-8100). Tickets are free, requested donation is \$1.

11
TUES

The Ramones, dyed-in-the-wool punks, provide a treat for us Beantowners. They play the *Paradise* today through Thursday at 8:30 p.m. Tickets \$7.50.

Shear Madness, a murder-mystery set in a Newbury Street beauty salon, is staged at 8 p.m. at the Charles Playhouse, Stage II, 76 Warrenton St., Boston (426-5225). Tix \$8-\$10.

Third Rail and the **Rings**, two of Boston's brightest bands, perform at 9 p.m. at Jonathan Swift's, 30 Boylston St., Harvard Square, Cambridge (661-9887). Tickets \$3.



The Ramones

12
WED



Meg Christian

Meg Christian, **Maxine Feldman**, and pianist **J.T. Thomas** present a concert of women's music, signed for the deaf, at 8:30 p.m. at Sanders Theater. Donation \$6.

Worl' Do for 'Fraid: An African Homecoming, one of the first African dramas in contemporary theater, is staged today through Saturday at 8 p.m. and Saturday and Sunday at 2 p.m. at the BAG Theater, 367 Boylston St., Boston (267-7196). Tickets \$3-\$4.

The Carla Bley Orchestra play new jazz with the *Fringe* at 8 p.m. at the Berklee Performance Center as part of the *Boston Globe* Jazz Fest. Tickets \$7.50-\$8.50.

13
THURS

Mr. Blue Suede Shoes himself, **Carl Perkins**, performs at Alan's Truck Stop, Routes 495 and 150, Amesbury. Tickets \$5.

Hold Me/Let Me Go, a collage of mother/daughter relationships, is staged today through Saturday at 8 p.m. at Reality Theater, 26 Overland St., Boston (262-4780). Tix \$3.

A Woman Is a Woman and **Vivre Sa Vie** are the films playing this week at the ICA's Godard retrospective. **Woman** is shown today at 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30 p.m.; **Vivre** is screened Friday at the same times. Call 266-5151 for more info.

Semenya McCord, **Alida Rohr**, **Billy Thompson**, and others at 7:30 p.m. at Berklee. Tix \$4-\$5.



Hold Me/Let Me Go

14
FRI

Human Sexual Response respond to the Coalition for Direct Action at Seabrook in a benefit performance for the Clams at 8 p.m. at Mass. College of Art, 364 Brookline Ave., Boston (661-6204). Tickets \$4.50.

John Lincoln Wright and the **Sour Mash Boys** are back together for one last time (before John heads for Nashville to find fame and fortune) at 9:45 p.m. at the Inn Square Men's Bar, 1350 Cambridge St., Cambridge (491-9672). Special guests are expected. Tix \$2.

Vinyl, Andy Warhol's first version of Anthony Burgess's *Clockwork Orange*, is screened (with Warhol stable member **Ondine** on hand to answer questions) at 9 p.m. at BF/VF, 39 Brighton Ave.,

Allston (254-1616). **Maurizio Pollini** gives a piano recital including works of Schumann and Chopin at 8 p.m. at Symphony Hall (266-1492). Tickets \$7-\$10.

Lene Lovich, one of Stiff Records' oddest and most fascinating discoveries, makes her first Boston appearance at the *Paradise* today through Sunday at 8:30 p.m., with an added Saturday show at 11 p.m. Tickets \$7.50.

Dizzy Gillespie and **Carmen McRae** perform at 7:30 and 10 p.m. as part of the *Globe* Jazz Fest at the Berklee Performance Center. Tickets \$9.50-\$10.50.

15
SAT

Spalding Gray performs his improvisational monologue, *India and After (America)*, at 8 p.m. at BF/VF, 39 Brighton Ave., Allston (254-1616). Admission \$3.

The Third Annual Great Boston Egg Race takes place at the Museum of Science. For all of you who are new to town, and for others who have not had the good fortune to attend the event, the egg race involves transporting an egg (any grade) as far as possible, using only the energy that can be had from a # 10 rubber band. The course is 25 meters long and 2.5 meters wide, and the vehicle traveling the greatest distance wins. Call the Museum at 723-2500 for complete information.

Live from NYC is a dance performance of ex-Bostonians (Jane Setteducato, Hallie Wanamaker, and Christina Nichols) returning from New York to strut their stuff today and Sunday at 8 p.m. at the Joy of Movement, 536 Mass. Ave., Cambridge. Tix \$3.50.

The New England Spring and Garden Flower Show takes place today through March 23 from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. at Commonwealth Pier Exhibition Hall, 170 Northern Ave., Boston.

Eddie Palmieri Orchestra, **La Dimension Latina**, and **Dizzy Gillespie** present an evening of Latino jazz in the last performance of the *Boston Globe* Jazz Fest, at 7 and 10 p.m. at the Berklee Performance Center. Tickets \$8.50-\$9.50.

16
SUN



Adieu Phillipine

Phyllis Hyman, some say the next Lena Horne, appears with **Hiroshima** at 7 p.m. at the Berklee Performance Center. Tix \$8.50.

Adieu Phillipine, one of the gems of the French New Wave, is shown at 7:30 p.m. at the Harvard-Epworth Church, 1555 Mass. Ave., Cambridge (354-0837). Tickets \$1.50.

Ronnie Gill, **Mae Arnett**, **Dee Kohanna**, **Stanton Davis**, and **Gray Sargent** perform in a special jazz evening at 6 p.m. at Emmanuel Church, 15 Newbury St., Boston. Donation \$3.50.

The Vienna Choir Boys, 22 round-eyed cherubim, sing from the works of Kodaly, Schubert, Verdi, Poulenc, and others at 3 p.m. at Symphony Hall (266-1492). Tickets \$6.50-\$9.50.

Hot dots

by Clif Garboden

SUNDAY

Noon (38) Dr. Strangelove (movie). Peter Sellers and George C. Scott in the famous 1964 bomb comedy.

Noon (58) Ensign Pulver (movie). Robert Walker, Burl Ives, and Walter Matthau pick up where Mr. Roberts and the crew left off. Made in 1964.

3:00 (2) Evening at Symphony. Ozawa and the BSO do Haydn's Sonata VI, *Consummatum Est*, from the *Seven Last Words of Our Savior Upon the Cross*, and Berlioz's *Harold in Italy*, with Pinchas Zukerman.

3:30 (5) The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau: Cousteau in the Antarctic. "The Flight of Penguins." Mysterious little black-and-white creatures closely watched by Frenchmen.

4:00 (38) To Kill a Mockingbird (movie). Gregory Peck and Mary Badham star in this 1963 adaptation of the popular novel by Harper Lee.

5:00 (2) Songs of a Lusty Land. Traditional songs of love, war, work, and jail sung by Tennessee Ernie Ford, Merle Haggard, Kay Starr, and Sons of the Pioneers, Linda Hopkins, and Tom T. Hall. Pledge-drive stuff will interrupt this presentation every few bars.

7:00 (2) Fawcett Towers. Basil (John Cleese) fights a losing battle against sex.

7:00 (5) Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger (movie), part II. Patrick Wayne and Jane Seymour star in the conclusion of this Mideast swashbuckler.

7:00 (38) Hockey. The Bruins vs. the Hartford Whalers.

7:00 (58) Star Trek. "The Immunity Syndrome." A giant amoeba invades the galaxy, and Kirk sends Spock, not Bones, on a suicide mission into the protoplasm. Bad choice there.

8:00 (2) The Voyage of Charles Darwin: In the Distant Future, Light Will Be Thrown on the Origin of Man and His History. If the Good Lord's willing and the creek don't rise. This final episode includes the publication and subsequent controversy over the famed naturalist's *The Origin of the Species*.

8:00 (58) Key Largo (movie). Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and all the usual heavies star in a 1948 drama of love, loyalty, brutality, terror, and courage. And it's fun, too.

8:00 (4) Battles (movie). William Conrad, Jose Ferrer, and Robin Mattson star in a made-for-TV drama about a retired cop who moves to Hawaii and ends up investigating his brother's murder.

8:00 (5) Amber Waves (movie). Dennis Weaver and Kurt Russell star in an all-American send-up about reaffirmed values and the heartfelt harvest.

9:15 (2) Masterpiece Theater: The Duchess of Duke Street II, part XIII. If you thought you'd seen the Bentinck staff gossip before, wait until Louisa and the Major walk through the door with Lottie.

10:30 (2) Dick Cavett with Alistair Cooke. An hour-long mutual interview.

11:30 (2) Cold Nights: Single Parent. Filmmaker

Hubert Smith's *cinema verite* piece about a Southern California divorcee raising three kids.

MONDAY

7:30 (2) The World of the Beaver. Nothing to do with Wally or Mr. Cleaver. Henry Fonda narrates a wildlife documentary on the life cycle and life's work of a family of flat-tailed chompers.

8:30 (2) National Geographic Special: The Invisible World. Amazing applications of revolutionary microscopy and macro-photography techniques reveal the glorious details of little teeny-tiny things and faraway stars.

9:00 (4) From Here to Eternity — Pearl Harbor. A special premiere of a new series based on the controversial novel by James Jones (not that one). Don Johnson, William Devane, Barbara Hershey, and Roy Thinnes star. The first regular episode airs Wednesday at 10 p.m.

9:00 (44) Dickens of London, part VIII. Charles as a successful 25-year-old writer spending a less-happy-than-expected holiday with his family. Book the Eighth: I Am Bitten by Children.

TUESDAY

7:30 (5) The Muppets. Jim Henson and his acrylic athletes are joined by guest host Anne Murray.

8:00 (7) The Ordeal of Dr. Mudd (movie). Dennis Weaver and Arthur Hill star in a dramatization of Dr. Samuel Mudd's long struggle to clear his name in Lincoln-assassination-conspiracy theories.

8:00 (58) Valdez Is Coming (movie). Burt Lancaster, Susan Clark, and John Cypher star in a hard-to-explain 1971 action drama about a Mexican-American sheriff trying to raise money to help the pregnant widow of a black murder suspect he shot by mistake.

8:30 (4) Coming Together. First of a two-part series on black-on-black crime. Tanya Hart talks with Boston Police Commissioner Joe Jordan, Detroit Mayor Coleman Young, Detroit Police Chief William Hart, and psychiatrist Frances Welsing.

8:45 (2) Nova: The Safety Factor. A treatment of the topic of air-traffic safety, centered on a sample DC-10 flight across the Atlantic. The film crew flew with Laker. It figures they couldn't get on American.

9:00 (7) The Plutonium Incident (movie). Janet Margolin stars as a poisoned employee at a nuclear-materials facility facing the usual bullshit from the investors.

9:45 (2) Mystery: Rebecca, part I. The first of a four-part adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's 1937 suspense yarn about the nubile lass who weds the Cornish gentleman of her dreams only to discover that he sulks. Jeremy Brett and Joanna David star.

10:30 (4) United States. Premiere of a new series with Beau Bridges and Helen Shaver in traditional sit-com roles.

11:30 (4,5,7) Primary Stuff. Results from Florida, Alabama, and Georgia.

WEDNESDAY

8:00 (2) Fred Astaire: Change Partners and Dance. More Astairian biography, this hour covering the latter years of his career (Fred's not dead; he's just stepped out). The post-1939/RKO period.

8:00 (38) Tennis. Live coverage of the Avon Tennis Championships from the Walter Brown Arena.

9:00 (7) To Race the Wind (movie). A dramatization of the life story of Harold Krentz, a blind man who managed to graduate from Harvard College and from Harvard Law School.

10:00 (4) From Here to Eternity. Further lurid wartime adventures starring William Devane and a bevy of chippies with hairstyles 35 years ahead of their times.

10:15 (2) Hollywood: The Seiznick Years. As you know by now, the quarter-past starting time indicates 15 minutes of scheduled fund-raising. As you're learning from experience, since they tell us (and expect us to tell you) that you can tune in at 10:15 and see a show, if you do, you'll see a little run-over fund-raising. Nothing is free. A tribute to David O. Seiznick with words of praise from Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Janet Gaynor, Dorothy McGuire, Joan Fontaine, Joseph Cotten, Alfred Hitchcock, George Cukor, and King Vidor.

2:00 a.m. (5) Five All Night Live. Matt Siegel dedicates a show to the '50s. Guests include Alan Ginsberg, DJ Little Walter, and wrestling great Killer Kowalski (now living in Reading, Massachusetts). Plus a discussion on the pros and cons of reviving the Cold War and a '50s fashion show.

THURSDAY

7:30 (38) Hockey. The Bruins vs. the Detroit Red Wings.

8:00 (2) The Cousteau Odyssey: Lost Relics of the Sea. Captain Cousteau takes a deep look at what's left of some famous shipwrecks.

8:00 (58) Star Trek. "A Private Little War." In this special mid-week edition, the Klingons introduce the flintlock to a primitive planet and Kirk is bitten by the Mugato, then seduced by a local hill chief's wife.

9:00 (44) Hudson River. Traveling toward Albany with Pete Seeger and his floating public-relations sloop, the *Clearwater*. A history of the mighty Hudson and a look at recent attempts to reclaim it from mire.

9:00 (58) NIT Basketball. The National Invitational Tournament live from Madison Square Garden. Thirty-two teams. Count 'em.

10:00 (2) Pavarotti: King of High C's. At home with the superstar tenor. The face that last year graced *Time*, the weekly news magazine, smiles at cameras as they invade the privacy of his home in Modena.

FRIDAY

8:00 (4) Boomer. Premiere of a new comedy adventure series starring a dog. Each week the lovable canine will stray into the life of a family in need and, you might have guessed, be instrumental in its salvation. Tonight, he rescues a lost deaf girl.

8:00 (5) When the Whistle Blows. Another new series, this, it would seem, designed to ride the coattails of *Skag*. Of course, *Skag*'s been canned, but anyway viewers can keep in touch with the na-

tion's bluecollars by watching Doug Bark, Dorian Sweet, and Philip Brown play construction workers with eventual off-the-job lives.

8:30 (4) Facts of Life. A sublimated-sex sitcom starring Charlotte Rae (we're meant to mention here that she was the housekeeper on *Different Strokes*; don't know if that makes her famous or not) as the matron of a house at an exclusive girls school.

9:00 (38) Hockey. The Montreal Canadiens vs. the Winnipeg Jets.

9:15 (2) TV: The Fabulous '50s. Not so fabulous if viewed objectively, but valued beyond reason because we were just kids. Mostly this special will deal with the best of the era — live drama, innovations, etc. Hosts include the late David Janssen, Lucille Ball, Michael Landon, Mary Martin, Dinah Shore, and Red Skelton.

10:00 (4) The Best of Saturday Night Live. A St. Patrick's Day rerun.

1:00 a.m. (4) The Midnight Special. Andy Gibb hosts Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, Queen, and Paul Warren and Explorer.

SATURDAY

1:00 (38) Hockey. The Bruins vs. the Vancouver Canucks.

1:00 (58) Destroy All Monsters (movie). Mean people from the planet Kilack free the monsters of earth, who, by 1999, are no longer needed in Japanese movies and have been imprisoned on a remote island.

2:30 (58) The Valley of Gwangi (movie). Truly, James Francis's finest film moments are to be found here. Man follows miniature horse into a pre-historic township of Mexico and is followed back to church by a dinosaur.

4:00 (58) Beach Party (movie). Bob Cummings, Dorothy Malone, and Frankie Avalon star. Luscious teens throw pies at middle-aged sociologists.

4:30 (2) Austin City Limits. Performances by Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys and by Uncle Walt's Band.

7:00 (58) Star Trek. "Return to Tomorrow." Tired of living in foam-rubber spheres, three super beings borrow the corporeal realities of Kirk, Spock, and Diana Muldaur.

7:30 (44) Frankie and Johnny. The first American ballet, staged by choreographers Ruth Page and Bently Stone.

8:00 (2) GI Jive. Return with hosts Van Johnson and June Allyson to the legendary Roseland Ballroom to witness such performances as delighted the troops during World War II. Showcases talent includes Maxene Andrews, Cab Calloway, Maxine Sullivan, Hildegard, and Andy Russell.

8:00 (4) Basketball. The Celtics vs. the New York Knicks.

8:00 (44) Affair in the Air. A documentary filmed at the 1977 Experimental Aircraft Association Fly-In Convention in Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

11:15 (2) Great Performances: On Giant's Shoulders. A BBC drama (winner of the 1979 International Emmy) based on the true story of a couple who adopted a Thalidomide-damaged child. Judy Dench and Bryan Pringle star as the parents; Terry Wiles, the son, plays himself.

11:30 (4) Saturday Night Live.

2:00 a.m. (5) Five All Night Live. Matt Siegel hosts WBCN DJ Oedipus for a look at punk fashion and music. Plus a tape presentation of Boston new-wave bands entitled "Death to Disco."

Airwaves

by Billy Pope

SUNDAY

8:00 a.m.-noon (WBCN) Boston Sunday Review. "A Salute to International Women's Day." This special includes a discussion by Judy Stuphen of the DES Identification Project about the lawsuit against manufacturers of the drug formerly used to prevent miscarriage, plus a look at women's support groups on the job with Scotti Welch, author of *Networking*.

8:30 a.m. (WCAS) Peacework. As part of the on-going series on artists and social change, activist singer/songwriter Charlie King discusses and performs his music.

9:00 a.m. (WCAS) Foreign Policy Report. "Whatever Happened to Jimmy Carter's Human Rights Campaign?" a discussion with peace activist Kathy Knight.

10:30 a.m. (WCAS) NOW We're Talking. An interview with the organizers of the "Greenlight" anti-rape program in Aliston-Brighton and a look at the results of the Massachusetts primary from a woman's perspective.

Noon (WGBH) Masterpiece Radio Theater. *Les Miserables*, part XIV. Marius joins the Friends of the Poor at the barricades as Paris plunges into the riots of 1832. Repeated Monday at 10 p.m.

1:00 (WGBH) Boston Artists Ensemble. The Ensemble perform Mendelssohn's String Quartet in E minor.

1:00 (WCRB) Music from Ireland. Philip Green conducts his own work: *St. Patrick's Mass*.

2:00 (WBZ) Basketball. The Celtics vs. the Washington Bullets.

2:00 (WGBH) The New England Women's Symphony. From Jordan Hall, a performance of Grimani's Two Sinfonies, *Howe's Spring Pastoral*, Van de Vate's Concertpiece for Violinello, Perry's *A Short Piece*, Talliferre's Concertino for Harp, and Warren's *Singing Earth*.

2:00 (WBUR) Sunday Opera. Herbert von Karajan directs a performance of Verdi's *Don Carlos*, with Carreras, Freni, Ghiaurov, and Cappuccilli.

3:00 (WCAS) Jazz from the Sunflower Cafe (live). A performance by the Craig Purpura Quartet.

3:00 (WCRB) New England Concert Hall. Andre Prieur conducts the Newton Symphony Orchestra in Saint-Saens's Piano Concerto No. 2, with Andrew Wolf, and Brahms's Symphony No. 2.

3:00 (WHRB) Live at Passim. A concert performance by How To Change a Flat Tire.

4:00 (WGBH) Music of the Black Church. "Mahalia Jackson Tribute."

6:30 (WBUR) Radio Smithsonian. A visit to the Washington home of some extremely rare lions and tigers, and a look at how *Time*-magazine covers have portrayed the stars of the entertainment world over the last decades.

7:00 (WBUR) New Letters on the Air. "The Prose Poem." A review of Michael Benedikt's book of the same title.

7:00 (WITS) Hockey. The Bruins vs. the Hartford Whalers.

8:00 (WGBH) Boston Globe Jazz Festival (live). George Shearing and Bill Evans in concert from the Berklee Performance Center.

8:00 (WHRB) New York City Opera Festival. Imre Palo conducts the New York City Opera Orchestra and Chorus in Rossini's *Count Ory*.

8:30 (WCRB) Sunday Evening at the Opera. Malcolm Sargent conducts Gilbert and Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore*. Harry Norris directs their *Trial by Jury*, and Willy Mattes conducts Lehár's *The Land of Smil*

10:00 (WROR) The Boston Schools. "Theater Arts for Children." Azi Davis, producer/director/actor from the Loun and Heron Theater Company.

10:00 (WBCN) Basement Tapes. The punk-reggae of the Specials.

10:00 (WGBH) Folk Festival, USA. "The Third National Women's Music Festival." Highlights from the 1976 festival feature Holly Near, Annie Dinerman, Malvina Reynolds, Betsy Ross, and Cathy Winter.

11:00 (WROR) Mass Communication. Lesley Visser, sportswriter for the *Boston Globe*, talks about opportunities for women in sports journalism.

11:00 (WBCN) King Biscuit Flower Hour. The Rockets in a performance recorded live from Poughkeepsie.

MONDAY

7:00 (WGBH) The Spider's Web. *Daughter of the Moon*. This dramatization of Boston resident Gregory Maguire's new book, which is about a young girl who longs for a place of her own away from her family's crowded Chicago apartment, continues through the week.

7:30 (WGBH) Reading Aloud. The reading of *Street Full of People*, by William Estes, is heard each weekday evening.

8:00 (WGBH) Boston Globe Jazz Festival (live). Performances by the World's Greatest Jazz Band, tap dancer Honi Coles, the New Black Eagle Jazz Band, and Dave McKenna and Scott Hamilton.

8:30 (WBUR) Peacework. "Feminism and Disarmament." This special on International Women's Day features author Karen Lindsey.

9:00 (WCRB) San Francisco Symphony. Leonard Slatkin conducts Colgrass's *Theater of the Universe* and Prokofiev's *Ivan the Terrible*, with Carlson and Miller.

11:00 (WITS) Mutual Radio Theater. "Mutiny Against George Washington." This drama series is heard each night through Saturday; tonight's episode recounts the true incident of the rebellion against our founding father.

TUESDAY

4:30 (WGBH) Women Who Wove. "Women in New England Mills." A look at women mill workers in the 19th century and the issues they faced — debilitating working conditions, child labor, and union organizing.

8:00 (WGBH) Second Festival of Women's Music. From New York City, music and performances by Ruth Schonthal, Doris Hayes, Marga Richter, and Judith Lang Zaimont.

8:00 (WBZ) Basketball. The Celtics vs. the Indiana Pacers.

8:30 (WBUR) Gay Way. Jonny Golden, organizer of the recent "Nurturing Men" conference in New Hampshire, discusses what came out of that gathering.

9:00 (WCRB) Chicago Symphony. Charles Mackerras conducts an all-Handel concert: a *Water Music* Suite, *A Due Cori* Concerto, and *Royal Fireworks Music*.

10:00 (WGBH) Boston Globe Jazz Festival (live). Muddy Waters and A Roomful of Blues perform from the Berklee Performance Center.

11:00 (WBUR) Jazz Alive! From Rick's Cafe American in Chicago, performances by the War-

ren Vache-Scott Hamilton Quintet, pianist Adam Makowicz, and vocalist Sylvia Syms.

WEDNESDAY

4:30 (WGBH) First Amendment and a Free People. Harvard Law Professor Charles Nesson talks about the new restrictions on the press coming out of the Burger Court.

7:30 (WITS) Hockey. The Bruins vs. the Washington Capitals.

7:30 (WBZ) Basketball. The Celtics vs. the Houston Rockets.

8:00 (WGBH) Boston Globe Jazz Festival (live). A concert performance by Carla Bley and the Fringe.

8:00 (WCRB) Concert Hour. Riccardo Muti directs the New Philharmonia Orchestra and the Ambrosian Singers in Cherubini's Requiem in D minor.

9:00 (WCRB) Cleveland Orchestra. Sixten Ehrling conducts Vaughan Williams's Tuba Concerto, with Ronald Bishop, Vaughan Williams's Symphony No. 5, and Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*.

9:00 (WBUR) Legal Line. "Artists and Their Rights." A discussion of copyrights, patents, and protection for artists.

10:00 (WGBH) The Studs Terkel Almanac. Playwright Arthur Miller and photographer Inge Morath discuss their book, *Chinese Encounters*, a chronicle of their adventures in China.

THURSDAY

11:00 a.m. (WBUR) Options in Education. "Educating Refugee Children," part V. A report on how schools and communities in various areas are coping with current waves of refugees.

1:00 (WGBH) National Town Meeting. "The World of the 1980s: America's Basic Options." National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski discusses his favorite topics — war games and saber-rattling.

1:30 (WITS) Baseball. The Red Sox' exhibition season opens with a game against the Cincinnati Reds.

4:30 (WGBH) Horizons. "Grady Hospital: It's Like Home." A documentary exploring the Grady Memorial Hospital, one of the major medical centers in the South, with the reputation of being "the poor folks' hospital."

7:30 (WITS) Hockey. The Bruins vs. the Detroit Red Wings.

8:00 (WGBH) The Orchestra. "The French Horn." Charles Kavalovski, principal French horn of the BSO, discusses his dual career in physics and music, and demonstrates the intricacies of his treacherous instrument.

8:00 (WCRB) Concert Hour. An all-Chadwick program: Beck, organ, performs the Pastoral in E flat, and Krueger conducts the Royal Philharmonic in the Symphony No. 2.

8:30 (WBUR) The Struggle. "A National Treasury at Last." A sound profile of W.E.B. Du Bois, one of this century's most influential black leaders/writers/historians.

9:00 (WCRB) New York Philharmonic. Zubin Mehta conducts Brahms's Piano Concerto No. 1, with Andre Watts, and Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*.

10:00 (WGBH) The Black Woman in America. Verna Grosvenor and Eleanor Holmes-Norton discuss some of the major issues facing black women in America.

11:00 (WBUR) Jazz at the Church. From Emmanuel Church in Boston, a fusion-jazz performance by Ictus.

FRIDAY

All day (WCAS) Greenpeace Radiothon. A two-day benefit broadcast in support of Greenpeace's efforts to stop the Newfoundland seal slaughter, the offshore drilling on Georges Bank, and other

environmental efforts.

2:00 (WGBH) BSO (live). Colin Davis conducts Schumann's Piano Concerto in A minor, with Claudio Arrau, and Schubert's Symphony No. 9.

4:30 (WGBH) The Advocates in Brief. A debate on whether the current federal rate-setting policies for the trucking industry are in the interest of shippers, carriers, drivers, and the public.

7:30 (WBZ) Basketball. The Celtics vs. the Atlanta Hawks.

8:00 (WGBH) Samuel Barber Tribute. Calvin Simmons conducts the Curtis Symphony Orchestra in an all-Barber concert: *School for Scandal*, *Knoxville: Summer 1915*, *Essay No. 2*, and the Violin Concerto.

9:00 (WCRB) BSO Retrospective. Steinberg conducts Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel*, Ozawa conducts Respighi's *The Pines of Rome*, Davis conducts Sibelius's *Finlandia*, and Fiedler conducts Dvorak's Symphony No. 9.

10:00 (WGBH) Boston Globe Jazz Festival (live). Dizzy Gillespie and Carmen McRae perform, from the Berklee Performance Center.

Midnight (WGBH) The Blues Hour. The original jug bands of the '20s and '30s are recreated by Will Shade's Memphis Jug Band, Cannon's Jug Stompers, and several others.

SATURDAY

10:00 a.m. (WCAS) Recollections. Tom Paxton talks about his years on the folk circuit.

Noon (WGBH) Options in Education. "Indian Education."

1:00 (WGBH) Jazz Alive! A 1978 New Year's Eve performance by tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson and trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, the Charles McPherson Quartet, and a solo performance by Leon Thomas.

1:00 (WCRB) Metropolitan Opera (live). James Levine conducts Verdi's *Don Carlos*, with Cruz-Romo, Obratzova, Giacomini, Milnes, and Cheek.

1:15 (WITS) Hockey. The Bruins vs. the Vancouver Canucks.

2:00 (WCAS) Live from the Tam. Continuing the Greenpeace special, a live concert featuring Alan Estes, Zion Initiation, and Tappin at the Met.

4:30 (WBUR) Earplay. *The Man in 605*. This tragicomedy by Alan Gross concerns a down-and-out poet who meets a young writer in a sleazy New York hotel.

5:00 (WZBC) Kangaroo Hour. An interview with musician Paula Lockheart, who also takes a turn announcing and spinning discs.

7:00 (WBUR) Foreign Journal. "TV or Not TV," part I. Proctor and Bergman step out on their own with a self-fulfilling prediction about short-circuiting cable TV.

8:00 (WBZ) Basketball. The Celtics vs. the New York Knicks.

8:00 (WCRB and WGBH) BSO (live). See the listing for Friday at 2 p.m.

10:00 (WGBH) Boston Globe Jazz Festival (live). An all-Latin program featuring Eddie Palmieri, Dizzy Gillespie, and Dimension Latina.

10:00 (WCOZ) Profiles in Rock. Conversation and music with Cheap Trick.

11:00 (WDLW) Jamboree, USA. Faron Young performs traditional country.

| | |
|---------------|--------------|
| WBCN 104.1 FM | WDLW 1330 AM |
| WBUR 90.9 FM | WGBH 89.7 FM |
| WBZ 1030 AM | WHRB 95.3 FM |
| WCAS 740 AM | WITS 1510 AM |
| WCOZ 94.5 FM | WMBR 88.1 FM |
| WCRB 102.5 FM | WROR 98.5 FM |
| WZBC 90.3 FM | |

Film listings

These listings are compiled almost a week before theater bookings are finalized. New shows are often scheduled with little advance notification. Please call the theater before stopping out, and be advised that sneak previews are common on Friday and Saturday nights. Escapel

BOSTON

ALLSTON CINEMA (277-2140)
214 Harvard Ave.
I: *Fatso*: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 2:55, 4:35, 6:15, 8, 9:45
II: *Ninth Configuration*: Sun-Sun. 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30
BEACON HILL I, II & III (723-8110)
1 Beacon St.
I: *Black Stallion*: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10
II: *Stay As You Are*: Sun-Sun. 1:30, 3:30, 5:45, 8, 10
III: *Hare at Large*: Sun-Sun. 1:30, 3:30, 5:45, 8, 10
CHARLES I, II & III (227-1330)
195-A Cambridge St.
I: *The Rosa*: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 8, 10:15
II: *La Cage aux Folles*: Sun-Sun. 1, 2:45, 4:30, 6:15, 8, 10
III: *All That Jazz*: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10
CHEER I, II & III (536-2870)
Dalton St. nr. The Prudential Center.
I: *Kramer vs. Kramer*: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 9:45
II: *Chapter Two*: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10
III: *Breaking Away*: Sun-Thurs. 1:30, 3:30, 5:45, 8, 10
Sinon: Fri-Sun. Call for times.
CINEMA 57 I & II (482-1222)
200 Stuart St.
I: *Cruising*: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10
II: *The Fog*: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 3, 4:45, 6:30, 8:15, 10:15
EXETER THEATER (536-7087)
Exeter St. at Newbury
Ninth Configuration: Sun-Sun. 1:30, 3:30, 5:40, 7:45, 9:45
MUSIC HALL (423-3300)
268 Tremont St.
Call for feature.
NICKELODEON CINEMA (247-2160)
600 Comm. Ave.
I: *Head Over Heels*: Sun-Sun. 6, 8, 10, Sat-Sun. 2, 4.
II: *2001: A Space Odyssey*: Sun-Sun. 6:15, 9, Sat-Sun. 1, 3:30
OFF THE WALL (354-5678)
Where's Boston? Theater, 60 State St.
Junior High School: Sun-Tues. 6, 7:55, 9:50

Monty Python Meets Beyond the Fringe: Wed-Sun. 6, 9:12
Between Time and Timbuktu: Wed-Sun. 7:30, 10:35
PARIS (267-8181)
841 Boylston
Being There: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 8, 10:15
PI ALLEY I & II (227-6678)
237 Washington St.
I: *Coal Miner's Daughter*: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10
II: *Fatso*: Sun-Thurs. 1:30, 3:30, 5:45, 8, 10
Small Circle of Friends: Fri-Sun. Call for times.
PUBLICX CINEMA (482-1288)
166 Washington Street
Breaking Point and Lords of Flatbush: Sun-Tues. Call for times.
The 7-Ups and The Chairboys: Wed-Sat.
Sling of the Dragonmaster and Shanghai Killer: Sun.
Three Stooges episode with each show.
SAXON (542-4600)
219 Tremont St.
Saturn 3: Sun-Tues. 1, 2:45, 4:30, 6:15, 8, 10
A Force of One: Wed-Sun. Call for times.
SYMPHONY (262-3888)
252 Huntington Ave.
Call for features and times.

BROOKLINE

CHESTNUT HILL I, II, III & IV (277-2500)
Rte. 9 at Hammond St.
I: *All That Jazz*: Sun-Sun. 1:45, 4:20, 7:20, 9:45
II: *Breaking Away*: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 3:20, 5:20, 7:30, 9:45
III: *Kramer vs. Kramer*: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:05, 5:05, 7:30, 9:40
IV: *Kramer vs. Kramer*: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:05, 5:05, 7:30, 9:40
CIRCLE CINEMA I, II & III (566-4040)
Cleveland Circle
I: *Cruising*: Sun-Sun. 1:30, 3:30, 5:25, 7:20, 9:40
II: *Being There*: Sun-Sun. 1:45, 4:30, 7:30, 10
III: *Chapter Two*: Sun-Sun. 2, 4:40, 7:10, 9:50
CINEMA BROOKLINE (566-0007)
Washington St. at Rte. 9
Going in Style: Sun-Thurs. 7:15, 9:15, Sun. 1, 3, 5
Call for new feature: Fri-Sun.
COOLIDGE CORNER (734-2500)
290 Harvard St.
I: *Harold and Maude*: Sun-Tues. 7:50,

Sun. 12:55, 4:20
Real Life: Sun-Tues. 6, 9:35, Sun. 2:35
Tree of Wooden Clogs: Wed-Thurs. 5, 8:15
Last Tango in Paris: Fri-Sat. 7:35, Sat. 3:15
The Conformist: Fri-Sat. 5:30, 9:50, Sat. 1:15
Allegro Non Troppo: Sun. 2, 5, 8
Fantastic Planet: Sun. 3:30, 6:30, 9:30
II: *Nostalgia: The Vampires*: Sun-Tues. 5:30, 7:40, 9:40, Sat-Sun. 3:30
Call for new feature: Wed-Sun.
OFF THE WALL'S Alternative Family Cinema: *My Favorite Starline*: Sat-Sun. noon, 1:30

CAMBRIDGE

BRATTLE (878-4226)
40 Brattle St. near Harvard Square.
30 Steps: Sun-Tues. 5, 8:15
Lady Vanishes: Sun-Tues. 6:30, 9:50, Sun. 3:15
Crime of M. Lange: Wed-Sun. 6:35, 9:50, Sat-Sun. 3:20
Shoot the Piano Player: Wed-Sun. 5, 8:15
CENTRAL SQ. CINEMA I & II (864-0428)
425 Mass. Ave.
I: *The War at Home*: Sun-Sun. 5:45, 7:45, 9:45, Sun. 3:45
II: *Beat the Devil*: Sun-Tues. 6, 9:30
In a Lonely Place: Sun-Tues. 7:50, Sun. 4:15
Gilda: Wed-Fri. 7:50
Lady from Shanghai: Wed-Fri. 6:15, 9:50
Billy Liar: Sat-Sun. 4:30, 8
Importance of Being Earnest: Sat-Sun. 2:45, 6:15, 9:45
FRESH POND CINEMA (547-8800)
Fresh Pond Shopping Center.
I: *And Justice for All*: Sun-Sun. 7:25, Sun. 3:10
Chico Syndrome: Sun-Sun. 9:30, Sat. 1, Sun. 1, 5:20
II: *Going in Style*: Sun-Tues. 7:30, 9:30, Sun. 2, 3:50, 5:40
Force of One: Wed-Sun. 7:30, 9:25, Sat. 2, Sun. 2, 3:50, 5:40
GALENA CINEMA (861-3737)
57 Boylston Street
Time After Time: Sun-Thurs. 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30
Robert at Robert: Fri-Sun. Call for times.
HARVARD SQUARE (864-4580)
1434 Mass. Ave.
Sweet About Sun: Sun. 3:30, 7:30
Seven Beauties: Sun. 1:30, 5:25, 9:25
Dear Hunter: Mon. 2:10, 7:35
Boys in Company C: Mon. noon, 5:30
Take the Money and Run: Tues. 2, 5, 8:05
Play It Again, Sam: Tues. 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, 9:30
Iphigenia: Wed. 3:30, 7:50
Padra, Padraon: Wed. 1:30, 5:45, 10
And Now ... Something Different:

Thurs. 1:35, 4:40, 7:55
Holy Grail: Thurs. noon, 3:05, 6:15, 9:30
Magical Mystery Tour: Fri. noon, 3:55, 7:55
Yellow Submarine: Fri. 1, 4:55, 8:55
Let it Be: Fri. 2:30, 6:25, 10:25
King of Hearts: Sat. 1, 4:15, 7:40
Moosa That Roared: Sat. 2:45, 6:05, 9:25
Starting Over: Sun. 3:25, 7:45
Looking for Mr. Goodbar: Sun. 1, 5:15, 9:35
ORSON WELLES I, II & III (868-3600)
1001 Mass. Ave.
I: *My Brilliant Career*: Sun-Sun. 2, 4, 6, 8, 10
II: *To Forget Venice*: Sun-Sun. 1:45, 3:50, 6:05, 8:15, 10:15
III: *Marriage of Maria Braun*: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 9:55

MIDNIGHT MOVIES

The following theaters screen film FRI-SAT on or around midnight. For

FRIDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES occurs at 7 and 9 pm at the Blacksmith House, 56 Brattle St., Harvard Sq., Camb. (547-6789).
Mar. 14: "Cesar and Rosalie."
SATURDAY MATINEE for the whole family occurs each week at 2 pm at the Central Sq. Library, 45 Pearl St., Camb. (647-2167).
"Pippi Longstocking in the South Seas."
CURRENT FEATURE FILMS are screened each FRI at 7:30 and 10 pm at Brandeis, Levin Ballroom, Waltham (647-2167).
FREE. Mar. 14: "Duck Soup."
THE DETECTIVE PERSONA IN CINEMA is presented each THURS at 6:30 pm at UMass/Harbor Campus, Large Science Aud. (287-1900, ext. 3234). FREE. Mar. 13: "Dial M for Murder."
PHOTOGRAPHIC RESOURCE CENTER (262-1420) sponsors films by still photographers each THURS at 8 pm at BU's Morse Aud., 602 Comm. Ave. The cooperation of Bell & Howell/Mamiya Co. has made this series possible. Tix \$2.50. Mar. 13: Ralph Steiner. **THE WESTERN FILM** is explored each TUES at 7:30 pm by the American Cinema Society of Camb. at Modern Times Cafe, 134 Hampshire St., Camb. Tix \$2. Mar. 11: "The Professionals."
MASS. COLLEGE OF ART (731-2340), corner of Longwood and Brookline Aves., Boston, presents films each WED at 7:30 pm in room C-9. Mar. 12: Films of Gall Vecheon.

suburban midnights, see suburban listings.
Chester Hill: All That Jazz; Breaking Away; Kramer vs. Kramer.
Cinema 57: Cruising; The Fog.
Circle Cinema: Cruising; Being There; Chapter Two.
Exeter Theater: Rocky Horror Picture Show.
Harvard Square: Dawn of the Dead.
Off the Wall: Monty Python meets Beyond the Fringe.
Orson Welles: Richard Pryor in Concert; Harder They Come; Invasion of the Bee Girls.

GOOD DEALS

Good deals are subject to change at a moment's notice so check with the theater before taking off.
Academy Newton: \$2 for first show.
Allston Cinema: \$2 for first show of the day, \$1.50 for seniors till 5 pm.
Arlington, Capitol & Regent: \$1.25 Sun.-Thurs., \$1.50 Fri-Sat.

FILM SPECIALS

WHERE'S BOSTON is shown hourly each day from 10 am to 5 pm at 60 State St. (661-2425). Adults \$2.50, under thirteen \$1.50.
CENTER SCREEN, Harvard's Carpenter Center, 19 Prescott St., Camb. (494-0200) screens films each FRI-SUN at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. Tix \$2.50. Mar. 14-16: British Animation.
NEWTON FREE LIBRARY, 414 Centre St. (552-7145) presents films each WED at 7 p.m. FREE. Mar. 12: Two Biographies.
FRENCH LIBRARY (267-4351) 53 Marlborough St., Boston, screens films each FRI-SUN at 8:30 pm. Tix \$2. Mar. 14-18: "Hiroshima Mon Amour."
WF/VF (254-1616) 39 Brighton Ave., Allston, screens films and/or presents filmmakers each THURS and SAT at 8 pm. Admission \$3. Mar. 14: "Vinyl," Mar. 15: Spalding Gray.
HARVARD-EPWORTH CHURCH, 1555 Mass. Ave., Camb. screens films each THURS and SUN at 7:30 pm. Contribution \$1. Mar. 13: "Darling Lili," Mar. 16: "Adieu Philippine."
CARPENTER CENTER (495-3251) 24 Quincy St., Camb., screens films each THURS at 5 pm. Tix. \$1. Mar. 13: "Blood of a Poet," and others.

Belmont Studio: \$1.50 all times.
Brattle Theater: \$2.50 before 6 pm, \$1.50 Wed. Discount coupons available.
Central Square: \$2.50 before 6 pm, \$1.50 Wed. Discount coupons available.
Cinema Brookline: \$1.50 all times.
Cleveland Circle: \$2 for first show.
Coolidge Corner: \$2.50 for last show of the night.
Fresh Pond Cinema: \$1.25 all times.
Galerie: \$2 at all times.
Harvard Square: \$1.75 till 6 pm Mon-Fri. (except holidays). \$2.25 at midnight.
Nickelodeon: Discount coupons available. 5 admissions for \$12.
Off the Wall: Lifetime membership \$5 - permanent \$1 off at all shows. Mon: \$1 off with student ID.
Orson Welles: \$1.50 with a Welles T-shirt Mon-Tues. Discount coupons too.
Pablix: \$1.25 all times.
Somerville, Broadway & Somerville: \$1.25 Sun-Thurs., \$1.50 Fri-Sat.

FILMS OF JEAN-LUC GODARD are screened each THURS-SUN at 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30 pm at the ICA 955 Boylston St., Boston (266-5152). Admission \$2. Mar. 13: "A Woman is a Woman," Mar. 14: "Vivre sa Vie."
ISLAMIC CULTURE is examined at 3 pm at the Fogg, 32 Quincy St., Camb. Admission \$3. Mar. 18: "Nomad City" and "Patterns of Beauty."
BLOOD OF THE CONDOR, a documentary exploring the women's rights movement in Bolivia, is presented FRI, Mar. 7 at 2:30 pm at Simmons College, 300 The Fenway, Boston. FREE.
FILMS OF LABOR AND STRUGGLE are presented by the IWW at MIT 9-150, 105 Mass. Ave., Camb. (522-7090). SAT, Mar. 8 at 8 pm: "On the Line." Donations requested.
WATERTOWN PUBLIC LIBRARY, 125 Main St., screens films each FRI at 7 pm. FREE. Mar. 14: "Aiki, My Love."
UNION MAIDS is screened THURS, Mar. 13 at 7:30 pm at the Cleveland Community School, 11 Charles St., Fields Corner, Dorchester. FREE.
SINMABADHA (The Target), by Satyajit Ray, is presented THURS, Mar. 13 at 7 pm at BU's Morse Auditorium basement. FREE.
THE OTHER FRAMISISCO, about 19th century Cuba, is shown FRI, Mar. 14 at 7:30 and 9:30 pm at BU's Morse Aud., 602 Comm. Ave., Boston. Tickets \$3.

Orson Welles Cinemas

1001 Mass. Ave., Cambridge 868-3600
Discount Parking Available

A MOVIE PASS to the first 25 people to correctly answer the following: (Mon. between 5 & 5:30 at 868-3603, please): What was the last Italian film to win the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film? Last week's answer: JEAN HARLOW.

"My Brilliant Career" sends your spirits soaring! ... The best film to hit Boston in months! It's witty, charming, literate, understated, and quietly erotic."

—Michael Blawie, BOSTON GLOBE



The breathtaking and haunting story of a free-spirited young maverick (Judy Davis in her dazzling screen debut) who tries to fight her way out of her farm family's poverty and avoid the trap of a "rich" marriage with a young local squire. Based on a classic and "scandalous" 1901 autobiography, MY BRILLIANT CAREER marks the stunning debut of an extraordinary young director, Gillian Armstrong and the "breakthrough" film for the Australian Cinema. 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00

Academy Award Nominee BEST FOREIGN FILM

"IN 'TO FORGET VENICE', FRANCO BRUSATI HAS GONE FAR BEYOND 'BREAD AND CHOCOLATE!' A LOVELY AND LYRICAL FILM." —Judith Crist



Franco Brusati's
To Forget Venice

A touching, poignant, and startling film of a successful businessman (Erland Josephson) who returns to his childhood home outside Venice with his young male lover to visit his "aunt", a vivacious, but aging opera singer, her niece (Mariangela Melato), and her niece's female lover. Together as a "family" they try to maintain the illusion that they will remain young forever as they "recapture" the innocence and joy of their childhoods. 1:45, 3:50, 6:05, 8:15, 10:15

LAST WEEK!

★★★★★ WONDERFUL!
ENTHRALLING!
'MARIA BRAUN'
TAKES YOUR
BREATH AWAY!"

"Maria Braun" is a real surprise—it's swift, assured, and economical—the work of a cinematic master... Maria Braun is one of the most arrestingly erotic screen creations since Rita Hayworth put the blame on Mame. Yet her taunting sensuality is only a part of her allure. She is at once naughty and innocent, heartless and tender... Fassbinder has always had a genius for jolting, unexpected touches. In 'Maria Braun' he proves he can tell a great story as well!"

—Stephen Schiff, Boston Phoenix



"THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN"

Hanna Schygulla's stunning journey as the marvellous Mrs. Hermann Braun from bar girl of the "occupation" to baroness of the "economic miracle." 1:00, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 9:55

The Late Shows

Fri. & Sat., March 14 & 15 at 12:15 a.m.

- "INVASION OF THE BEE GIRLS"
- RICHARD PRYOR Filmed Live in Concert
- THE HARDER THEY COME

HOW DOES T



This photograph shows a Sony STR-V1 stereo receiver, turntable, and a pair of popular speakers. It's on sale this week.

Unfortunately, a newspaper idea of how good this system

One way to find out is to come to our soundroom.

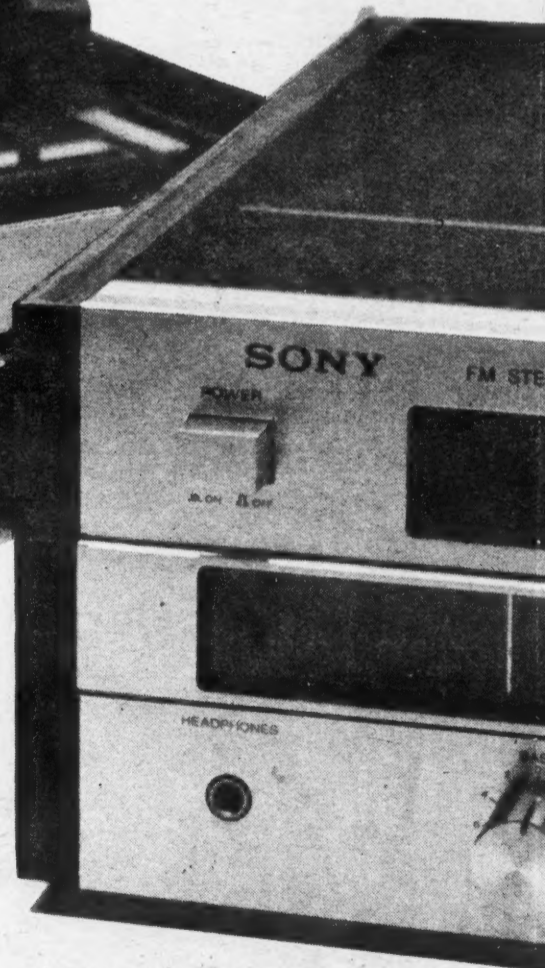
But this won't tell you how it sounds in your home.

That's why Tech Hifi offers a 30-Day Guarantee. It lets you take our equipment home to try it for 30 days. If you don't like it, we'll take it back. Without giving you a hard sell.

If the system doesn't sound as good in your room as it did in our soundroom, we'll take it back. Without giving you a hard sell.

How does that sound?

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AMHERST 15 East Pleasant Street
BOSTON 240A Newbury Street
BROCKTON At Rt. 27 & Pleasant St.
BROOKLINE 870 Commonwealth Ave.

CAMBRIDGE 38 Boylston St., Harvard Sq.
CAMBRIDGE 182 Massachusetts Ave.
DANVERS 198 Endicott Street
DEDHAM 850 Providence Hgwy. (Rt.1 North)

FRAMINGHAM 50 Worcester Hgwy. (Rt.9)
HANOVER At Hanover Mall Extension
HYANNIS Rt. 132 In Capetown Plaza
QUINCY 464 Washington St., corner of So. Artery

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Our "HIFI BARGAIN CENTERS": CAMBRIDGE 95 First St., Lechmere Sq. - WALTHAM 667 Main Street - BURLINGTON Vinebrook Plaza - SHREWSBURY 304 Tu
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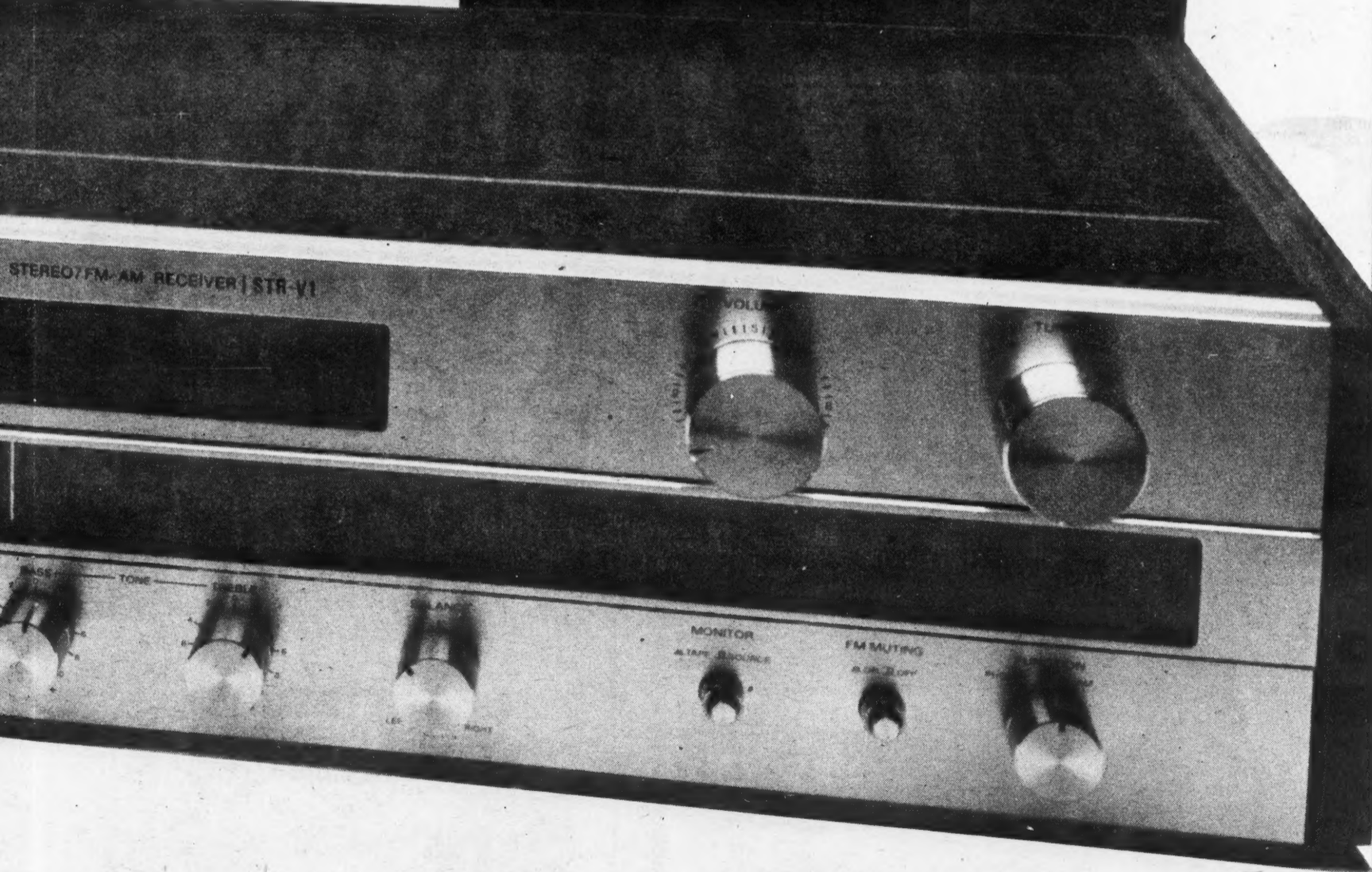
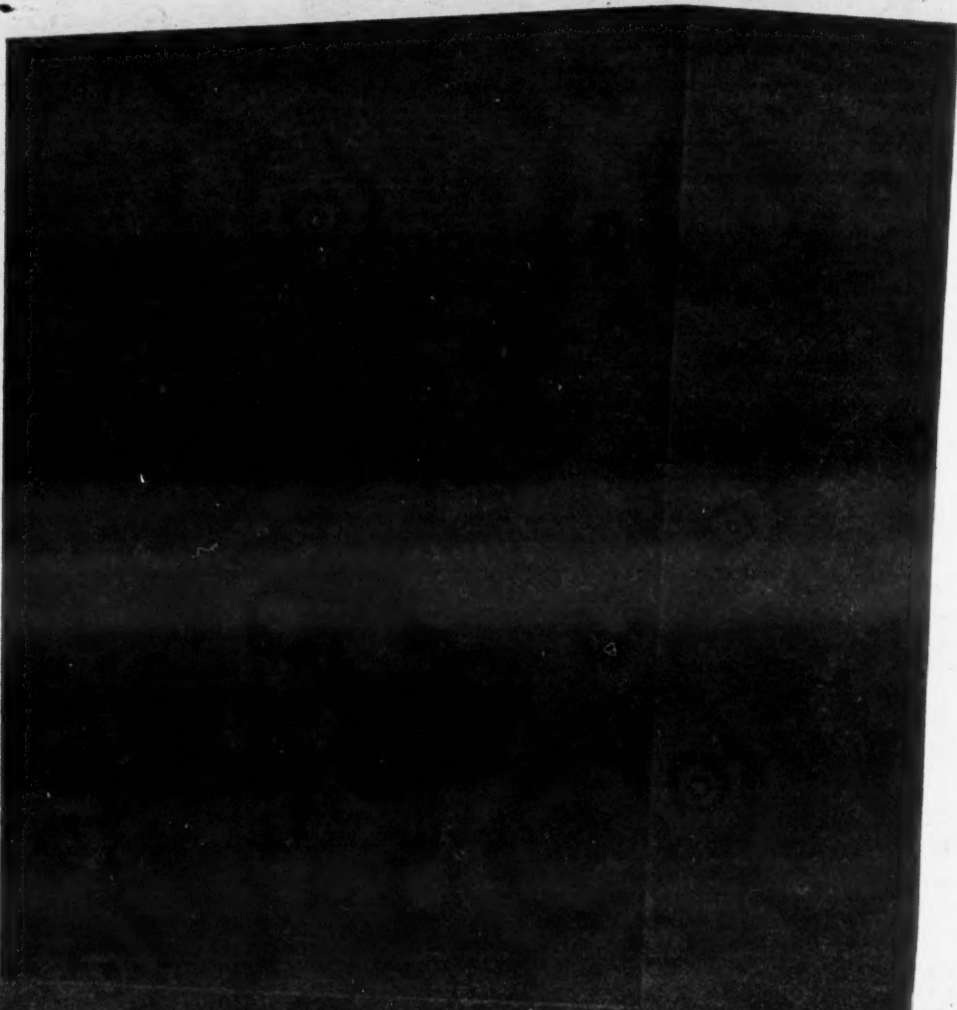
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THE SERVICE CENTER: 870 Comm. Ave.
PROVIDENCE, R.I. 165 Angell Street
WARWICK, R.I. 1989 Post Road
BENNINGTON, VT. 115 South Street

HANOVER, NH 35 S. Main Street
MANCHESTER, NH K-Mart Shopping Plaza
NASHUA, NH Nashua Mall Extension
SALEM, NH 390 So. Broadway (Rt.28 South)

304 Turnpike Road - BROCKTON 375 No. Montello Street (Rt.28) (Some advertised equipment and guarantees may not be available in the Hifi Bargain Centers)
New Jersey, Connecticut, Michigan and Ohio.



THE NICKELODEON CINEMAS

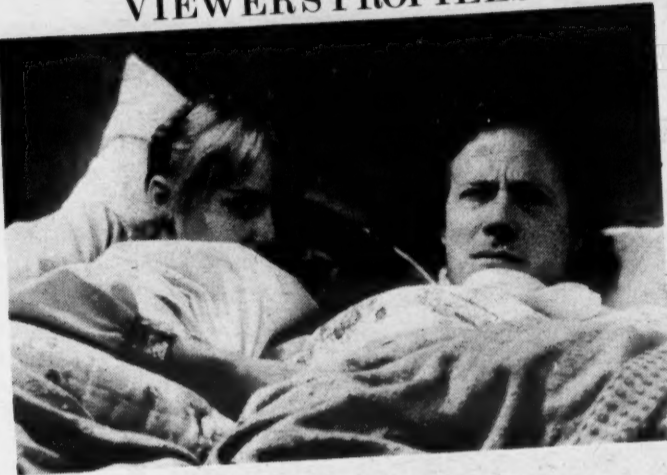
600 Comm. Ave.
247 - 2160

Boston, Just opp. the
Blandford St. stop on
B.C. Green Line MBTA

1

"***** THE FINEST MOVIE COMEDY SINCE 'MANHATTAN' AND ONE OF THE BEST FILMS EVER MADE ABOUT THE WAY AMERICANS LIVE NOW! A scruffy, charming, occasionally spooky comedy of romantic fixation and the most perceptive film portrait yet of the last weary stragglers from the generation of the '60's. ONE OF THE BEST FILMS OF THE YEAR!"
—David Chute, Boston Phoenix

VIEWER'S PROFILES



CHARLES

AGE: 30.
PROFESSION: Pushing papers around and helping his boss' son get over not getting into Harvard.
HOBBIES: Running (after Laura), making chili (Laura's recipe), finding excuses to park outside Laura's house, hoping she'll come back to him.
FAVORITE SONG: "When A Man Loves A Woman."
LAST ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Pulling his mother out of the bathtub (again) and refusing to take disco lessons.
QUOTE: "Looking back on it, Woodstock was just a lot of people walking around in the mud looking for a place to pee."
PROFILE: Warm, winsome, and waiting for Laura to leave her husband (again).
HIS MOVIE: "Head Over Heels."

HEAD OVER HEELS

6:00, 8:00, 10:00, also
Sat., Sun. Mats. 2:00, 4:00

A FILM BY JOAN MICKLIN SILVER
HEAD OVER HEELS JOHN HEARD MARY BETH HURT PETER RIEGERT
KENNETH McMILLAN GLORIA GRAHAME JOAN MICKLIN SILVER
ANN BEATTIE MARY MCKELP ANN ROBINSON GRIFFIN DUNNE
BOBBY BYRNE REN LAUBER
PG
United Artists

2

STANLEY KUBRICK'S 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

Mon. - Fri. 6:15/9:00 Sat. & Sun. 1:00/3:30/6:15/9:00



Stanley Kubrick (*Dr. Strangelove, Clockwork Orange*) brings us the granddaddy of all Science-Fiction spectaculars, a breathtaking glimpse of the not-too-distant future-crafted with skill, intelligence and imagination. Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood glide toward the outer reaches of the solar system in search of man's past... or is it his future? Hal sings "Daisy" while Strauss waltzes accompany us on the most fantastic interplanetary voyage ever put on film.

Suburban cinemas

SUBURBS

ARLINGTON Capitol (648-4340)
204 Mass. Ave.
Norma Rae: Sun-Thurs. 7, 9:15, Sun. 4:45
BEVERLY, Cabot St. Cinema (927-3677)
86 Cabot St.
La Grand David Magic Show: each Sun. 3, 8:15
Stage Fright: Mon-Wed. 9:15
The Wrong Man: Mon-Wed. 7:15
Dr. Strangelove: Thurs-Sat. 7:15
A Man for All Seasons: Thurs-Sat. 5, 9
BRAINTREE, General I-IV (848-1070)
South Shore Plaza.
I: Ninth Configuration: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:10, 5:10, 7:30, 9:35
II: Coal Miner's Daughter: Sun-Sun. 1:30, 4:15, 7:20, 9:45
III: All That Jazz: Sun-Sun. 1:45, 4:20, 7:20, 9:45
IV: Kramer vs. Kramer: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 3:20, 5:30, 7:40, 9:45
BROCKTON, General Five (588-5050)
Westgate Mall
I: Chapter Two: Sun-Sun. 1:45, 4:20, 7:20, 9:45
II: Saturn 3: Sun-Sun. 1:30, 3:30, 5:15, 7:30, 9:30
III: Coal Miner's Daughter: Fri-Sun. 1:30, 4:15, 7:20, 9:45
IV: Just Tell Me What You Want: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:10, 5:15, 7:30, 9:40
V: Fatsa: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:30, 9:30
BROCKTON, Sack I-IV (963-1010)
Route 27
I: Being There: Sun-Sun. 1:30, 4:30, 7:30, 9:50
II: All That Jazz: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 4:15, 7:25, 9:45
III: Cruising: Sun-Sun. 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:30, 9:30
IV: The Fog: Sun-Sun. 1:10, 3, 5, 7:15, 9:15
BURLINGTON, General I-II (272-4410)
Route 128, exit 42
I: Kramer vs. Kramer: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 3:20, 5:30, 7:40, 9:45
II: Ninth Configuration: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:10, 5:10, 7:30, 9:35
III: Being There: Sun-Sun. 1:30, 4:30, 7:30, 9:50
DANVERS, Sack Six (777-2555 or 593-2100)
Endicott St.
I: Cruising: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:25, 9:40, Fri-Sat. 11:35 pm.
II: All That Jazz: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 9:50
III: Chapter Two: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 9:45, Fri-Sat. 11:55 pm.
IV: Coal Miner's Daughter: Sun-Sun. 1:30, 4:30, 7:30, 9:50
V: The Fog: Sun-Sun. 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:35, 9:30, Fri-Sat. 11:30 pm
VI: Kramer vs. Kramer: Sun-Sun. 1, 3, 5, 7:25, 9:5, Fri-Sat. 11:30 pm
DEDHAM, Showcase Eight (326-2100)
950 Providence St.
I: Fatsa: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 7:15, 9:20, Sat-Sun. 3:15, 5:05, Fri-Sat. 11:30 pm.
II: The Rose: Sun-Tues. 1:45, 7:10, 9:50, Sun. 4:45
Small Circle of Friends: Wed-Sun. Call for times.
III: Being There: Sun-Sun. 1:50, 7:15, 10, Sat-Sun. 4:30, Fri-Sat. 12:20
IV: Hero at Large: Sun-Thurs. 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:40, 9:55
Simon: Fri-Sun. Call for times.
V: Cruising: Sun-Sun. 1:30, 3:30, 5:15, 7:25, 9:40, Fri-Sun. 11:40 pm.
VI: Breaking Away: Sun-Sun. 1, 3, 5, 7:35, 10, Fri-Sat. 12:05
VII: Chapter Two: Sun-Sun. 1:55, 4:40, 7:25, 9:55, midnight
VIII: The Fog: Sun-Sun. 1:20, 3:20, 5:10, 7:20, 9:25, Fri-Sun. 11:25 pm.
FRAMINGHAM, General I-V (235-8020)
Route 9, Shopper's World
I: Ninth Configuration: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:10, 5:10, 7:30, 9:35
II: Kramer vs. Kramer: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 3:20, 5:30, 7:40, 9:45
III: Coal Miner's Daughter: Sun-Sun. 1:30, 4:15, 7:20, 9:45
IV: Breaking Away: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 3:20, 5:15, 7:25, 9:30
V: Fatsa: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:30, 9:30
MAYNARD, Nickelodeon (897-2100)
19 Summer St.
I: Women in Love: Sun-Tues. 6:45, 9:15
Marriage of Maria Braun: Wed-Sun. 7, 9:15

II: The Rose: Sun-Tues. 6:45, 9:15
Dear Hunter: Wed-Thurs. 7
Metropolitan: Fri-Sat. 6:30, 9:40
Auntie Hall: Fri-Sat. 8:05
Cafe: 7, 9:15
MEDFORD I-III (395-9499)
36 Salem St.
I: Hero at Large: Sun-Sun. 7, 9.
II: Fatsa: Sun-Sun. 7, 8:50
III: Breaking Away: Sun-Sun. 6:45, 8:40
NATICK, Sack Six (653-5005)
Route 9, opp. Shopper's World
I: The Fog: Sun-Sun. 1:25, 3:25, 5:20, 7:20, 9:30, Fri-Sat. 11:45 pm
II: Last Married Couple in America: Sun-Tues. 1:10, 3:20, 5:30, 7:40, 9:50
Being There: Wed-Sun. Call for times.
III: Cruising: Sun-Sun. 1:05, 3:10, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45, Fri-Sat. 11:45 pm
IV: All That Jazz: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 9:50
V: Being There: Sun-Sun. 1:30, 4:30, 7:30, 9:50
VI: Chapter Two: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 10, Fri-Sat. midnight.
NEWTON Academy (332-2524)
102 Beacon St., Newton Centre
I: Coal Miner's Daughter: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 9:55
II: The Fog: Sun-Thurs. 2, 3:50, 5:40, 7:30, 9:15
NEWTON, West Cinema (964-6060)
1296 Washington St., Rte. 16
I: And Justice For All: Sun-Thurs. 9:25
China Syndrome: Sun-Thurs. 7:15
Robert at Robert: Fri-Sun. Call for times.
II: The Shout: Sun-Sun. 7:30, 9:30
III: Fellini's 8 1/2: Sun-Tues. 7, 9:20, Sun. 2:15
Julia: Wed-Thurs. Call for times.
The Woman: Fri-Sat.
Love and Death: Sun.
PEABODY, General I-III (599-1310)
Northshore Shopping Center
I: Last Married Couple in America: Sun-Thurs. 1:15, 3:20, 5:20, 7:30, 9:35
II: Ninth Configuration: Sun-Sun. 1, 3:10, 5:10, 7:30, 9:35
III: Breaking Away: Sun-Sun. 1:15, 3:20, 5:15, 7:25, 9:30
RANDOLPH I-II (963-8664)
Randolph Shopping Center
I: Breaking Away: Sun-Sun. 7, 9
II: The Rose: Sun-Thurs. 7, 9:30
The Jark: Fri-Sun. 7, 9:15
SAUGUS, General I-II (321-1345)
Route 1
I: And Justice for All: Sun-Sun. 3:10, 7:25
China Syndrome: Sun-Sun. 1, 5:20, 9:30
II: Going in Style: Sun-Tues. 2, 3:50, 5:40, 7:30, 9:30
Force of One: Wed-Sun. 2, 3:50, 5:40, 7:30, 9:25
SOMERVILLE, Broadway (625-5316)
81 Broadway
Electric Horseman: Sun-Thurs. 7, 9:15
Going in Style: Fri-Sun. 7, 9
SOMERVILLE, Somerville (625-1081) 50 Davis Sq.
Electric Horseman: Sun-Thurs. 7, 9:15, Sun. 4:45
Going in Style: Fri-Sun. 7, 9, Sat. 1:15, Sun. 1:15, 5
STONEHAM General I-II (438-4050)
Routes 128 and 28
I: Coal Miner's Daughter: Sun-Sun. 7:20, 9:45, Sat. 1:30, Sun. 1:30, 4:15
II: Just Tell Me What You Want: Sun-Tues. 7:05, 9:20, Sat. 2, Sun. 2, 4:20
WALTHAM, General I-II (890-1064)
477 Winter St.
I: And Justice for All: Sun-Sun. 7:25, Sun. 3:10
China Syndrome: Sun-Sun. 9:30, Sat. 1, Sun. 1, 5:20
II: Going in Style: Sun-Tues. 7:30, 9:30, Sun. 2, 3:50, 5:40
Ninth Configuration: Wed-Sun. Call for times.
WOBURN, Showcase Five (933-5138)
Main St., Middlesex Canal Park
I: All That Jazz: Sun-Sun. 1:55, 4:30, 7:20, 10, Fri-Sun. 12:25 am
II: Chapter Two: Sun-Sun. 1:40, 4:20, 7:15, 9:55, Fri-Sat. 12:20 am
III: The Fog: Sun-Sun. 1:20, 3:20, 5:10, 7:30, 9:30, Fri-Sun. 11:40
IV: Being There: Sun-Sun. 1:50, 7:15, 10, Sat-Sun. 4:30, Fri-Sat. 12:20
V: Cruising: Sun-Sun. 1:30, 3:30, 5:15, 7:25, 9:40, Fri-Sun. 11:40 pm

9 NOMINATED FOR ACADEMY AWARDS

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EXIT 24 OFF RT. 128
Columbia Pictures

Film strips

compiled by David Chute



MOVIE OF THE WEEK: Simon (1980). Marshall Brickman, Woody Allen's collaborator on the scripts for *Sleeper*, *Love and Death*, *Annie Hall*, and *Manhattan*, makes his debut as a writer-director. And it's impossible not to detect the Allen influence in Brickman's premise: a think-tank whose wacky denizens have decided that coming up with ways to benefit mankind is, well, boring; why not turn their talents to devising some really nifty practical

jokes, instead? After such early japes as inventing a device to scramble the Neilson rating boxes (*The Donny and Marie Show* becomes the top-rated series in the country overnight), they hit upon the ultimate gag: capturing a scruffy New York psychology professor (Alan Arkin) and then brainwashing him into thinking he's a visitor from another planet. *Opens Friday, March 14, at the Cheri and in the suburbs.*

A

★ADIEU PHILIPPINE (1962). This is the only feature by the French filmmaker Jacques Rozier, an acclaimed director of shorts. Mostly improvised, this wry, oblique comedy stars Jean-Claude Almini as a young TV cameraman, due to be drafted within a month, who carries on last-minute affairs with two women (Yveline Cery and Stefania Sabatini) who are close friends. The feeling of nervous release — during a particularly in-between phase of the hero's life — fuels the comedy, which manages to be vivid and understated at the same time. A small but delightful movie. *Harvard-Epworth Church.*

★★ALLEGRO NON TROPPO (1977). A take-off on *Fantasia*, Bruno Bozzetto's mostly animated extravaganza is also a lewdly irreverent send-up of pompous conductors and the capitalist impresarios who try to package musical classics for the masses. The most hilarious moments are the live-action sequences, with an orchestra of tittering old ladies, a gluttonous, leering conductor and a seedy, slick-haired MC. Among the classics subjected to Bozzetto's marvelously-drawn cartoon irreverence are Ravel's *Bolero*, Stravinsky's *Firebird* and works by Debussy, Dvorak, Vivaldi and Sibelius. *Coolidge Corner.*

★ALL THAT JAZZ (1979). Bob Fosse's grotesque autobiographical film drenches us in Broadway existentialism and razzmatazz — both utterly self-serving, garishly overdone, and finally wearying. In his story of Joe Gideon (Roy Scheider), a fabulously gifted and successful choreographer-director, Fosse tells us more than we ever wanted to know about himself, from his early morning bathroom routine to his mistreatment of numberless beautiful and talented women. But it isn't just Fosse's egomania that makes this film so bad, it's the shallowness, the tastelessness, the sourness of spirit — and the dishonesty. Photographed by Fellini's great cinematographer, Giuseppe Rotunno, the movie overflows with garish, knuckle-headed fantasy sequences. The backstage and bedroom action is interrupted by cuts to a musty cosmic dressing room, where Scheider coos pious howlers about life, love, and art to a white-draped Jessica Lange (as Lady Death). And a re-enactment of Fosse's real-life heart attack brings on a lavish musical number (the kitschiest thing on film since *The Wiz*) during which the principals sing "Bye Bye Life" to the tune of the Everly Brothers' "Bye Bye Love." With Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, and Ben Vereen. *Charles, Chestnut Hill, suburbs.*

★... AND JUSTICE FOR ALL (1979). Norman Jewison's overblown message movie about the injustice of American justice. Its salient feature is not any lesson or moral; it's melodrama, and much of it is so ludicrous that you do indeed walk away thinking, "It's only a movie." ... *And Justice For All* zips along, turning courtroom drones into farceurs, backroom bargaining sessions into sitcom, love scenes into deodorant commercials. And Al Pacino, noisy and effective, yet totally out of control, as a disillusioned Baltimore lawyer, gets to grandstand shamelessly; he gives the movie what little power it has, but the performance is all hollow showmanship. John Forsythe, however, delivers a surprisingly good performance, bringing a chilly assurance to the role of a corrupt judge. With Jack Warden and Lee Strasberg. *Fresh Pond.*

★AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT (1972). Monty Python's first American release was rather different when it first appeared, but now the antics of this wacky British troupe are overly familiar fare. Still, *de gustibus*, etc. *Harvard Square.*

B

★★★BEAT THE DEVIL (1954). Things often get crazy in Hollywood, where a ludicrous scheme is as likely to reap box office rewards as a serious one. Everybody was crazy on the set of *Beat the Devil*, from Truman Capote — who allegedly wrote the script as they went along, reading it aloud to the cast day by day — to director John Huston, who couldn't restrain himself from ending his warped satire on *film noir* with an insane, derisive cackle. As it turned out,

★★★★ Superb
 ★★★ Good
 ★★ Middling
 ★ Bearable
 • A turkey

Films without ratings have not been viewed as we go to press. We intend no judgment of their worth.

helps us glide right past the more banal contrivances — the dream romance of the bike-racing hero (Dennis Christopher) with a campus princess, or the *Rocky*-esque climax, in which Christopher takes on the arrogant BMOCs on the race track. It's a measure of what Tesich and director Peter Yates (*Bullitt*, *The Deep*) have worked in around the edges that this finale feels inadequate. *Cheri, Chestnut Hill, suburbs.*

★★BREAKING POINT (1976). Brutal action highlights one of the better vigilante/revenge movies. Beely Bo Hopkins, fresh from his triumph in *Walking Tall II* whittles a rake handle into a harpoon and sets out to extract a pound of blubber from each of the meanies who tortured his kids. Robert Culp is the wimpy cop who tries to calm Bo down. Directed by Bob Clarke (*Murder by Decree*), this one is strictly for guys who like to open beer bottles with their teeth. *Publix.*
 ★★★BREATHLESS (1959). Jean-Paul Belmondo, in the role that brought him international fame, stands before a movie poster, fingers his lip, and sighs. "Bogie," he murmurs, and the Atlantic Ocean is magically crossed, the connection forced between the Hollywood film of the '40s and the French New Wave. *Breathless*, Godard's innovative first feature, is undoubtedly a movie classic. Its story of a hardened but romantic French killer and a pretty, naive, bland and infinitely dangerous American girl (exquisitely played by Jean Seberg) is a fascinating metaphor for the relation of French and American sensibilities. The film is full of quotes from old movies, and the style is a mix of disarmingly naturalistic tableaux and stylized posing (the characters speak a wildly over-literary dialogue), exhilarating from start to finish. Watch for appearances by Truffaut, Chabrol, Jean-Pierre Melville (as the celebrity who announced his ambition to "become immortal and then to die") and Godard himself. *Institute of Contemporary Art.*

C

★LA CAGE AUX FOLLES (1978). A routine comedy of errors, performed in "gay face." The tastelessness is partly redeemed by the accomplished camping of Ugo Tognazzi, who is charming and dignified as the proprietor of a Saint-Tropez nightclub specializing in female impersonation and of Michel Serrault, yelping joyfully, as the club's flaming-drag-queen headliner (Tognazzi's long-time lover), Edouard Molinaro's gag-fixed farce centers on the chaos that erupts when Tognazzi's son brings the respectable parents of his bride-to-be home to meet Papa. Molinaro never explores the ambiguous central relationships, and he doesn't lend the movie enough speed and wit to work on us all by itself. But at least he puts the performers front and center. *Charles.*

★CHAPTER TWO (1980). Neil Simon's autobiographical comedy is a story of the Fear of Happiness, in the tradition of *A Man and a Woman*. James Caan frowns his way through the *Simonesque* role of George Schneider. Schneider is a bestselling novelist wracked with guilt for being able to fall in love again just weeks after his first wife's death and fearful of opening himself to more pain by caring too much about his second wife (Marsha Mason, who is also the second Mrs. Neil Simon). Simon takes the character's anguish much too seriously to make it the butt of any of the jokes, and what emerges is an inadvertent portrait of a stubborn, self-pitying oaf who makes life hell for a perfectly wonderful woman. Robert Moore's gutless direction is a little more tolerable here than in the unspeakable *Murder by Death*, but that isn't saying much. *Cheri, Circle, suburbs.*

★★★THE CHINA SYNDROME (1979). This story of a near-disastrous accident in a nuclear power plant and its subsequent coverage has been directed by James Bridges (*September 30, 1955*) as a noisy thriller full of car chases, SWAT teams, disaster-movie suspense and race-against-time hysteria. One can complain that it's a pretty conventional thriller, without much room for depth of characterization, or even plausibility, and it does stack the deck in favor of its crusading TV-reporter heroes: Jane Fonda, splendid as a red-haired Brenda Starr-type trying to escape her soft-news beat, and Michael Douglas, bearded and fervent, as her politically engaged cameraman. Jack Lemmon's jittery performance as the plant manager is more histrionic than heroic. But most of the film is deft enough to surmount such obstacles with ease. It's hard to imagine anyone's not enjoying it, or failing to be touched these days by its anti-nuke fervor. *Fresh Pond.*

★★★★LA CHINOISE (1967). Jean-Luc Godard's talky, minimalist techniques rarely proved more effective than in this study of a cell of very young Maoist terrorists in Paris. The didactic staging, clogged with words and almost drained of emotion, fits these oddly blank-faced kids, who spout Marxist ideals while planning and carrying out, with an air of chilling disconnection, the most drastic acts of random violence. Jean-Pierre Leaud and Anne Wiazemski epitomize the spooky, unformed character of these terrorists, who are like prankish college kids whose gags kill people. Graphically one of Godard's handsomest films, this is also a uniquely mordant examination of political nihilism. *Institute of Contemporary Art.*

★★★THE CONFORMIST (1971). Bernardo Bertolucci's version of Alberto Moravia's celebrated novel tells the story of Clerici, a young, passionless Fascist official in '30s Italy who is assigned to murder his former professor and winds up falling for his wife, who also must die. Where Moravia's tone was calm and detached, Bertolucci's is aflame; he turns the novel into a baroque melodramatic thriller full of dazzling compositions, ravishing lighting and color, and elliptical dialogue. The effect is to trap the passionless monster in a swirling, impassioned milieu. Bertolucci can't help feeling a most un-Moravian sympathy with his horrid protagonist, and the film's extraordinary power derives in part from the spectacle of watching an inhuman killer stripped to quivering humanity. Jean-Louis Trintignant, stiff, suspicious, and almost obscenely narcissistic, gives one of the finest performances of his career in the title role, and Dominique Sanda, Stefania Sandrelli, Pierre Clementi, and Gaston Moschin co-star. *Coolidge Corner.*

★★★★LE CRIME DE MONSIEUR LANGE (1935). Although it very clearly reflects an era in which revolt of the workers and other communitarian emotions seemed to offer a last hope against the Fascist tide, Jean Renoir's satire transcends its polemicism to

Continued on page 24

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| THE FOG R | Chapter Two PG | | |
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| Starts Fri 3/14 Ends Thurs Last Married Couple Small Circle of Friends R | BEING THERE PG | | |
| AL PACINO CRUISING R | Chapter Two PG | | |

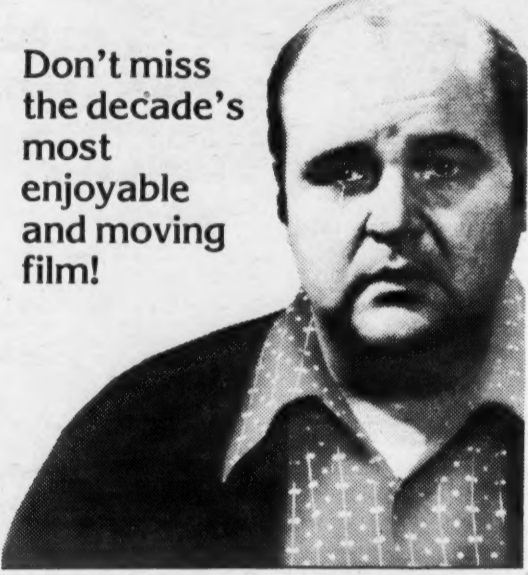
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Continued from page 23

study the role of the artist and the dreamer in a society bent on exploiting him. Renoir's gentle camera eagerly follows his characters, hanging upon their actions instead of studying them, while Jacques Prevert's witty script lends the picture a mordant, lively edge. With Rene LeFevre as the author of Western novels and Jules Ferry as Bataia, his villainous publisher. **Brattle.**

•**CRUISING (1980).** William Friedkin didn't invent homosexuality or sadomasochism or leather bars, but he certainly invented the grotesque versions of them that appear in this film, a murder mystery set among Manhattan's S&M crowd. Friedkin's fiendish creations might seem droll if they didn't float by us in the gloomiest colors imaginable, and if they weren't accompanied by music (created by Jack Nitzsche) that sounds like the creakings of the medieval rack. In *Cruising*, monsters have overrun New York, and if you hang around long enough, you begin to turn into one. It's *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* in drag. The body being snatched here belongs to Al Pacino, who portrays a heterosexual rookie cop sent undercover into the gay netherworld to ferret out a killer. When Pacino seems to be turning both gay and violent at the same time, is Friedkin suggesting that the homosexual milieu breeds murderers? Probably, although the film has been so shoddily slapped together that it's hard to tell what (if anything) was intended. **Cinema 57, Circle, suburbs.**

D

•**DARLING LILI (1970).** Blake Edwards' incredibly bloated musical parody of the Mata Hari legend, starring (of all people) Julie Andrews (no substitute for Greta Garbo). Andrews is a German spy, during World War I, posing as a music-hall star, who attempts to coax state secrets out of flying ace Rock Hudson. Produced at a cost of \$20 million, the film boasts battle scenes and production numbers that are lavish but also pointless. The heart of this story isn't on the battlefield, it's in the bedroom, and with Rock and Julie between the sheets, the love scenes don't exactly smolder. **Harvard-Epworth Church.**

••••**DAWN OF THE DEAD (1979).** George Romero's grisly sequel to *Night of the Living Dead* (1969) is a classic case of a gifted director going all out and giving us more than we can possibly assimilate. This time, Romero sets his flesh-eating zombies maundering through the largest enclosed shopping plaza in America and he creates a spacious, beautifully executed movie that's an almost non-stop series of action scenes. *Dawn of the Dead* is a reflection on violence that becomes intoxicated by its subject: a visual tour-de-force patterned on the EC horror comics of the '50s; and a bloody slapstick satire, mocking a consumerism that has made glassy-eyed goons of all of us. With Ken Foree, David Emge, Gaylen Ross and Scott H. Reiniger. **Harvard Square.**

••••**THE DEER HUNTER (1978).** Michael Cimino's saga of three steelworkers who carry their "one clean shot" notions of manliness from the deer hunt into battle in Vietnam is an utterly satisfying look at how the myth of the American hero was consumed by the war it created. During the first third, in which Cimino creates a spacious portrait of a Russian-American steel town in Pennsylvania, we sense that a hundred lives, an entire universe, are passing before our eyes. And then, in a Vietnam's prison camp episode that's one of the most harrowing action sequences in movie history, the game of Russian roulette becomes an apt symbol of the way America's let's-go-in-there-and-clean-out-the-vermin heroism turned into the suicidal gambling of Vietnam. Cimino's command of narrative rhythm is overwhelming (he hits you, drops back, and then bowls you over again) and Robert De Niro's Michael, the deer-hunting hero, has you rooting not just for him, but for American heroism in the abstract. The movie isn't perfect but it's easily the most powerful movie in years, and it embodies a tempered, sadder-but-wiser patriotism. **Harvard Square.**

E

••••**8½ (1963).** Fellini's finest film, and one of the masterpieces of world cinema. Complex yet controlled, *8½* explores inside and out the world of a film director who reaches the crisis of middle age as he plans his next film. Marcello Mastroianni manages wit and a boyish jubilation as the director, while Fellini punctuates the darkness of his artistic anguish with poignant images of whiteness. Anouk Aimee is stylish and long-suffering as the wife, Claudia Cardinale a vision of loveliness as his dream girl. Richly imagined. **West Newton Cinemas.**

F

••••**FANTASTIC PLANET (1972).** Rene Laloux's exhilarating animation about a distant planet populated by two races of people: the giant blue intelligentsia known as the Draags and the tiny, primitive Orms, who are threatened with extinction. Surreal and captivating, it won the Cannes Special Grand Prize in 1973. **Coolidge Corner.**

••••**FATSO (1980).** Actress Anne Bancroft makes her debut as a writer-director under the corporate aegis of her husband, Mel Brooks — and her low-comedy project sounds very Brooksian, indeed. Dom DeLuise stars (with Bancroft, Ron Carey, and Candice Azzura) as a fat man who yearns for love. See "Trailers." **Coolidge Corner.**

••••**THE FOG (1980).** The latest horror film by John Carpenter (*Halloween*) boasts some of the most picturesque comic-book shock effects in memory. Unfortunately, it's also one of the silliest scare shows we've ever encountered, a zombies-on-the-march saga full of jangling reflexive shocks and slapdash writing. A gallery of dull characters, spouting dismal dialogue, is trotted through a story about the ghosts of some shipwrecked 19th-century mariners who return, shrouded in a luminous supernatural fog, to exact vengeance on a seacoast town in Northern California. Carpenter apparently has no ambition other than to goose shrieks from an audience. He doesn't transcend the genre, he wallows in it. With Adrienne Barbeau, Jamie Lee Curtis, Hal Holbrook (as a booze-hound priest) and Janet Leigh. **Cinema 57, Academy, suburbs.**

A FORCE OF ONE (1978). Already a smash hit

Continued on page 26

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Continued from page 24 on the six-pack circuit, this is a home-grown, feet-and-fists action film starring former World Karate Champion Chuck Norris. With Jennifer O'Neill, Saxon, Fresh Pond.

G

★★★GILDA (1946). Charles Vidor's trash masterpiece is far from good, but it must be reckoned among the most erotic films in history. It owes most of its seedy, lusty glamour to the presence of Rita Hayworth at the height of her powers, her torrid, glove-doffing rendition of "Put the Blame on Mame" has a sizzle that no contemporary explicitness could match. Gilda was made just after World War II and is a prime example of the noir-ish Hollywood product that emerged from that period of post-victory blues. Glenn Ford, who enjoyed several seamy roles during the era, plays a gambler employed by cafe-owner George Macready; unbeknownst to him, Macready has married Rita, Ford's old flame. Vidor was never a very good director, but the understood Hayworth's languorous sexuality and managed more restraint here than usual. Central Square.

★★★GOING IN STYLE (1979). In outline, Martin Brest's film sounds as though it has a case of the formula cutes: a comic caper yarn about three aged roomies (George Burns, Art Carney and Lee Strasberg) who join forces to knock over a bank. But unlike so many cuddly-older movies, this one is

because we make them feel useless. All three of the performers are brilliant, and so is their 28-year-old writer-director. If Brest fails to provide his characters' relationship with sufficient background, he makes almost everything else work. A single word, a double-take, a line that would read like nothing on the printed page — all are transmuted into provocation to laughter or tears. There is no mechanical prodding. Brest has created a comedy of character that embraces us all. Fresh Pond, Cinema Brookline, suburbs.

H

★★★THE HARDER THEY COME (1973). Jimmy Cliff tries for that pie in the sky above Shantytown, but he's got many rivers to cross. The de rigueur reggae picture's cinematic aspects are almost as entrancing as the music. Orson Welles.

★★HAROLD AND MAUDE (1972). There have been periodic attempts to salvage the reputation of Hal Ashby's black-comic tear-jerker, in the wake of its cult success. It's a stinker, though, now and for all time. The romance between a teenaged rich boy (Bud Cort) who stages joky fake suicides and an 80-year-old poor woman (Ruth Gordon) who spouts moronic homilies about wild flowers and their relation to the life force, is one of the three or four most insufferable movies ever made. Music by Cat Stevens — perfect, right? Coolidge Corner.

★★★HEAD OVER HEELS (1979). Like the superb novel it's based on, Ann Beattie's

silver film is a scruffy, charming, occasionally spooky comedy of romantic fixation — it's funnier and more elating than any movie comedy since Manhattan. But the addled, tenderly sarcastic tone is more than a matter of style, it's a way of getting at the truth about a milieu — that of the last weary stragglers from the generation of the '60s. John Heard gives a beautifully nuanced performance as Charles, an aimless young man obsessed with a former love (Mary Beth Hurt, from Interiors) who left him to return to her husband. The movie is too winsome at times, and it's far from a masterpiece technically, but in light of its extraordinary feeling for character, such minor flaws evaporate. Gloria Grahame does one of the juiciest daffy-dame routines in recent movies, as Charles's wiggly, suicidal mother; and Peter Riegert plays Sam, Charles's womanizing best friend, with considerable charm. With Kenneth McMillan, Nora Heflin, and Mark Metcalf; novelist Beattie has a walk-on, as a waitress. Nickelodeon.

★★HERO AT LARGE (1980). Martin Davidson's film is an urban vigilante fantasy played for laughs, a Capra-corny super-hero comic book. Soft-faced TV star John Ritter (Three's Company) plays an out-of-work actor who begins taking his promotional stint in a super-hero suit a bit too seriously and becomes a media superstar overnight. The movie is a curdled mixture of Death Wish, Batman, and Meet John Doe, only partially redeemed by the presence of talented Anne Archer (Paradise Alley), as Ritter's Jean Arthur-ish love interest. With Bert Convy and Leonard Harris (Taxi Driver). Beacon Hill, suburbs.

★★★HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR. (1959). One of the seminal works of the New Wave, this is Alain Resnais's rich, abstruse story of a French actress working on an anti-war film in Hiroshima circa 1950 whose love affair with a Japanese architect gives rise to a Proustian whirl of memory and emotion. Its revolutionary narrative techniques, its integration of images of past and present, and its successful exploration of difficult themes assure its place among the classics, as do the fine performances by Eiji Okada and especially Emmanuelle Riva. French Library.

I

★★★THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST (1952). Oscar Wilde's daft Victorian comedy receives civilized if not particularly inspired treatment at the hands of director Anthony Asquith. He purposely kept it stage-bound, which is fortunate; the play could never succeed if "opened up" Hollywood-style from the precious confinement of the British drawing room. The acting is remarkable. Michael Redgrave, Michael Denison, Margaret Rutherford, Dame Edith Evans, and best of all, the peerless Joan Greenwood, whose purring voice and teasing insouciance make for a giddy combination of feistiness and sex appeal. Central Square.

★★★IN A LONELY PLACE (1950). Nicholas Ray's gripping tragedy of Hollywood life is one of the bleakest portraits of sexual relations ever made — and one of the most heartbreaking. Humphrey Bogart delivers a magnificent, searching performance as the screenwriter with a violent past who becomes implicated in a murder he could well have committed; it's an extraordinary piece of self-exploration, tracing the lines of compassion and hostility that always co-existed in Bogey's persona. Gloria Grahame smolders seductively as the woman who falls for Bogart at the most inopportune time, when the law stands poised to plant

the seeds of mistrust that will eventually destroy their relationship. The film can be read as a thriller or as an outcry against the Red-baiting hysteria that was sweeping the country, but its emotional core is in the despair over the impossibility of an enduring love — an enduring trust. With Frank Lovejoy and Martha Stewart. From the novel by Dorothy B. Hughes. Central Square.

★★IPHIGENIA (1977). Michael Cacoyannis's version of Euripides's Iphigenia at Aulis is forceful and stormy, but everyone in it seems to be straining to measure up to the play's innate grandeur, to be Classic. The titanic performances of Irene Papas (as Clytemnestra), Costa Kazakos (as Agamemnon) and Costa Karras (as Menelaus) trivialize the play, reducing it to entertaining but exaggerated melodrama — the film suggests the grandiose hysterics of a Hollywood silent movie rather than the caustic ironies of Euripides. Cacoyannis has come up with some lustrous images, and the film is often moving. Yet, he undercuts Euripides by tacking on a confused prologue and then by creating a woefully insubstantial villain, the prophet Calchas. Harvard Square.

★★INVASION OF THE BEE GIRLS (1976). This grungy little quickie about California housewives gifted with the ravenous (and deadly) reproductive desires of bees works better as porn than as science fiction. Director Dennis Sanders tries to milk every last peek-a-boo thrill from Nicholas Meyer's occasionally witty script, and so the satiric overtones are muted. The bee-girls should be the ultimate Marabel Morgan fantasy — insatiable beauties who pleasure their men into lethal coronaries — but Sanders plays it all on the crudest skin-flick level, without irony. We did enjoy the transformation scenes, however, which feature a sort of whipped-cream cocoon that not only turns women into bees but gives them a hair-do and facial at the same time. Cosmetologists, take note. With William Smith and Victoria Vetri. Orson Welles.

J

★★THE JERK (1979). Carl Reiner, who directed Steve Martin's first star vehicle, has turned out a lurching, ugly-looking film that still manages to be very funny in places — thanks to Martin. This warped Horatio Alger burlesque has been tailored to the comic's spasmic, literal-minded-to-the-point-of-idioty persona, which hovers somewhere between Kasper Hauser and Mork from Ork. The story of an archetypal hick stumbling through a couple of jobs and a couple of affairs, then into a fortune and out again, allows Martin ample scope for his hyperactive brand of nerdiness. But the film feels underpopulated, so that amiable performers like Bernadette Peters have to emote like crazy to fill the whole screen. And the film's humor relies so heavily on shocks of incongruity that when the novelty wears off there's very little left, and the movie barely limps across the finish line. Suburbs.

★★★JULIA (1977). Fred Zinnemann's version of the luminous story from Lillian Hellman's memoir Pentimento is flawed but engrossing, a handsome, almost too tasteful production whose look recalls David Lean's Dickens films. Adapted by Alvin Sargent, it focuses on the young Hellman's struggle to complete her first play (The Children's Hour), her initial Broadway success and her adventure working with Europe's anti-Fascist underground at the behest of her childhood friend Julia, the scion of a wealthy American family. Too worshipful of Hellman and abusive of her friends in

literary society, the film has an unassailable asset in its acting. Jane Fonda is an energetic, moving Hellman, Vanessa Redgrave delivers the performance of her life as Julia (though she's not on the screen nearly as much as we might wish) and Jason Robards brings his hammy, craggy charm to the role of a god-like Dashiell Hammett. West Newton.

★★JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL (1978). A parody of '40s musicals and the idiocies of life at school that's brisk and entertaining on the surface, eerily disaffected underneath. It's hard to tell if the weirdness is intentional or merely a function of the bleached California settings — and of the slightly glazed eyes of the real-life eighth graders who have all the major roles (which, by the way, they handle nicely). The songs are witty, the direction (by Michael Nankin and David Wechter) is nimble, and the dialogue exploits school-days clichés nicely. But the film leaves you with a strange chill. These kids are jolly, but they seem only half-awake; they don't have the true rebellious spirit. Shown with another Nankin and Wechter film, "Gravity" (1977), and Lois Ann Polan's "Rabbit Stev" (1974): Off the Wall at the Carpenter Center.

★★★JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT (1980). A bitchy update on the themes of '30s screwball comedy, based on the novel by Jay Presson Allen. Comedian Alan King stars, as an omnivorous self-made tycoon whose long-time mistress, Ali MacGraw, threatens to leave him for a younger man. With Peter Weller, Myrna Loy, Dina Merrill, and Tony Roberts. Directed by Sidney Lumet. Suburbs.

K

★★★KRAMER VS KRAMER (1979). A woman leaves her family, her husband and son grow close, and the woman returns demanding custody. The plot of Kramer vs. Kramer (derived from Avery Corman's dreadful 1977 bestseller) is as plain as that. But in writer-director Robert Benton's tight, un sentimental treatment, it becomes an agonizing search for values, and an utterly convincing testimony to the drama of ordinary lives. As the work-obsessed ad-exec husband, Dustin Hoffman delivers the finest performance of his career, creating a dead-on portrait of American manhood in the crumbling '70s. And Meryl Streep, shunted by the film's structure into an almost villainous role, brings out all the wife's pathos and heroism and nearly succeeds in restoring the moral balance. Even so, the movie tacitly takes sides. Hoffman and seven-year-old Justin Henry (a real actor instead of kid-star emotion milker) create such an affecting and transfiguring relationship that we can't help hoping it will last. Still, Benton has created something very special: a chamber drama that reveals more about the treacherous shoals on which the tides of the '70s have stranded us than a thousand end-of-the-era pontifications. Cheri, Chestnut Hill, suburbs.

L

★★★THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI (1948). Orson Welles's thriller is a series of revelations of moral decay. Evil swirls from scene to scene until it infects those closest to Welles himself, who plays a rather dim adventurer. As wickedness spirals toward him from obvious sources, like crippled lawyer Everett Sloane, it also emerges gradually from dozens of other, hidden sources, and a heart of darkness is finally discerned even

Continued on page 28

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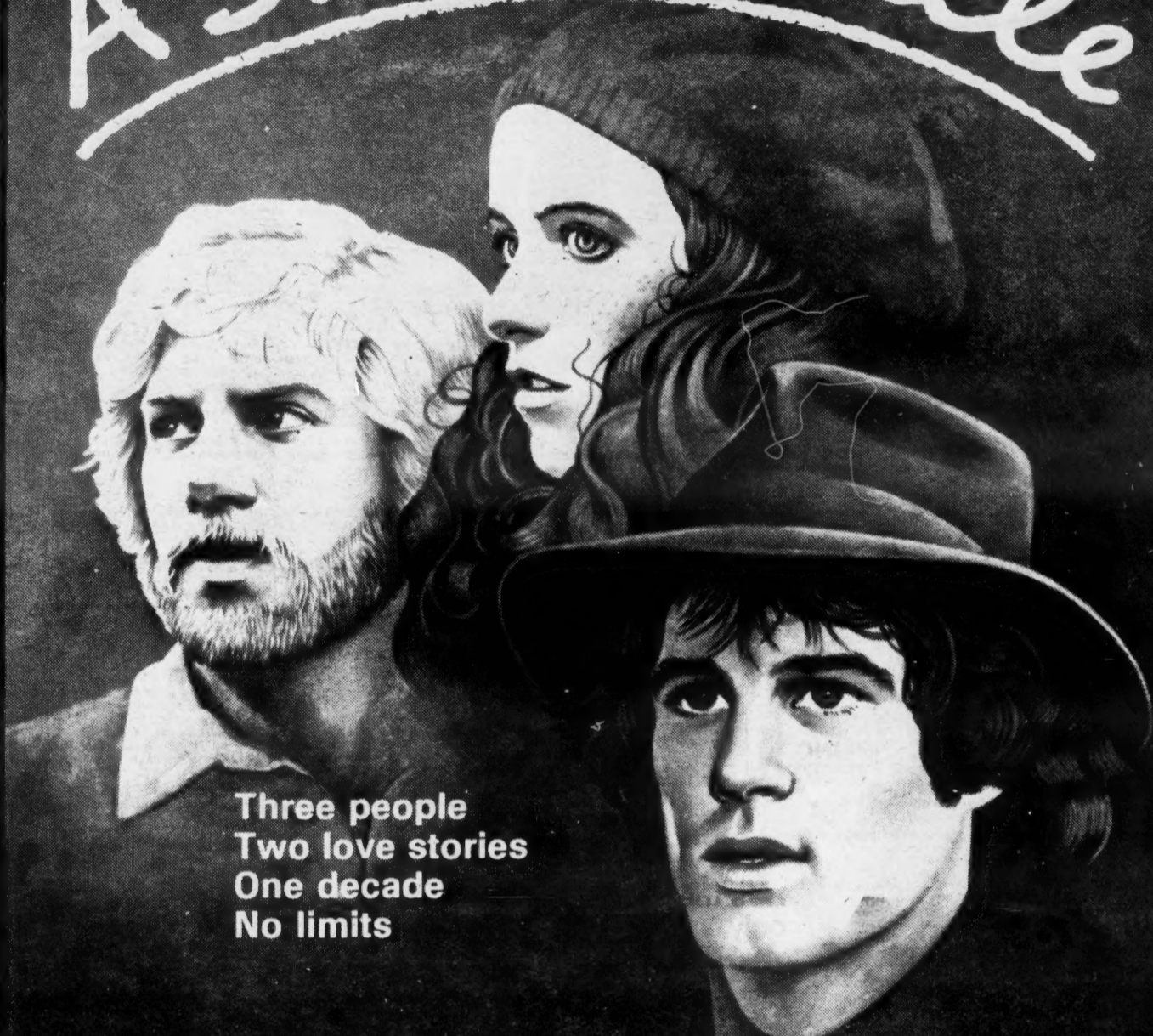
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Continued from page 26
 within the beautiful Rita Hayworth. The theme of deceptive appearance is boldly expressed, and all the movie's tension cathartically released, in the justly famous house-of-mirrors gunfight scene. **Central Square.**
★ ★ ★ ★ THE LADY VANISHES (1938). Hitchcock's extremely entertaining amusement about a little old lady (Dame May Whitty) who disappears from a moving train, the friendly young couple who set out to find her, and the dastardly spies who know she's on an espionage mission. Full of won-

derful tricks, with a lively, literate script by Sidney Gilliat and Frank Launder, the film boasts one of the Master's most appealing pairings. Michael Redgrave and Margaret Lockwood. **Brattle.**
★ ★ ★ THE LAST MARRIED COUPLE IN AMERICA (1980). This raucous comedy by Gilbert Cates (*The Promise*) features a barking George Segal and a hard-faced, whiny Natalie Wood as a chic LA twosome who cling to their happy marriage even though all around them, everybody's Splittsville-bound. There are more shrill obnoxious performances here than in any film in mem-

ory. What with Segal's banshee howls, and Richard Benjamin's Jewish-robot shtick, things get so bad that Dom DeLuise — as a plumber-cum-porno-star — looks relatively restrained. The movie is inept from first to last, but this is not what makes it offensive — it's unpleasant because it heaps contempt upon its own boobish characters. With Valerie Harper and Bob Dishy. **Suburbs.**
★ ★ ★ LAST TANGO IN PARIS (1972). Marlon Brando's extraordinary performance and Bernardo Bertolucci's colorful, rather dazzling direction make up for the silliness of

the plot here, and the film's much-vaunted sexuality is shocking mainly for its brutality. Jam-packed with subplots, films-within-a-film, Freudian references and flashbacks, this story of a haunted expatriate at the end of his rope, though far from the ground-breaker it may once have seemed, has its wrenching moments, and certain scenes — Brando's childhood reminiscence, his confrontation with his dead wife, the tango — retain a matchless beauty. **Coolidge Corner.**

★ ★ ★ LET IT BE (1970). Pleasant, intermittently painful fare for Beatles-lovers. This documentary shows Paul's ascendancy, the Fab Four's estrangement, and a fine roof-top concert. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. **Harvard Square.**

★ ★ ★ LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR (1977). Judith Rossner's best-seller about a young woman who meets her maker while on the make becomes a brutal, often tasteless and frequently silly movie that for all its faults is undeniably compelling. Brooks has made an urban nightmare film in which all men are potential killers and in which even good girls, like Diane Keaton's Terry Dunn, can get pleasure from promiscuity. As it turns out, casting Keaton — a nice, reassuringly vulnerable, normal sort — was a stroke of genius; she makes us respond seriously to Terry in a way that a conventionally sexy or neurotic actress would not, and she's very good in some of the sex scenes, in which she appears to be discovering her own nature as she goes along. The film also boasts a bravura stint by actor Richard Gere. **Harvard Square.**

★ ★ ★ LOVE AND DEATH (1975). Woody Allen's most controlled film before *Annie Hall* is essentially a spoof of intellectualism, especially deep thinking of the Russian persuasion. The wit here is not nearly as wild as vintage Woody, but his cinematography is more fulfilling than usual and, in its style and breadth, the humor resembles the wonderfully mordant lampoons he pens for the *New Yorker*. Based very, very loosely on *War and Peace*. **West Newton.**

story (and an outstanding screenplay by Peter Marthesheimer and Pea Frohlich), Hanna Schygulla is Maria; a woman who devotes her life — with a ruthlessness that seems at once terrifying and utterly innocent — to the husband she hardly knows, mostly because nothing has come along to dispel her devotion. And if Fassbinder's Germany seems hideous at times, Schygulla — who in this film represents her fatherland — is never less than mesmerizing. **Orson Welles.**

★ ★ ★ MY BRILLIANT CAREER (1979). A gifted Australian director named Gillian Armstrong, working from an autobiographical 1987 novel, has produced an uneasy but consistently engaging mixture of romantic comedy and feminist uplift. The central romance, pitting an enflamed and frustrated country girl (the radiant Judy Davis) against a laconic gentleman farmer (Sam Neil) who seems an ideal mate for her, is undercut by her simmering desire to write. The career vs. marriage conflict seems trumped up here, since the alternatives to marriage are very bleak, indeed; and it sours our pleasure. Still, Armstrong is a very sharp-eyed director, with a crisp sense of pace and character than any of her colleagues down-under. This is a brisk, enjoyable movie, with some wonderful supporting performances: especially Pat Kennedy's, as an elderly spinster aunt who is an earlier type of "free woman," and Robert Grubb's, as Davis's first suitor, a raging twit who bears down upon her, glassy eyes agleam, like a coke-fiend Bertie Wooster stranded in the outback. **Orson Welles.**

N
★ ★ ★ NEW ANIMATION FROM THE NATIONAL FILM BOARD OF CANADA. An unusually lack-luster selection from one of the world's great animation studios. Included are Lynn Smith's "This Is Your Museum Speaking," a beautifully drawn but rather preachy paean to culture; Ernie Schmidt's "Flashpoint," a melodramatic disaster cartoon; Brad Castor and Chris Hjinton's "Blowhard," an amusing comment on the energy crisis that takes us to a land where heat and light come from the breath of dragons; Eileen Bessen's "Sea Dream," a nearly insufferable bit of poetic whimsy; and a slew of clever 60-second tours de force, including a newscast set in 1878. **Center Screen at the Carpenter Center.**

M

★ ★ ★ MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR. (1970). The Beatles' ill-fated made-for-TV movie is more fun today, especially for die-hard Fab Four maniacs. And you can't knock the songs. **Harvard Square.**

★ ★ ★ MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL (1974). The coven of loony Britons engages in medieval quests in a film that non-fans will feel like medieval torture. Some of the bits are very funny, and the Pythons have invented several forms of engagingly wacky doubletalk, but many sequences are for die-hard mavens only. **Harvard Square.**

★ ★ ★ THE MOUSE THAT ROARED. (1961). The world's smallest nation, a mid-European duchy called Grand Fenwick, declares war on the United States, planning to lose without bloodshed and beef up their failing economy with American foreign aid. Unfortunately, Grand Fenwick wins. Jack Arnold's light political farce remains hilarious, as do Peter Sellers's triple performances. **Harvard Square.**

★ ★ ★ THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN (1979). Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film is an epic comedy charting the parallel obsessions of a woman and a nation in the post-war years of the German Economic Miracle. Swift, assured, and economical, it's clearly the work of a cinematic master. Fassbinder hasn't toned down his elaborate style, but this time the astringent wit, the framing devices, and the waltzing camera work have been harnessed to a superb

★ ★ ★ THE NINTH CONFIGURATION (1980). William Peter Blatty, author of *The Exorcist* and noted talk-show theologian, fashions a gonzo religious parable from some very unlikely materials: a loony bin in a castle, a group of psychotic Vietnam veterans, and a chief psychiatrist (Stacy Keach) who is actually a mass murderer. With Scott Wilson and Neville Brand. See "Trailers." **Exeter, Allston, suburbs.**
★ ★ ★ NOSFERATU (1979). That most perversely primitive of film directors, Werner Herzog, has remade F.W. Murnau's classic silent vampire film. The result is an often boring collection of fragments — a sort of View-Master Dracula, — with a few authentically eerie moments. It actually has one scene that deserves a place in the all-time honor roll of chills; Klaus Kinski, a reptilian, oddly pitiable Dracula, is detained at the bedside of Lucy (Isabelle Adjani), who unexpectedly responds, with a yearning motion of her whole body, when the fangs sink in. That's a memorable image of the sexiness of evil, but the film as a whole, while often striking, never settles on a consistent approach to the vampire legend. Bruno Ganz, as Jonathan Harker, seems to be fighting to keep his eyes open, and you may, too. **Coolidge Corner.**

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P

★★★★PADRE PADRONE (1977). A brilliant film made for Italian television by two brothers, Paolo and Vittorio Taviani, this story of the conflict between a young, crushingly ignorant Sardinian shepherd and his brutal father is raw, passionate, and breathtakingly innovative. Instead of being based on narrative movement, the film comes at you in explosive emotional bursts. Almost miraculously, it conveys both the terrible isolation of the Sardinian hills and an exhilarating feeling for what is shared within that isolation: fear, joy, sexuality, shame. It may strike some viewers as a bit cold, but that's because the Tavianis have avoided the easy road to our feelings — melodrama — in an attempt to evoke a different sort of experience: vaster, harsher, more awesome. *Padre Padrone* is a sublime, sardonic pastiche — and it boasts one of the most glorious soundtracks in recent memory. *Harvard Square.*

★PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM. (1972). Woody Allen's stage play filmed by Herbert Ross, with Woody as a movie buff who figures he can learn from Bogie's screen roles how to win a girl. Less madcap than most of Woody's early farces because it's in more staid directorial hands, but charming — even sad — nevertheless. With a very graceful performance by Diane Keaton. *Harvard Square.*

R

★★REAL LIFE (1979). This first feature film by the gifted comedian Albert Brooks is a wild parody of cinema verite documentaries like *An American Family*; an extended satirical attack on jargon-spouting sociologists and psychologists, and a collection of some of the funniest gags in any current movie. But for long stretches the film is actually tedious, and it goes totally out of control near the end. Brooks launches an attack on various artificial methods — cinematic and scientific — for capturing and studying life, methods that finally destroy what they're trying to observe. But the filmmaker can't capture it himself: the ultra-ordinary Arizona family that Brooks (playing a comedian named Albert Brooks) descends on with his film crew is so colorless that nothing is really at stake in the satire; it's part of the joke that this family's empty life isn't worth recording in the first place. *Coolidge Corner.*

★★★RICHARD PRYOR — LIVE IN CONCERT (1979). This filmed stage performance — Pryor's one-man stand-up act — has dozens of plots, innumerable characters and more laughs than any movie in memory. There are torrid sex scenes, shoot-outs, even conversations with talking dogs. Richard Pryor is a jive-talking Proteus. Before your eyes he turns into a horny monkey, his own grandmother, a miniature horse, a dog, and then a different breed of dog — and you can tell the breeds apart. Pryor is an original whose profanity springs from a heartfelt search for truth — truth that's ordinarily too intimate and embarrassing to surface in our language and thinking. He digs away at double talk and euphemism, the better to unearth buried experience. One comes away convinced that his comedy is fueled by fear and even hatred; yet in exorcising his own demons Richard Pryor liberates us, too. *Orson Welles.*

★ROBERT ET ROBERT (1979). Claude Lelouch's wet, self-congratulatory comedy is promising at first, because the heroes — two dim bulbs named Robert — are such a departure from most of Lelouch's glamorous, self-pitying characters. Dripping into a sustaining friendship, hatchet-faced Charles Denner (in a grotesque, pernickety performance) and fat, soft Jacques Villeret (a wonderful sad-clown of an actor) engage in some low comedy during which Lelouch reins in his florid style. But when the two pals are rejected by one woman after another, Lelouch lays on the bathos. And when he sets about fabricating a blissful ending, his self-advertisement is shameless. Jacques Villeret is marvelous and nightclub owner Regine does a witty turn as his mother, but the movie as a whole is a shallow, manipulative fraud; its only real subject is the melting sensitivity of Claude Lelouch. *Gaiteia.*

★THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW (1976). A second-rate rock revue, mixing homo-

sexuality, camp sadiem, and spoofs of old horror movies. The adaptation of the London stage hit about a square couple in the clutches of kinky Dr. Frank'n'furter has become a cult item all over the country. Our warped readers are hereby advised that it's far too lame and far too clumsy to measure up to their fantasies. However, the film's audiences are something else. Starring Tim Curry, with Richard O'Brien, Barry Bostwick and Susan Sarandon. Directed by Jim Sharman. *Exeter.*

★★THE ROSE (1979). Mark Rydell's film, about a doomed rock singer very like Janis Joplin (Bette Midler), is a howling nightmare of rock 'n' roll life that delivers all the familiar clichés about success and self-destruction, sometimes piling them three or four deep. But it holds us nevertheless. Midler, in her surprisingly effective film debut, hasn't yet developed techniques for protecting herself on screen; her all-out performance is sordid, freakish, hypnotically ugly. Still, she has extraordinary conviction, and the movie, too, leaps over its own failures, winding up closer to the way life feels on the rock trail than any fiction film ever has. *Charles, suburbs.*

S

●SATURN 3 (1980). In its present form (which bears the scars of panicky last-minute cuts), Stanley Donen's sci-fi melodrama is a hopeless mess. Not even the playfully kinky tone and some splashy, colorful compositions (Donen is, after all, the director of such classic musicals as *On the Town* and *Singin' in the Rain*), or the underlying cleverness of the script, (by British science-fiction writer Martin Amis,

Kingsley's brother) are enough to keep the film from dribbling off into comic book incompetence. As the only residents of a research station on Saturn's third moon, Kirk Douglas — amazingly fit-looking at 64 — and Farrah Fawcett — sexier (and naked) than ever but still far from an actress — are a couple trying to preserve their happy monogamous relationship. But in the 21st Century, Earth has become a sort of interstellar Plato's Retreat, and representatives of the new order may come looking for you. Enter Harvey Keitel, a psychopathic scientist in a black leather space suit, whose loveless designs on Farrah's flesh ("You have a great body," he observes, "May I use it?") are inadvertently passed on, by way of a grisly bit of hardware known as "the direct input channel," to an eight-foot robot named Hector. Very little of the dirty-joke potential of the theme is realized; in fact, the last half of the film is just a lurching, tedious chase. *Saxon.*

★SEVEN BEAUTIES (1975). Giancarlo Giannini plays a macho Italian whom the horrors of life in a concentration camp force to consider whether mere survival isn't enough, especially in a world turned topsy-turvy by war, sex and Lina Wertmuller's somewhat numbing cinematic pyrotechnics. Though this is her most technically accomplished film, it is not her best, and the tale suffers from a surfeit of effects. A subplot about Giannini's courtship of a monstrous lady commandante is affecting in a grotesque sort of way, but several of the other interlaced vignettes — the cute cut-up of a murdered pimp, for instance, or Fernando Rey's showy death by latrine — seem meretricious and unnecessarily gross. *Harvard Square.*

Continued on page 30

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Continued from page 29

★★★SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (1960). Truffaut's exuberant, tragic second film seems cruder today than in 1960, but it retains its freshness of viewpoint. Charles Aznavour is charming as the ex-concert pianist hounded by gangsters who are no less dangerous for all their bumbling. A ticklish, surprising and extremely energetic movie. With Nicole Berger. *Brattle.*

A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS (1980). Producer Rob Cohen (*Thank God It's Friday*) turned director on this triangular romantic comedy, set at Harvard during the turbulent '60s. Brad Davis (*Midnight Express*), Karen Allen (*Animal House*, *The Wanderers*, *Cruising*) and Jameson Parker (*The Bell Jar*) are three college chums who live through demonstrations, drugs and romantic entanglements, in and around Boston. (The film was shot here last year). *Pi Alley, Academy, suburbs.*

★★★STARTING OVER (1979). Burt Reynolds is miscast yet winning as a disoriented, recently divorced man in Alan Pakula's urban-neurosis romantic comedy. The film, although loosely based on an autobiographical novel by Dan Wakefield, feels almost totally derivative, as if it's setting out to capture the audience created by *An Unmarried Woman* and *Annie Hall*. But this kind of comedy, based on repeated flashes of recognition, requires absolute accuracy, and the details of professions and lifestyles in this film, shot mostly in Boston, are often miles off the mark. The movie turned into a big hit anyway, because Reynolds has become such a potent star figure that audiences laugh and applaud when there's little to hold onto but the hero's peevish reactions to the other characters. The only person who escapes his scorn is Jill Clayburgh, playing the divorced teacher Reynolds falls for. She gives a complex and engaging performance as a woman struggling to live up to a quasi-feminist image of what a woman on her own should be. *Harvard Square.*

STAY AS YOU ARE (1979). The latest cult favorite of the raincoat brigade (Junior Miss division) is this soft-core Italian import starring teen siren Nastassia Kinski (daughter of Klaus), Marcello Mastroianni was the lucky gent selected to initiate Mlle. Kinski into the joys of the flesh. Directed by Alberto Lattuada. *Beacon Hill.*

★★★SWEEP AWAY... BY AN UNUSUAL DESTINY IN THE BLUE SEA OF AUGUST (1975). Lina Wertmuller's provocative fable of a

wealthy shrew and the communist deck-hand she keeps under her thumb until, finding themselves marooned on a desert isle, they undergo a revolutionary switcheroo. Lionized by some and lambasted by others, this oft-misunderstood fantasy is neither the sexist manifesto nor the breathy romance it's variously been made out to be. Wertmuller's game of sexual politics is played very tongue-in-cheek, and Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato give fine, ironic performances. *Harvard Square.*

T

★★★TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969). Woody Allen's first stint as producer-director, in which he casts himself as Virgil, a crook frequently confined to the hoosegow and so inept that he can never hope to achieve his dream: a place on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list. Manically funny, and the jokes, as usual, are strictly hit-or-miss. *Harvard Square.*

★★★THE 39 STEPS (1935). One of the great Hitchcock films and an early demonstration of the finesse and virtuosity that would characterize his later work. Here are the attention to detail and point-of-view, the liberties taken with the scenario so that every scene is fun, the starting completeness of characterization (witness Mr. Memory, whose faculty provokes both the solution of the film's mystery and his own death), and the transitions that are themselves exquisite cinema. Robert Donat plays a young Canadian searching eerie Scotland for a spy ring whose machinations have caused the stabbing of a woman in his apartment. *Brattle.*

★★★TIME AFTER TIME (1979). This first film directed by novelist Nicholas Meyer (*The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*) is the year's most beguiling flight of fancy, a tall tale which proposes that H.G. Wells (Malcolm McDowell) might have constructed a working model of his famous time machine and used it to pursue Jack the Ripper (David Warner, turning in his best performance since *Morgan!*) to contemporary San Francisco. The details of Wells's disillusionment with the modern world (he had expected Utopia) and the interplay between this tweedy Victorian and the quirky bank official (Mary Steenburgen) he falls for, are expertly conceived and beautifully acted. Much of the movie is pretty hard to swallow, but watching it makes us believers — because it makes us want to believe. *Galeria.*

★★★TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (1944). "Just put your lips together and blow," instructs a sultry 19-year-old Lauren Bacall, and Humphrey Bogart, as a fishing boat skipper drawn reluctantly (of course) into anti-Nazi intrigue, learns how to whistle. Howard Hawks directed this extremely loose Hemingway adaptation with a great deal of verve, and Walter Brennan added his usual endearing if exaggerated support. *Harvard Square.*

TO FORGET VENICE (1979). The latest film by Italy's Franco Brusati couldn't be more unlike his last, the acclaimed comedy *Bread and Chocolate*. In a villa outside Venice a former opera singer (Hella Petri) presides over a menage composed of two homosexual couples: Bergman regular Erland Josephson and lover David Pontremoli; and Wertmuller stalwart Mariangela Melato and heartthrob Eleonora Giorgi. *Orson Welles.*

★★★2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968). Stanley Kubrick's science fiction epic is a cinematic landmark, stretching the medium to its limits. Incredibly ambitious, it explores the nature of man in the hierarchy of the universe, and its plot is the whole of human history. No other film has ever matched its immaculate special effects, nor explored so seriously the possibilities inherent in the sensuous response of an audience. An extremely entertaining film, for all its metaphysical clout. *Nickleodeon.*

W

★★★THE WAR AT HOME (1979). Filmmakers Glen Silber and Barry Brown spent four years assembling news clips, Army and Air Force films, and interviews with 20 people to trace a history of the anti-war movement in Madison, Wisconsin from 1963 to 1973. The footage has been carefully structured to document the growth and tactics of the protestors as the war escalated. The careful, distanced approach makes the film a painful, thought-provoking experience instead of a nostalgia trip, and though the movie leaves out a great deal (the counter-culture of the period is barely touched on), it also works something of a miracle, capsulizing in 100 minutes a major change in American consciousness. *Central Square.*

★★A WOMAN IS A WOMAN (1961). Not one of Jean-Luc Godard's better films, this early effort is a romantic musical comedy (with score by Michel Legrand) that is just odd enough to presage what was to come. Shot on a soundstage, in color and Cinema-scope, it stars Anna Karina (who was then Godard's wife) as a young woman who desperately wants a baby. When the man she lives with (Jean-Claude Brialy) refuses to oblige, she enlists the services of his best friend (Jean-Paul Belmondo). The result is a strange mix, indeed: the conventions of musical romance become a vehicle for the director's misogyny. *Institute of Contemporary Art.*

★★THE WOMEN (1940). For some reason, this George Cukor adaptation of Clair Booth Luce's high-pitched, "venomous" play has gained a critical and popular following. Homosexuals used to love it for the non-stop female bitchery and and, in recent years, feminists have mistakenly thought that its exclusion of men was a statement on behalf of female companionship. Actually the movie is obsessed with men and its portrait of women is absurdly retrograde (and this was true in 1940, too). But the superb ensemble includes the great ladies of MGM: Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Joan Fontaine, Paulette Goddard, et al. *West Newton.*

Y

★★★YELLOW SUBMARINE (1968). George Dunning's colorful, inventive animated feature based on (and featuring) dozens of Beatles songs, in which rather bland replicas of the Fab Four rescue idyllic Pepperland from the depradations of the Blue Meanies. Dunning plunders pop art and cartoon images from hundreds of sources but the swirling patterns he creates from them are original and elating. *Harvard Square.*

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ROSS BICKFORD'S COMEDY CAB. A comedy showcase revue presented at Chatham's Corner Restaurant and Lounge, 6 Commercial Street, Boston (926-0188, 354-1724), Thursday at 9:30 p.m. Also Saturday at 9 and 11 p.m., and Sunday (open-mike night) at 9:30 p.m. at Crossroads Restaurant and Pub, 495 Beacon Street, Boston. Tix \$1-\$3.

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1944. 1944 may not have been a banner year for popular song, but this faithful recreation of a typical swing-era radio variety show has schmaltz, nostalgia, and a spectacular Art Deco set — if not much bite. Starring Harry James and his Orchestra, Warren Covington and the Pied Pipers, the Ink Spots, Hildegard, and many others. At the Shubert Theater, 265 Tremont Street, Boston (426-4520), through March 16. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday; at 7:30 p.m. Sunday; at 3 p.m. Saturday and Sunday. Tix \$12-\$22.50.

THE COMEDY CONNECTION. Billed as Boston's foremost comedy showcase, curtain is at 8:30 p.m. Wednesday through Friday (Wednesday is open-mike audition night) at Tommy Maher's Showroom, 15 Hamilton Place, Boston (426-6735); and Saturday and Sunday at 8:30 p.m.

at The Jumbo Lounge, 1133 Broadway, Somerville (623-9257). Tix \$2-\$3.50.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS. This production of Shakespeare's first play, a Plautine farce about mistaken identity among two sets of twins, is set in the silent-movie era, and comes complete with slapstick, Keystone Kops, and barbershop harmony. The concept is not so much offensive as fuzzy: are we watching a staged film, a film parody, or a stock-company production circa 1920? Whichever, the cast performs with the needed verve. In repertory with **The Taming of the Shrew** at the Boston Shakespeare Company, 300 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston (267-5600), through April 4. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Wednesday and Friday. Tix \$4-\$6.50.

CONSTANT COMEDY is unleashed at 9 p.m. Wednesday through Sunday, at Ding Ho, 13 Springfield Street, Inman Square, Cambridge (661-7701). Tix \$1-3.50.

DAUGHTER OF EARTH. An adaptation by Lydia Sargent of feminist journalist Agnes Smedley's autobiographical novel recounting her experiences as a frontier child of poverty, teacher, student and activist. At the Newbury Street Theater, 565 Boylston Street, Boston (261-8894), through April 6. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Friday through Sunday. Tix \$3.50.

GEMINI. This Obie Award-winning comedy by Albert Innaurato, currently the longest-running straight play on Broadway, is set in a Philadelphia backyard and is about a Harvard student panicked by his ambiguous sexual identity. Innaurato might have written a touching play about sexual awakening, but his sophomoric sense of humor prevails, turning the play into a sort of "Animal House of Blue Leaves," with pasta fights and pastry demolitions. Peter Mark Schifter's noisy production emphasizes the grossness — but it is funny and occasionally moving. At the Charles Playhouse, 76

Warrenton Street, Boston (426-6912), through April 13. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Tuesday through Friday; at 6 and 9:30 p.m. Saturday; at 3 and 7:30 p.m. Sunday. Tix \$9.50-\$12.50.

HOLD ME/LET ME GO. A dramatic collage, pieced together from excerpts of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Virginia Woolf, Erica Jong, Shelagh Delaney and Frank Wedekind, about the mother-daughter relationship. Created and performed by Shirley Nemetz-Ress and Kathleen Patrick. At the Reality Theater, 26 Overland Street, Boston (262-4780). Curtain is at 8 p.m. Thursday, March 13, through Saturday, March 15. Tix \$3.

CHANCE LANGTON COMEDY NIGHT. With special guests. Saturday at 8 and 10:30 p.m. at the Ding Ho Comedy Club, 13 Springfield Street, Inman Square, Cambridge (661-7701, 472-0174). Tix \$3.50 and door.

A LITTLE KNIFE MUSIC. The annual Hasty Pudding show is a "longue-in-cheek Victorian tale of love, revenge, and murder." A lot of transvestitism and puns. At the Hasty Pudding Theater, 12 Holyoke Street, Cambridge (495-5205), through March 19. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Sunday and Tuesday through Friday; at 5 and 9 p.m. Saturday. Tix \$7.50-\$8.50.

NAIHPENDGAME IN KURYAT GAT. The American premiere of two Israeli plays, both directed by their adaptor, Nora Chilton. At the Spingold Theater, Brandeis University, Waltham (894-4343), through March 15. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Wednesday through Saturday, and at 7 p.m. Sunday. Tix \$4.25.

PAPER WEIGHT. This new comedy, set in an insurance company and billed as "a humorous look at the clerical profession and the world of work," will be presented by the Rhode Island Feminist Theater at the YWCA on Clarendon Street, Boston (864-0291). Curtain is at 3 p.m. Sunday, March 9. Tix \$5.14 for senior citizens.

PERFECT PICTURES. Staged reading of a new play, by William Kramer, about a 50-year-old woman's confrontation with questions about two failed marriages and her own identity. Part of the Playwrights' Platform series of plays by recipients of the Artists Foundation's 1980 playwrighting fellowships. At the Next Move Theater, 955 Boylston Street, Boston (482-8100). Curtain is at 8 p.m. Monday, March 10. Tix free, requested donation \$1.

ROOM TO GROW. Staged reading of a new play by Elaine Cohen. At the Nucleo Ecletico, 37 Clark Street, Boston (742-7445). Curtain is at 2 p.m. Sunday, March 9. Tix \$1.

SHEAR MADNESS. The gimmick of this stock murder-mystery set in a swank Newbury Street hairstyling salon is that, each night, the audience is invited to play detective and, eventually, to vote on whodunnit. This game, which is rather like Clue with Vidal Sassoon sitting in for Colonel Mustard, proves to be tedious in the extreme. Fortunately, the show's cabaret setting permits the spectators, unlike real detectives, to drink on the job. It helps. At the Charles Playhouse, Stage II, 76 Warrenton Street, Boston (426-5225), through March 16. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Tuesday through Thursday; at 6:30 and 9 p.m. Friday and Saturday; at 3 p.m. Sunday. Tix \$8-\$10.

SUMMER AND SMOKE. Alma Winemiller, the frail, sexually repressed Southern spinster of Tennessee Williams's drama, is still smoldering — this time beneath the weight of an overlong, heavy-handed production by the Court Repertory Theater. At the First and Second Church, 66 Marlborough Street, Boston (267-9446, 868-3555), through March 16. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Friday through Sunday, and at 2 p.m. Saturday. Tix \$4-\$6.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. A fast-paced revival of Shakespeare's early comedy about sexual harassment. Director Richard McElvain stresses the play's innate theatricality without smothering it in gags; and BSC regains Henry Woronicz and Janet Rodgers turn in full-bodied, feisty performances as Petruchio and Kate. In repertory with **The Comedy of Errors** at the Boston Shakespeare Company, 300 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston (267-5600), through May 9. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Thursday and Saturday, and at 2 p.m. Sunday. Tix \$4-\$8.50.

THIS END UP 1980. A new edition of last year's hit comedy revue with music, taking a humorous look back at the '70s, and at what may lie ahead in the '80s. Its first half wobbles badly, but it does come alive in the second, with hard-hitting satire — on subjects as diverse as Ted Kennedy, noise pollution, and the Middle East crisis — and a few routines as poignant as pointed. The cast, for the most part, soars above the material. At the Next Move Theater,

955 Boylston Street, Boston (536-6789), through April 27. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Wednesday through Friday, 7 and 9:30 p.m. Saturday, 7:30 p.m. Sunday. Tix \$7.50-\$9.50.

TOO LATE FOR THE RAINBOW. A new drama, by Frank Alcorn, about an Irish family in South Boston, and a mother's interference with her son's decision to marry; more family misery. Developed from one of the NE's Sunday staged readings. At the Nucleo Ecletico, 37 Clark Street, Boston (742-7445), through March 30. Curtain is at 8:30 p.m. Friday through Sunday. Tix \$4.50.

A TOUCH OF THE POET. Eugene O'Neill's drama about a ne'er-do-well Irish-American bartender, loaded with blarney, memories, and pretensions. An ambitious work, seeking to confer a historical sweep on a family saga, it is well served by this revival, directed by Polly Hogan. At the Lyric Stage, 54 Charles Street, Boston (742-6703), through March 22. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Wednesday through Friday, and at 5 and 8:30 p.m. Saturday. Tix \$4.50-\$6.50.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF BENNO BLIMPIE. A play, by Albert Innaurato (author of **Gemini**), about a 500-pound teenage boy eating himself to death; also about the destructiveness of society. At the Inman Square Alley Theater, 1348 Cambridge Street, Cambridge (492-9567), through March 23. Curtain is at 7:30 p.m. Thursday through Sunday. Tix \$4.50, students and senior citizens \$3.50.

WINDFALL. Premiere of a new musical by Maxine Klein and James Oestereich, about three tramps and the perils of chemical and nuclear warfare — which sounds like a cross between "Modern Times" and "The China Syndrome." Presented by the Little Flagg Theater at the Boston Center for the Arts, 539 Tremont Street, Boston (426-5000), through April 19. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Thursday through Saturday. Tix \$4. (See review in this issue.)

WORLD DO FOR FRAID: AN AFRICAN HOMECOMING. A new play, by Nabil Swaraz, purportedly about "revealing the enigmatic African soul." Presented by the Onyx Repertory Ensemble at the Boston Arts Group Theater, 367 Boylston Street, Boston (267-7196), through March 23. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Wednesday through Saturday, and at 2 p.m. Saturday and Sunday. Tix \$4 evenings, \$3 matinees.

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ALPHA GALLERY (536-4465)
121 Newbury St. Tu-Sa 10-5:30. Through March 26: New Work by Ralph Coburn.

ART AUK (825-9090)
46 Holland St., Somerville M-Sa. 10-6
Through March 29: Photographic Abstractions by Tamara Blesh.

ART/ASIA GALLERY (536-7575)
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58 A Garden St., Camb. Sat. 11-5, and by appt.

BLACKSMITH HOUSE GALLERY (547-8789)
56 Brattle St., Camb.

BOSTON ARCHITECTURAL CENTER (536-3170)
320 Newbury St.

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BOSTON CENTER FOR THE ARTS (426-5000)
539 Tremont St., Boston Tu-Sat 11-4.
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BOSTON CITY HALL (725-3000)
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Through March 31: Boston Photographs by George M. Cushing Jr.

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77 N. Washington St. Boston T-F 11-6 Sat. 11-4.
Through March 22: "Black, White, and In-Between."

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30 Bromfield St. M-Sat 12-6
Through March 27: New Paintings by Jeffrey Simmons Hall.

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CAMBRIDGE ART ASSOCIATION (876-0246)
23 Garden St., Tu-Sat. 10-4

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36 Rutland St. Boston

COPLEY SOCIETY (536-5049)
158 Newbury St. Tues.-Sat. 10-5.

CUTLER/STAVAROS GALLERY (482-4151)
354 Congress St., Boston, W-Sat. 12-5.
Through April 5: Contemporary Paintings by Toronto Artists.

DOLL & RICHARDS (547-0518)
50 Church St. Camb. M-Sat. 10-6
Through March 29: A Retrospective: Burton Silverman.

EARTHLIGHT (266-9617)
249 Newbury St. Tu-Fri 11-6, W 11-8, Sa 11-5.
Fantasy and Science Fiction Art and Sculpture. Through March 29: Sculpture by Don Simpsom.

FRAMEWORKS GALLERY (354-9867)
7 Upland Rd., Cam. M-Sa. 10-6; T-Th. 10-9.
March: Color Photographs by Sue Phillips.

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Through March 29: Prints by Sonia Delaunay.

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344 Boylston St. Sun. 1-5, M-F 10-2.

IMPRESSIONS (262-0783)
275 Dartmouth St. Tu-F 10-5:30, Sa 11-5
Through March 27: Pastels and Gouaches by Bilge Friedlaender.

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NIELSEN GALLERY (266-4835)
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Through March 20: New Works by Anne-Marie Cucchiara, and by gallery artists.

PIANO FACTORY (536-2622)
791 Tremont St.

PRESTIGE GALLERY (536-9372)
175 Newbury St. M-Sat. 10-5:30

PRISON ART PROJECT (482-7392)
253 Summer St., rm. 306 M-F 9-5. Through March 29: Photo/Clay Collage.

PROJECT ART CENTER (491-0187)
141 Huron Ave., Camb. M-F 9:30-5.
Through March 22: "On the Wall," Works by Local Animators; Through April 5: Photo Silkscreens by Jerome Higgins.

PUCKER/SARAI (267-9473)
171 Newbury St. M-Sat. 10-5:30
Through April 7: Small Painted works by David Vereano.

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281 GALLERY (267-5279)
281B Newbury St. Tu-Sa 10-5:30
Works by Gallery Artists.

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South Market Building. Tu-Sa. 11-7, Su. 11-5. FREE. Faces of Five Thousand Years; On Angels' Wings.

MUSEUM OF OUR NATIONAL HERITAGE
33 Marrett Rd., Lexington (861-6563). M-Sa. 10-5, Sun. noon to 5:30. FREE. 19th c. Folk Art; Linen-Making; Highlights from the Museum Collection; American-made Dolls.

MUSEUM OF SCIENCE (723-2500)
Science Park, M-Th 9-4, F 9-10, Sa 9-5, Sun 10-5. Admission \$2-\$3, F 5-10 pm \$1-\$2. By Jove; The Stars Tonight; Probability Machine.

MUSEUM OF TRANSPORTATION (426-8633)
300 Congress St., Museum Wharf, Daily 10-5, F 10-9. Admission \$3, under 16 \$2, F 6-9 \$1. Through March 1: Victorian Costumes. Through April 27: The Circus Comes To Town.

NEW ENGLAND AQUARIUM (742-8870)
Central Wharf, Atlantic Ave.; M-T 9-5, F 9-9, S-S and holidays 9-6. Admission \$4, children \$2.25. F 4:30-9. \$2.50. Over 2000 aquatic creatures. Dolphin and sea lion performances aboard floating amphitheater next to Aquarium.

OLD STATE HOUSE MUSEUM (523-1825)
206 Washington St. M-F. 10-4, Sat. 9:30-5, Sun. 11-5. Adults 75c, kids 25c.
Permanent exhibition: Boston artifacts from 1630-1872.

OLD STURBRIDGE VILLAGE (347-3362)
Mass Pike to Sturbridge exit. Historical Village from the early 19 c. brought to life.

PAUL REVERE HOUSE (523-1876)
19 North Sq., North End. Daily 10-6. Admission 75c. Owned by the night-rider from 1770 to 1800. Only surviving home of 17 c. Boston.

PEABODY MUSEUM (745-1876)
East India Sq., Salem M-Sa 10-5, Sun and holidays 1-5. Admission \$1.50, under 16 75c. Permanent collection: Maritime History, Ethnology, and Natural History. Also: America and the China Trade; Ethiopia; Sculpture by Seamans; Steamship Posters.

USS CONSTITUTION (247-0078)
Boston Naval Ship Yard, Charlestown. FREE.

WORCESTER ART MUSEUM (799-4406)
56 Sullisbury St., Worcester. Tu-Sa 10-5; Su 2-5. Admission \$1, children 50c, free Wed. Contemporary Prints; Beauties of the Pleasure Quarter; Art of the State: Photography 1978-1979.

PHOTOGRAPHY

BORIS GALLERY (261-1152)
35 Lansdowne St. Boston.
Through March 7: Color Photographs by Graeme Outerbridge.

CAMBRIDGE PHOTO CO-OP (354-8299)
188 Prospect St., Mon-Fri. 7-10.

THE DARK ROOM (354-5313)
620 Mass. Ave., Camb. M-Sa. 10-10.

KENNEDY GALLERY (577-5177)
770 Main St., Camb. W-F 11:30-5
Through March 14: 8x10 Images from Japan by Sachiko Kuro and Tuneso Enari.

XIVA GALLERY (266-9160)
231 Newbury St. T-F 11-6.
Through April 26: Photos by Robert Frank.

NE SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY (261-1868)
537 Comm. Ave.
Through March 21: Photographs by Kalman Zabarsky.

PHOTOWORKS (267-1136)
755 Boylston St., (M-F, 9-5:30).
PLASTIC IMAGE GALLERY (482-1214)
16 Thayer St., Boston M-F 11-4

NOSE GALLERY (167-1758)
216 Newbury St. Tu-Sat. 11-5:30

SYNERGISM (536-1633)
249 Newbury St. Tu-Sa 11-6
B & W Vintage Collection by Roydon Burke.

VISION GALLERY (266-9481)
216 Newbury St. Tu-Sa 11-5:30.
Through March 29: Recent Photographs by Lee Friedlander.

VOICES GALLERY
220 North St., N. End.

SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES

ART INSTITUTE OF BOSTON (262-1223)
Gallery East, 700 Beacon St.
Gallery West, 708 Beacon St.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY
Art Gallery, 855 Comm. Ave.
Through March 23: Bronze Sculpture by Harold Tovish.
Mugar Library, 777 Comm. Ave.
Sherman Union Gallery, 775 Comm. Ave.

BRANDEIS U., Waltham
Rose Art Museum, 414 South St., Waltham
Through March 30: The Art of Hung Hsien; Jewish Ceremonial Objects.

CLARK UNIVERSITY, WORCESTER
Little Center Gallery
Through March 19: Ireland Photographs by Ron Rosenstock.

ELMA LEWIS SCHOOL
122 Elm Hill Ave., Roxbury

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
Carpenter Center, 29 Prescott St.
Through March 14, "Iatlands and Related Material," photos by Langdon Clay.
Baker Library
Through March 19: "Cotuit Skies," by Yvette Bouchard.

Peabody Museum
Through May: China's Inner Asian Frontier.
Museum of Comparative Zoology, 24 Oxford St.
Through April 30: Frog Fotos from Ecuador by Kenneth I. Miyata.

MASS COLLEGE OF ART
Overland Gallery, 28 Overland St.
Through March 31: "College Posters."
Langwood Gallery, 364 Brookline Ave.
Thompson Gallery, 364 Brookline Ave.
Through March 13: Student Exhibit.

M.I.T.
Hayden Gallery, 160 Memorial Dr.
Through March 16: "Arts on the Line: Art for Public Transit Spaces."
Creative Photography Gallery
Through April 2: William Clift/Emmet Gowin.

MONTSERRAT SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS
Montserrat Gallery, Dunham Rd.
Through March 28: Paintings and Drawings by Ashley Thompson, Stephen Rawls, and Thorpe Feidt.

MUSEUM SCHOOL
230 The Fenway
Through March 29: Sculpture by Students.

NORTHEASTERN
Dodge Library.
Through March 28: "Transitions" by Joyce Bezdek.

AAMARP Visual Arts Complex, 11 Leon St.
Through March 14: Works by Calvin Burnett.

UMASS BOSTON
Harbor Gallery. (287-1900, ext. 2747)
Through March 31: New Works by Women Exhibiting in Boston (WEB).

Community Arts Gallery, 250 Stuart St.
Through March 31: Closed for repairs.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE
Jovett Arts Center (235-0320, ext. 314)
Through April 6: American Portraits and Landscapes from the Collection.

CLUBS

Bunratty's

186 Harvard Ave.
Allston, Mass. 254-9804

Sun., Mar. 9

THE FARGO BROS.

Mon. & Tues., Mar. 10 & 11

THEM FARGO BROS.
Tues., Mar. 11
Pool Tournament
8:30 pm

Wed., Mar. 12

DR. GRABO

Thurs., Mar. 13

ROXX

Fri. & Sat., Mar. 14 & 15

THE RUBIES

Sunday afternoon Chance Langton
Talent Search 4-8

POSITIVE I.D. REQUIRED



Jonathan Swift's

661-9887
30 Boylston St.
Harvard Sq.

Entertainment Nightly,
Giant Happy Hour, Fridays 4 to 7

March 9, 16, 23

Every Sunday

THE FRANK SHOOSHAN
17 PIECE BAND
playing music from 30's to present.
Tix \$2.00 at door

Mon., March 10

LEGENDARY BLUES BAND
i.e. Muddy Waters backup band
featuring
BRIAN BISESI
CALVIN JONES
PINETOP PERKINS
FERRY PORTNOY
WILLY SMITH
1st show 9:00

Tues., Mar. 11

THIRD RAIL

with

THE RINGS

Wed., March 12

FLORESTA

with special guest
STAN STRICKLAND
& **PHIL WILSON**

nrbq

Thurs., Mar. 13

special guests

TRAVIS-SHOOK BAND

7:30 & 10:30
Adv. Sale

Fri., Mar. 14

RIZZ

Sat., Mar. 15

MEMPHIS ROCKABILLY BAND
also

TRAVIS-SHOOK BAND

Mon., Mar. 17

St. Patrick's Day Party

with

BEAVER BROWN

Tues., Mar. 18

SALOON

Wed., Mar. 19

STORMIN'

NORMAN & SUZY

Thurs.-Sat., Mar. 20-22

ALLEN ESTES BAND

Mar. 24
Adv. Tix now on sale

KINGSTON TRIO

Tues., March 25

ALBERT COLLINS

Adv. sale

Wed., March 26

ESTHER SATTERFIELD

Adv. sale

Mon. March 31

Back By Popular Demand

Rolling Stones

Live at L.A. Forum

1975

plus The Doors, Jimi Hendrix, Bob Dylan & More

Tickets for all "concert" events also
available at Boston Music at Berklee,
Ticketron, Out of Town, Elsie's &
Concert Charge 426-8181

CLUBS

ED BURKE'S
Thurs. & Fri., March 13 & 14
MIDNIGHT TRAVELER
Sat., March 15
MARK DANA BAND

Bellvista
Original Blend of Jazz and Rock
Fri. & Sat., Mar. 14 & 15
at Ryles
Inman Sq., Cambridge

1369 JAZZ CLUB
Sun., March 9
JACKIE BEARD ENSEMBLE
Mon. & Tues., March 10 & 11
JIM BRUNDIGE QUARTET
Wed. & Thurs., March 12 & 13
BUDDY AQUILINA & THE BOSTON JAZZ CONSPIRACY
Fri. & Sat., March 14 & 15
JACKIE BEARD ENSEMBLE
Now open till 2 a.m.
Thurs., Fri., Sat.

1369 Cambridge St. Inman Square, Cambridge 491-9625

Mr. C's Rock Palace
111 Thorndike St., Lowell, Ma.
459-3097
18 y.o. welcome. Positive proof of age to purchase alcohol.

Sun., Mar. 9
ZACHARIAH

Wed., Mar. 12
24 KARAT
25¢ DRAFTS
50¢ VODKA DRINKS

Thurs., Mar. 13
Beer Blast Night
MESSENGER

Fri., Mar. 14
BALLOON
with
KID MORROCO

Sat., Mar. 15
RAMONES

special guest
August
All Tix \$6.50

Sun., Mar. 16
SOUTHPAW
SOUTHERN ROCK NIGHT
99¢ SOUTHERN COMFORT & JACK DANIEL DRINKS

Thurs., Mar. 20
Beer Blast Night
GLASS MOUNTAIN
25¢ DRAFTS,
50¢ VODKA DRINKS

Fri., Mar. 21
GREAT ESTATE

Sat., Mar. 22
TRAPPEL
with
STRIKER
Watch for grand opening of Mr. C's Annex in Lawrence, MA

AMERICAN TEEN
with Allen Estes Band
Thurs., Mar. 13
AT **uncle sam's**
"Straight Ahead Rock 'n' Roll"
Leslie Palmiter
Listen to "Rock On The Radio" & "Too Young To Die" on WBCN & WCOZ
For Booking Info. 617-263-7576

UPSTAIRS
Thurs., Mar. 13
BARBARA LONDON JOHN HUNTER
Fri. & Sat., Mar. 14 & 15
BELLVISTA

DOWNSTAIRS
Sun. & Mon., Mar. 9 & 10
DAVE JACKSON QUARTET
with PAM BRICKER - Sun.
with STAN STRICKLAND - Mon.
Tues. & Wed., Mar. 11 & 12
ED PERKINS TRIO
Thurs., Fri., Sat., Mar. 13, 14 & 15
LEE ADLER/HERMAN JOHNSON QUARTET

RYLES
CAFÉ • BAR • 876-9330
INMAN SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

MATT TALBOT'S
corner of Berkeley & Chandler Streets
Boston 338-9089
Still Crazy After All These Years
Mon. & Tues. Mar. 10 & 11
CHRIS COLLINS
"COMEDY TONIGHT"
Wed. Mar. 12
DONNA DeCHRISTOPHER
Fri. & Sat. Mar. 14 & 15
DOWN YONDER
We're celebrating St. Patrick's Day all weekend long!!
MUSIC & MADNESS NIGHTLY

LIVE BANDS ARE BACK
Wed.-Sunday
King's Row MATCH
Brookline Ave at Fenway Park
261-3532
at **SAMMY WHITES**
1600 Soldiers Field Rd.
Fri., Sat., Sun. Tues. Wed., Thurs.
GREAT PRETENDERS LITTLE WALTER Oldies Night
casual attire ok

Headliners North
In Railroad Square Nashua, N.H.
Only 40 minutes from Boston
Take exit 7E off Route 3
Next to Chart House Restaurant
(603) 889-8844

Tues., March 11
ZACHARIAH
Wed. March 12
THE STOMPERS
Thurs.-Sat., March 13-15
the blend
Tues., March 18
Storm Warning
Coming March 19
"THE CAST" former members of Broadway's Beatlemania.
Adv. Sales
Thurs. March 20
RIZZ
Fri. & Sat., March 21 & 22
BILL CHINNOCK
March 23
POUSETTE-DART BAND & JONATHAN EDWARDS
ADV. SALES

Jasper's
379 Somerville Ave
Somerville (off Union Sq.)

Sun. Mar. 9
BALLOON
Thurs., Mar. 13
LOU MIAMI & THE KOZMETIX and THE PEYTONS
Fri., Mar. 14
RAY PAUL and THE RPM'S
with **Barbara's Sophisticates**
Sat. & Sun., Mar. 15 & 16
THE NEIGHBORHOODS
Thurs. & Fri., Mar. 20 & 21
THE RINGS UNNATURAL AXE
Sat. & Sun., Mar. 22 & 23
THE ATLANTICS
Open Wed.-Sun 625-4975

Monday, March 17
Join us at Scandals to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. Our gala evening full of blarney, favors, Irish jig contest, prizes & more.
So join us as we paint the evening green.

Big Band Sound
at Happy Hour
Monday-Friday
4-7
Hot Hors d'oeuvres
25 Wm. McClellan Hwy. E. Boston, MA
RAMADA INN



Listings

All listings on the next few pages are free. If you want your message to reach millions, have all the details in by the Monday two weeks in advance of your event. Send notices of local cosmic events to Listings Editor, Boston Phoenix, 100 Mass. Ave., Beantown 02115 All copy subject to our revision.

NOTE: ABSOLUTE LISTINGS DEADLINE IS MONDAY AT 5 P.M. - SEND 'EM IN. FOLX!

AID

PHONE NUMBERS

EMERGENCIES

- BOSTON POLICE: 911
- BROOKLINE POLICE: 734-1212
- CAMBRIDGE POLICE: 911
- SOMERVILLE POLICE: 825-1212
- STATE POLICE: 566-4500. 782-2335
- BOSTON FIRE: 538-1500
- BROOKLINE FIRE: 232-4646
- CAMBRIDGE FIRE: 876-5800
- SOMERVILLE FIRE: 623-1500

MEDICAL EMERGENCIES

- BOSTON-BROOKLINE: Call 911.
- POISON: Information Center, 232-2120
- SUICIDE: Samaritans 247-0220
- CAMBRIDGE AMBULANCE: 868-3400
- CAMBRIDGE CITY HOSPITAL: 354-2020
- MASS. GENERAL HOSPITAL: 726-2000
- MASS. EYE & EAR: 523-7900
- BOSTON CITY HOSPITAL: 484-5000
- BETH ISRAEL HOSPITAL: 735-3337
- PETER BENT BRIGHAM HOSPITAL: 732-5636
- POISON INFORMATION CENTER: 232-2120
- RAPE CRISIS CENTER, 24-hour hotline: 492-RAPE. Immediate and continuing support, medical and legal info, referrals. Closed Oct. 9 - Jan. 1.
- RAPE CRISIS HOTLINE serving Greater Lynn and North Shore. Call 595-RAPE for immediate and continuing support, medical and legal information.
- ST. ELIZABETH'S HOSPITAL: 782-7000

HOT LINES

- REPLACE, Lexington, 862-8130. Hotline crisis intervention center.
- PROJECT PLACE, 32 Rutland St., South End, Boston, 267-9150.
- SURVIVAL (471-7100). Open 24 hours, 7 days a week. Serves entire Norfolk County. South Shore area.
- PULSE (762-5144) in Norwood. Trained counselors to help with alcohol, drug, personal problem.
- SAMARITANS, to befriend the despairing and suicidal, 24 hours, 7 days. 247-0220.
- CODE HOTLINE 486-3130, crisis counseling, info, referrals. Call M-F 9 am-11 pm, weekends 7 pm-11 pm.
- PROJECT FRIEND, Marshfield, 834-6563. 24 hrs. Information, referral, crisis intervention.
- PUOSTO, Bridgewater, 697-8111. 24hr information and referral.
- WOBURN WORKSHOP HOTLINE (933-3336) 4-10 pm, Mon-Fri. Information, referrals, counseling and crisis intervention.
- OPERATION VENUS (774-7492 or 1-800-272-2577) Venereal disease info and help.
- CHILD-AT-RISK, child abuse help 24 hrs, 1-800-792-5200.
- PARENTS ANONYMOUS (1-800-882-1250).
- CANCER INFORMATION SERVICE, 9-4:30 M-F, 1-800-952-7420.
- STATE ENERGY PHONE (1-800-922-8265).
- PARENTAL STRESS (1-800-632-8188).

ALCOHOL and DRUGS

- ALCOHOLISM CLINIC of Dimock Community Health Clinic provides free individual and group counseling, alcoholism education, family services, and referral to detox, halfway house, etc. 55 Dimock St. in Roxbury call weekdays 9 to 7, 442-8800, x201, 202 or 203.
- WASHINGTONIAN CENTER for Addictions offers inpatient and outpatient programs for those hooked on alcohol, barbiturates or opiates. Medical and psychiatric counseling, detoxification services, rehabilitation, job finding. 41 Morton Street in Boston, 522-7151.
- BOSTON COUNCIL ON ALCOHOLISM, 250 Boylston St., Boston, 267-7334. Educational programs for community groups. Call Mon-Fri 8:30-4:30.
- THE SALVATION ARMY Harbor Light Center (536-7469) 407 Shawmut Ave., Boston. Provides free overnight lodging for homeless men and women; halfway house for alcoholics. Free clothing, food, job referral and counseling. Open 24 hrs.
- ALCOHOLISM SERVICE at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital: outpatient treatment, individual and group therapy 732-6022.
- NORTH SUFFOLK ALCOHOLISM SERVICES, 427 Broadway, Chelsea (884-8154), 22 Tewksbury, Winthrop (846-9551). Weekdays 8:30-4:30, evens by appt.
- OPERATION MATT information and referral ser-

vice for teenagers affected by alcohol. Phone 1-800-272-2586, 8:30 a.m. - 10 p.m. daily.

APPLETON TREATMENT CENTER FOR ALCOHOLISM
115 Mill St. Belmont (855-2781). Offers inpatient and aftercare services.

CAMBRIDGE-SOMERVILLE PROGRAM (354-2020, ext. 532) Camb. Hospital, 1493 Cambridge St. Emergency walk-in service; groups and referral; for Alcoholics and their families.

SUBSTANCE ABUSE TREATMENT PROGRAM 252 Tremont St. (956-5906) provides an educational series about and for addicts and alcoholics.

AL-ANON (834-5300) 460 Washington St., Braintree. Help and support for families of alcoholics.

PROJECT PLACE (267-9150), Drug info and identification, help w/bad trips, overdose, etc.

DRUG ADDICTION REHABILITATION CENTER (436-6000, ext. 138), Boston State Hosp., 591 Morton St., Dorchester. A therapeutic community offering inpatient, and resident programs, related services. Open to everyone.

ALCOHOLISM INFO REFERRAL (524-7884) referral phone service.

FIRST, 167 Centre St., Roxbury (427-1588) offers help and counseling for drug related problems.

NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL CENTER, offers treatment for drug dependent individuals. Services include information and referral, psychological and physical examination, individual and group therapy and an After Care program. Call 956-5907 or drop by 252 Tremont St., Boston.

MIDDLESEX EAST, 41 Sharon St., Waltham (894-5570) provides drug abuse outpatient services for the communities of Waltham, Weston, Watertown and Belmont.

ENVIRONMENT

BOSTON CLAMSHELL COALITION (661-6204) 595 Mass. Ave., Camb. Anti-nuclear power group holds meetings each 1st and 3rd WED of the month. WED, Mar. 12 and Mar. 26: Orientation session for May 24, occupation/blockade at 7:30 at Clam office, TH, Mar. 13 and Mar. 20: Preparation sessions at Clam office.

CAMPAIGN FOR SAFE ENERGY (423-1901) 120 Boylston St., Boston. Purpose: to confront the presidential candidates with the issue of nuclear power. Volunteers needed for organizing throughout NE and for office work in Boston.

APRIL 26 COALITION FOR A NON-NUCLEAR WORLD is organizing a massive march on Washington April 26-27. Meet TUES from 7 to 8:30 pm at the MOBE office, 13 Sellers St., Camb.

SIERRA CLUB (227-5339) 3 Joy St., Local branch of the oldest environmental protection org., with literature, info, committees on a variety of eco-issues. Volunteers, participants welcome. Open 9:30-3 weekdays.

FUND FOR ANIMALS (964-0721) 137 Walnut St. Newton is an active international organization working on all humane and conservation issues concerning animals. Lit and slide text available.

NURSES FOR A NON-NUCLEAR FUTURE, Box 454, Brookline, MA 02146.

GREENPEACE (542-7052) 286 Congress St. Activist environmental group involved with ending the world's whaling industry and stopping harp seal slaughter. Film presentations available, volunteers always needed. Spring whale-watching trips from Provincetown Harbor.

ZERO POPULATION GROWTH (742-6840) 14 Beacon St. Environmental group seeking to change attitudes and practices that lead to population growth. Stop by or call, weekdays 10-5.

URBAN SOLAR ENERGY ASSOC. (USEA) c/o Brandt, 21 Burnside Ave., Somerville 02144 (628-5558). For anyone interested in solar energy, renewable resources, and conservation in the city. Monthly newsletter, informational meetings, workshops and barn-raising.

NEW ENGLAND COASTAL POWER SHOW, 40 1/2 Kinaird St., Camb., 02139. Traveling energy show presents workshops on problems and solutions, has various working solar models, posters, literature. Volunteers needed.

HABITAT (489-3850) 10 Juniper Rd., Belmont, is an institute seeking to increase environmental awareness and action.

ECOLOGICA (367-1880) 7 Commercial Wharf West, Boston. Non-profit, tax exempt "United Fund" for grassroots safe-energy and environmental groups with a thrust towards fighting nuclear power.

EPIC (523-0376) 3 Joy St., Boston. Energy Policy Information Center, promoting an energy future based on conservation and the efficient use of renewable energy sources. EPIC opposes synthetic fuel development, mining and burning of coal, and nuclear power. Speaker's bureau, lobbying, info resource.

NEW ALCHEMY INSTITUTE is researching basic human support systems — food, energy, shelter. For info, write to 237 Hatchville Rd., E. Falmouth, MA 02536.

GAY LIBERATION

LESBIAN AND GAY HOTLINE: 426-9371 M-F 6 pm-midnight.

HOMOPHILE COMMUNITY HEALTH SERVICE, 80 Boylston St., Boston (542-5188). Counseling and referral, a mental health clinic for gay men and women.

GAY SPEAKERS' BUREAU (354-0133) P.O. Box 2232, Boston 02107.

DAUGHTERS OF BILIBIS (661-3633) 1151 Mass Ave., Camb. Organization for gay and bisexual women. Discussions each Tues. at 8 and each Thurs. at 7:30 p.m. except 2nd of each month.

BAGALS (Boston Area Gay and Lesbian Schoolworkers) PO Box 178, Astor Station, Boston 02123. Write for info.
MASS GAYS POLITICAL CAUCUS (242-3544) 295 Franklin St., Boston. Statewide gay political lobby.
CLEARSPACE, 104 Charles St., Box 119, Boston 02114. Meet second Tues of each month at Arlington St. Church, 355 Boylston St., Boston.
LAGMA (Lesbian and Gay Media Advocates) works on media coverage of gay issues (367-9000).
GAY PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S ASSOC. Box 308, Boston U. Station, Boston 02215.
GLAD (Gay and Lesbian Advocates and Defenders) 2 Park Sq., Boston (426-1350) Gay civil liberties cases. No fee.
FRENZ & LUVVENS offers newsletter, social events, pot-luck dinner and discussion 2nd Fri each month, write to PO Box 814, Boston 02123. Boston Chapter pot-luck and Social: Fri, Mar. 14.
GAY NURSES ALLIANCE/EAST (GNA/EAST) PO Box 673, Randolph, MA 02368. National organization for gay health care workers.
PARENTS OF GAYS (days, 542-5188, evens, 426-9371) Support group for family and friends of gays.
LESBIAN AND GAY PARENTS PROJECT (492-2655) Resource center, counseling and referral. Lunch third SUN each month. Call for info.

9284) PO Box 86, Astor Station, Boston 02123. Housing Clinics (for tenants with questions and problems about rent control, condo conversion, etc.) are offered WED, Mar. 11; MON, Mar. 24; THURS, April 10; at 7:30 pm at the Church of the Covenant, 67 Newbury St., Boston.
MEN
BOSTON MEN'S CENTER (776-9660 or 776-7458) Campus Free College, 14 Beacon St., Boston. Consciousness-raising groups and support.
EMERGE (267-7690) 25 Huntington Ave., No. 206. Groups (and individual work) for men who batter.
M.A.M. FOR E.R.A. (776-9660) For men interested in starting a Boston chapter in this already existing national organization.
WATERTOWN MEN'S CENTER (926-3600) 465 Arsenal St. Consciousness-raising groups, individual, work-related, Viet vets, and workshops. FREE.
NEW ENGLAND MALE REPRODUCTIVE CENTER (247-6632) at the Doctors Office Building of University Hospital (BU), 720 Harrison Ave., Boston. Devoted solely to the treatment of male infertility and impotence.
NORTH SHORE MEN'S CENTER (599-5918). PO Box 344, Beverly, MA 01915. Workshops, discussions and more.
MEN'S RIGHTS, INC. (547-5054) 402 Rindge Ave., Camb. Concerned with sexism and men's rights.

EVERYWOMAN'S SPORT CENTER (926-3008) 120 Elm St., Watertown. Provides sports instruction, activities and physical conditioning programs.
WOMEN'S INDOOR SOCCER LEAGUE (864-8181). For women of all ages and abilities.
BOSTON WOMEN'S ART ALLIANCE (267-0941) 539 Tremont St., Boston. Public understanding and education of women's art and artists. Bring Judy Chicago's "The Dinner Party" meetings held each TUES at 7:30 pm at Leland Center, BCA, 543 Tremont St., Boston.
WOMEN'S COMMUNITY SCHOOL (628-2525) 474 Boston Ave., Medford. Scholarships and childcare available.
THE WOMEN'S SCHOOL (492-4845) 595 Mass. Ave., Camb. Taught by women, for women. Free childcare.
WOMEN'S EXERCISE CLASSES, the cheapest in town - 50 cents, happen each TUES and THURS from 6:30 to 9:30 pm at the Camb. War Memorial Building, 1640 Cambridge St., High School Complex, (498-9028).
MASS. FEMINIST FEDERAL CREDIT UNION (661-0450) 186 1/2 Hampshire St., Camb.
THE WOMEN'S CENTER (354-8807) 46 Pleasant St., Camb. (near Central Sq.) Referral and resource center. Weekly discussions each WED at 8 pm. Discussion of forming a Women's Political Party each WED at 7 pm.
WOMEN'S COUNSELING and Resource Center is at Harvard-Epworth Church, 1555 Mass. Ave. (rear door) in Cambridge (492-8568) Open MON 9 am to 1 pm TUES 5:30, THURS 5:30-8:30.
BOSTON N.O.W. (661-6015) 99 Bishop Richard Allen Drive, Camb. National organization for women. Birth control & abortion referrals, speakers bureau, legal referrals, consciousness-raising groups.
WOMEN'S ENTERPRISES OF BOSTON 739 Boylston St., Boston. All types of workshops, counseling, etc. relating to women's problems in the work force.
SOMERVILLE WOMEN'S CENTER, 7 Davis Square (613-9340). Mon-Fri, 10-3. Women of all ages and backgrounds meet to exchange skills and ideas. A wide variety of activities and projects.
PROJECT W.A.B.E., 55 Sea St., Quincy (979-0734). Vocational counseling for women M-F, 8:30-4:30. No fee.
WOMEN'S COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER (547-2302) 639 Mass. Ave., Camb. GYN, pregnancy screening & abortion care. Self-help groups.
9 to 5 (536-6003) 140 Clarendon St. Organization for women office workers.
HELP FOR ABUSED WOMEN AND CHILDREN (745-2162) 24 hr. hotline (744-6841) offers counseling, speakers and support groups. HAWC is also looking for volunteers.
WIDER OPPORTUNITIES FOR WOMEN (261-2060) 413 Comm. Ave., M-Sa 10-2, W till 8. Career Counseling and employment information center. Resource library and ongoing workshops.
ALLIANCE AGAINST SEXUAL COERCION (AASC) (482-0329) PO Box 1, Cambridge 02139. Offers counseling, inform., referral and advocacy for women who have been sexually harassed at work.
BIRTH DAY, PO Box 388, Cambridge 02138 (288-7404). Homebirth information and referral.
PLANNED PARENTHOOD, 99 Bishop Allen Drive, Cambridge (492-0518). A non-profit, social service and health education agency offering counseling, info and referral, courses, resources and much more, concerned with all fertility-related behavior. Counseling phone: 492-0777.
NORTH SHORE FAMILY PLANNING, 74 Elm St., Danvers (774-5525). Open 8 to 5:30 for information, speakers, films and referrals. Appointments and pregnancy tests.
CODE HOUSE, 396 Concord Ave., Belmont 484-9224. Counseling and referrals for personal, medical and legal problems.
HOMEBIRTH, INC., BU Sta. PO Box 355, Boston 02215 (956-5166). A non-profit group which offers general support services and childbirth classes.
CAMBRIDGE FAMILY PLANNING offers birth control clinics at neighborhood health clinics. Day and evening sessions. Confidential care. Call 868-2900.
COPE is Coping with the Overall Pregnancy Experience, before and after. A professional non-profit service agency offering discussion groups for pregnant and post-partum women and couples; many related groups and services, plus information, resource and referral service (357-5588).
CRITTEWORTH CLINIC, 1 Perthshire Rd., Brighton. Non-profit clinic for out-patient, first trimester abortions. Free pregnancy tests; for appointment call 782-7600. Also BC and GYN services, vasectomy, tubal ligation and counseling.

HEALTH

BLUE SHIELD CUSTOMERS ALLIANCE (739-5063) 99 Revere St., Hull. Call for help with problems with Blue Cross-Blue Shield.
AMERICAN ASSOC. OF DENTAL VICTIMS (AADV) Box 215, Sharon, MA 02067. Local chapter of national org. for people with complaints against their dentist (when writing, send self-addressed stamped envelope).
SOUTHERN JAMAICA PLAIN HEALTH CENTER, 687 Centre St., 522-5900. Referral, medical care for infants and children, gynecological exams, family planning consultation and treatment for women. Adult physical and mental health services, blood pressure screenings.
JOSEPH W. SMITH COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER (783-0500) 51 Stadium Way, Allston. Comprehensive medical and dental center for all. Sliding scale fee. Call for appt.
FENWAY COMMUNITY (267-7573) 16 Haviland St., Bosdtdn. GP, GYN, mental health, pediatrics, gay health. M, W 6:30-8; gay health sessions, T 6:30-8; Women.
MASS. MENTAL HEALTH CENTER (734-1300) 74 Fenwood Rd., Boston. For all people who live or work in Brookline, Brighton, Allston, and Jamaica Plain. Volunteers are needed.
OPERATION VENUS is a referral and info service for venereal disease. Free and confidential. Phone 1-800-272-2577.
OCCUPATIONAL HEALTH CLINIC examines work-related illnesses at Norfolk County Hospital. For info and appt. call 843-0690, ask for out-patient dept.
BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATERS operates a Free Medical Van staffed by doctors, nurses and a street worker. The Van makes evening stops at spots in Boston, Camb. For info call 227-7114, 523-6649.
BOSTON EVENING MEDICAL CLINIC, 314 Comm. Ave., Boston (267-7171). Admits MON-THURS 5:30-8:30, SAT 10-12:30. Appt. advisable, walk-ins accepted when possible. General medical, and many specialty clinics. Medicare, Medicaid accepted when applicable.
HEALTH CARE POLICY COUNCIL, 11 Inman St., Cambridge (868-2900). Consumer advisory board to the Cambridge Neighborhood Health Clinic Program offers consumers an opportunity to have a say in the policies affecting their health care. Also info on services and fees of neighborhood clinics.
WATERTOWN HEALTH CENTER, 85 Main St. (923-0001). Adolescent, adult and pediatric sessions days M-F. Continuity of care by staff physicians and nurses.
KIDNEY TRANSPLANT/DIALYSIS ASSOC. (235-3971). 721 Huntington Ave., Boston. Non-profit, all-volunteer organization for patients and families.

POLITICS

MOBILIZATION FOR SURVIVAL (354-0008) 13 Sellers St., Camb. Local & national coalition advocating zero nuclear weapons; ban nuclear power; stop the arms race, and meet human needs. General meetings 1st THURS of each month at 7:30 pm. Potluck Supper 6:30 pm. Volunteers needed. Mar 29: Three Mile Island Anniversary Rally at noon on the Boston Common.
AMERICANS FOR DEMOCRATIC ACTION (742-1720) 68 Devonshire St., Boston. Working for women's rights, economic justice and the Draft Kennedy movement.
AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE at (661-6130) 2161 Mass. Ave., Camb. Social change organization.
BROWN FOR PRESIDENT (973-4500) 89 State St. Volunteers needed.
CARTER FOR PRESIDENT (973-4550) 53 State St., rm. 910. Volunteers needed.
KENNEDY FOR PRESIDENT (973-4200) 53 State St., rm. 845. Volunteers needed.
CLARK FOR PRESIDENT (536-5217) 739 Boylston St., rm. 214. Volunteers needed to get this Libertarian Party candidate on the Mass. ballot.
NEW ENGLAND WAR TAX RESISTANCE, Box 174 MIT Branch PO Cambridge 02139. Phone 731-6139. An alternative fund for refused federal taxes. Ongoing projects related to taxes and militarism, support and counseling for tax refusers.
SCIENCE FOR THE PEOPLE (547-0370) 897 Main St., Camb. Actions building a critique of present uses of science (in war, psychosurgery, alternative energy, computers, etc.), science teaching study group and a women's study group.
CPYAX (426-3040) 35 Kingston St. Citizens for Participation in Political Action is working on disarmament, military budget cuts, social justice; affirmative action; welfare rights; tax reform; voting rights and support for progressive candidates.
MASS. FAIR SHARE (266-7505) 304 Boylston St., 2nd floor, Boston. State-wide citizens action organization.
COMMON CAUSE, a national citizens lobbying organization. Statehouse lobbying, research, 73 Tremont St., Rm. 345. Phone 523-8200.
SOUTHERN AFRICA AID AND DEFENSE FUND, PO Box 17, Cambridge 02139 (495-4940). Raises funds for political prisoners in S. Africa and dispenses information on the situation there.
BOSTON ALLIANCE AGAINST REGISTRATION AND THE DRAFT (491-4694) 11 Garden St., Camb. Weekly meetings: TH at 7:30 pm.
COMMITTEE FOR GRAND JURY REFORM, 120 Boylston St., Rm. 414, Boston MA 02116 (482-7399). Working to end abuse of grand juries by law enforcement agencies.
BOSTON INFANT FORMULA ACTION COALITION (INFACT), 11 Garden St. Camb. (491-5314). Organizers of Nestles boycott meets every 1st and 3rd TUES of each month at 7:30 pm.
SOCIALIST PARTY OF MASS. (661-1143) PO Box 774, Camb. 02139. Building a movement for democratic socialism in electoral, labor, and community sectors.
UNITED FARM WORKERS (542-4548), 120 Boylston St., rm. 311. Call for info on UFW strikes.
WORLD SOCIALIST PARTY (535-2510) 295 Huntington Ave. Boston. Discussion group meets every SUN at 10 am.
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD (IWW) evens: 787-4237, PO Box 454, Camb. 02139. Revolutionary, industrial union does organizing, strike support; publishes newsletter. Meet first FRI of each month (call for location).
DEMOCRATIC SOCIALIST ORGANIZING COMMITTEE (DSOC) (426-9026) 120 Tremont St., Boston, rm. 305. TH, March 13: John McAward talks about political development in Central America at 8 pm.
WOMEN
BOSTON AREA NAPE CRISIS CENTER (492-NAPE) Call for support and/or info.
BOSTON WOMEN'S RUGBY CLUB for aggressive, athletic, enthusiastic, dedicated women. Call 469-2267 or 924-0683.
RESPOND (823-5900) For battered women and children.
DES ACTION PROJECT (828-7461) PO Box 128, Stoughton, MA 02070.
JAZZ JAM SESSIONS for women and their friends happens each WED at 8 pm at Studio Red Top, 76 BatteryMarch St., 5th floor, Boston (426-3427). Donation \$2.
MASS. WOMEN'S POLITICAL CAUCUS (547-6532) Box 242, Camb. 02139.

LEGAL

CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION OF MASSACHUSETTS, 68 Devonshire St. Boston (742-8020). Helps with defense of all Bill of Rights freedoms.
NATIONAL LAWYERS GUILD, (524-5415) 120 Boylston St., Boston. Consultation and referral.
ROXBURY DEFENDERS COMMITTEE provides free high-quality, comprehensive legal services to indigent persons with criminal cases in Roxbury, Dorchester and Suffolk Superior Courts. Open M-F, 9-5, 126 Warren St., Roxbury. Call 445-5640, 24 hours a day.
ASSOCIATION OF NEIGHBORHOOD LAW CLINICS (482-6761) 120 Boylston St., Boston. Free legal services (on civil cases only) to indigent clients in Metro Boston.
SMALL CLAIMS COURT Advisory Service — consumer, landlord, and other ripoffs up to \$400 can be taken to SCC without a lawyer. Call 427-8782.
MASS. PING (423-1796) Small claims courts advisory service.
INDIGENT JUVENILES (367-2880) aged 7-17 who are charged with crimes may receive free legal aid from Juvenile Court Advocacy Program.
NORML (227-0082) working for the decriminalization of everyone's favorite herb, marijuana. Volunteers needed.
FAMILY LEGAL ASSISTANCE is provided at the Kennedy Center, 27 Winthrop St., Charlestown (241-8866). Mon-Fri., 11-5.
CAMBRIDGE TENANTS ORGANIZING COMMITTEE, 595 Mass. Ave., Camb. Rms 201-202. Open 10-5 354-2064. Housing Clinics Thurs. 7-9.
LANDLORD TENANT PROBLEMS? Mass. Bar Assoc. Court Lawyer Referral Program provides legal assistance for middle and lower-middle income persons with Boston housing problems. Minimal fees. One Center Plaza, Gov't Center. 523-4529. Open M-F.
ALLIANCE OF CAMBRIDGE TENANTS, (825-6700) M-F 8-8 Sat. 9-3. Information and help on Condominimization.
BACK BAY/BEACON HILL TENANTS' UNION (266-

CLUBS

DON'S PUB
 Fridays Tommy Foy
 Saturday Jitterbug Waltz
 512 Mass. Ave., Central Sq., Camb., MA. 491-1777

The Green Apple
 Rt. 1, Peabody, Mass. 535-9840
 New England's Finest female impersonators
 starring **KARL HOUSTON**
 7 nights a week
 Two Shows nightly
 starting at 9:00 p.m.

RANCH HOUSE
 222 Canal St., Green Harbor, Marshfield (on the road to Duxbury Beach) 834-9149
 Wed., March 12
MAXXI ROCCO
 Every Thursday is Blue Thursday featuring the area's finest Blues and Swing Bands
 Thurs., March 13
BACK ALLEY BAND
 Fri. & Sat., March 14 & 15
T. MCGINNIS BAND
 Sun., March 16
BALLS
 Every Wed. & Thurs.
 All drinks 1/2 price 8-9:30 p.m.

cantone's
ROCK & ROLL
 Sun., March 9
THE VIOLATIONS SCAM
G. G. ALLIN & THE JABBERS
 Mon., March 10
LOU MIAMI & THE KOZMETIX GROUND ZERO
 Tues., March 11
TEASERS THE OPTICS
 Wed., & Thurs., March 12 & 13
QUICK FOX GARBO
 Fri. & Sat., March 14 & 15
JUNK MAIL ZOO TYPES PEPITONES
 Sun., March 16
Open 2 p.m. to 2 a.m.
Premiering new bands
TICKETS BEING SOLD NOW FOR PETER DRAYTON & LYRES
FRI. & SAT., MARCH 28 & 29
 69 Broad St., Boston 338-7677

LULU WHITE
 3 Appleton Street
 Boston, Ma. 423-3652
 featuring
 Chef Chandler's cooking
 Nightly 7 pm till 2 am
Sunday Jazz Brunch 12-4 p.m.
 Sunday Jazz Brunch & Jam session. Musicians & dancers invited to sit in. From 12 noon.
 Sat. Mar. 8
BETTY CARTER QUARTET
 Sun. Mar. 9
SAM RIVERS & DAVE HOLLAND
 Wed. — Sun. Mar. 12 - 16
STAN GETZ

GLADSTONE'S
 Loaf & Tankard
 1239 Commonwealth Ave., Allston, Mass.

Tues.-Sat.,
 March 11-15
SMITH BROTHERS

The OXFORD ALE HOUSE
 36 Church Street HARVARD SQUARE
 Directly behind the Harvard Coop 876-5353
 Dunster's Pub • Two TVs • Five Dart Alleys • Happy Hour 5-8
 Sun. & Mon., March 9 & 10 **WHITE MOUNTAIN EXPRESS**
 Tues.-Sat., March 11-15 **BRANCH BROTHERS**
 Sun. & Mon., March 16 & 17 **FAIR, YATES & BETSCHART**

INN-SQUARE MEN'S BAR
 Ladies invited
 1350 Cambridge St. Inman Sq. Cambridge 491-9672
 Sundays **PAUL RISHILL BAND**
 Mon. & Tues., Mar. 10 & 11 **HYPERTENSION**
 Wed. & Thurs., Mar. 12 & 13 **THE MUNDANES**
 Fri. & Sat., Mar. 14 & 15 **Last Appearance Before Nashville!**
John Lincoln Wright & the Sourmash Boys
 Every Sunday 3-6 **STAGE FRIGHT SHOWCASE** with your host **CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE**

GREAT G SCOTT
 1222 Commonwealth Ave. Corner Harvard & Comm. Ave. 566-9014
 Every Sunday **THE RON LEVY BLUESMAN BAND**
 Every Monday **ZAITCHIK BROS. BAND**
 Every Tuesday **MICHAEL & MATT ZAITCHIK acoustically**
 Wed., Mar. 12 **DR. DAVE'S GOLDEN OLDIE'S SHOW Good ol' Rock & Roll**
 Thurs., Mar. 13 **Rock and Roll Music guest D.J. James Petrillo**
 Fri. & Sat. Mar. 14 & 15 **HEIDI & THE SECRET ADMIRERS**
 Coming Fri., Mar. 21 **NEWSBOY** Fri., Mar. 28 **RON LEVY BLUESMAN BAND** Fri., April 4 **MEMPHIS ROCKABILLY BAND**

C CHILDREN
PUPPET SHOWPLACE, 30 Station Street in Brookline Village, presents puppet shows SAT.-SUN. at 1 and 3. Tix \$2. March 9: "Leprechaun of Donegal." March 15-17: "Leprechaun of Donegal."
CHILDREN'S ART CENTRE 36 Rutland St., Boston (536-9666) conducts painting, sculpture and other workshops. M-F 3-5. Yearly registration fee \$2.
CHILDREN'S MUSEUM, museum wharf, 300 Congress St., Boston (426-8855). See Art Listings for exhibits. Fri. nite: admission is FREE from 6-9 pm; Performances each FRI at 7:30, admission to show is 75c.
CROSSWALK: A THEATER FOR CHILDREN combines story-telling, puppetry, music, dance, and sign language for young and special needs audiences in "The Baby and the Bear" and "The House that Oliver Built" each SAT at 11:30 am and 1:30 pm at the Museum of Transportation, 300 Congress St., Boston (426-6633, ext. 267). FREE, with admission
 Continued on page 36

CLUBS

Enjoy Great Chinese food? Discover . . . AKU-AKU
 Delivery Service Available - Boston AKU-AKU only (\$10.00 min) 2 mile Radius - \$2.00
 Call Us! We'll Gladly Send You a Take-Out Menu
BOSTON 390 Commonwealth Ave. 536-0420
 4 p.m. - 3 a.m. daily
 Free parking Somerset Garage
CAMBRIDGE 149 Alewife Brook Pkwy. 491-5377
 11:30 a.m. - 2 a.m. daily
 Luncheon Specials Served Daily

THE IDLER'S BACK ROOM
 492-9639
 123 MOUNT AUBURN HARVARD SQUARE

Sun., March 9
BOB FRANKE

Mon., March 10
BARBARA PHANEUF

Tues. & Wed., March 11 & 12
CAROL GOODMAN

Thurs. & Fri., March 13 & 14
THE LOW REINT QUINET

Sat., March 15
NEW STANDARDS

Join the cast and Dance
 UPSTAIRS AT
Nick's
Celebrity Room
 Wed. Thru Sun.
 100 Warrenton St., Boston in the Theatre District
542-2266

THE MAIN ACT
 CONCERT CLUB
 at
Harbour House
 830 Lynnway, Rt. 1A, Lynn
 (617) 592-2774 — Minutes From Downtown Boston — Free Parking

Sun., Mar. 9
VENGEANCE

Tues., Mar. 11
 Surprise Giveaway Night
EDDIE SHAW & THE WOLFGANG

Wed., Mar. 12
ROBERT ELLIS ORRALL
 with special guests
THE SECRETS
 free admission w/college ID

Thurs., Mar. 13
NATIONAL ATTRACTION
 Call 592-2774 for details

Fri., Mar. 14
THE ATLANTICS
"SHADOW WORLD"
THE MAPS

Sat., Mar. 15
BALCON
 with special guests

Sun., Mar. 16
JOSHUA HAYES VOYAGER

Wed., Mar. 19
NATIONAL ATTRACTION
 Call 592-2774 for details

Coming
 Mar. 24
JACK BRUCE & FRIENDS
 featuring
BILLY COBHAM
CLEM CLEMPSON of Humble Pie
DAVID SANCIOS of E Street Band
 tix \$5.50 in advance \$6.50 day of show

Entertainment begins 9:30 p.m.
 Proper I.D. Required
 for Purchase of Alcohol
 Tix available from Strawberries
 Hub, Out Of Town & Open Door

THE RAT
 BOSTON
 528 COMM. AVE.
 BOSTON, MASS. 02215
 (617) 247-7713

Music starts at 8:30!

Mon., Mar. 10
THE DAWGS
 THE MAKE

Tues., Mar. 11
IDOL THREATS
 with
 THE EGGS
 FLICK TRACY

Wed., Mar. 12
RISER
 THE GAMES

Thurs. & Fri., Mar. 13 & 14
THE DAWGS
HARLEQUIN
 P. S. WILD

Sat. & Sun., Mar. 15 & 16
 from N. Y.
THE RATTLERS
 with
 THE LYRES
 THE LONELY BOYS 4

NEW!
the club
 823 Main St.
 Central Square
 Cambridge
 491-7313

Wed. & Thurs., Mar. 12 & 13
THE LYRES & G.G. ALLIN & THE JABBERS

Fri., Mar. 14
Arista Recording Artists
THE ELEVATORS
 with special guests
Spirit Recording Artists
TENNIE KOMAR & THE SILENCERS


Sat., Mar. 15
THE SPORES

Sun., Mar. 16
KLEEN KUT CRYSTAL

GAMEROOM
 UNDER 20 ADMITTED
 BUT YOU NEED AN ID TO
 DRINK
 AVAILABLE FOR
 PARTIES

Thinking ahead

Legendary Catalan pianist Tete Montoliu is finally coming to Boston, on March 17 at 8 p.m. The solo concert by the great jazz improviser is being sponsored by WBUR-FM, and will be held at BU's Morse Auditorium, 609 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. Tickets for what promises to be a memorable night of music are now available at BUR, 630 Comm. Ave. Cost is \$5.50, with a 50% reduction for station sponsors.



Continued from page 35
 to the Museum (\$3).

HELP FOR CHILDREN offers guidance to kids and their families on day care, counseling, drugs, runaways, foster and medical care, education, Chapter 766 and much more. Hours M-F, 9-5. Boston: 727-8898; Cambridge: 492-1572.

FRANKLIN PARK (442-0991) and **STONE** (438-3662) **ZODS** are open year 'round.

FRIDAY FILM FUN happens each week at 3:30 pm at the Cambridge Public Library, 449 Broadway (498-9080). FREE.

PRE-SCHOOL FILMS are presented each WED at 10:30 am at the Camb. Pub. Library (498-9080), address above. FREE.

YES (Youth Enrichment Services) (267-5877) 180 Mass. Ave., Boston, provides city kids with recreational, educational, and vocational programs.

BOSTON CHILDREN'S THEATER (277-3277) 124 Holland Rd., Brookline, offers performances and classes.

CHILDREN'S BOOK SHOP (734-READ) 237 Washington St., Brookline Village, sponsors readings and workshops by authors each SUN at 4 pm. FREE.

THUMBELINA AND MAYBE A LITTLE BIT MORE is staged (through April 6) SAT-SUN at 2 pm at the Boston Arts Group, 367 Boylston St., Boston (267-7196). Tix \$3.

PUPPET WORKSHOPS, for kids to learn how to make puppets and how to put on puppet shows, happens each SAT (through April 5) from 10:30 to 11:30 am at the French Library, Children's Corner, 53 Marlborough St., Boston (266-4351). Admission \$1.50.

THE SUPER GAMES stars Bugs Bunny, Batman and Robin, Wonder Woman, and a bunch of other cartoon characters, in a musical that pits the good guys and gals against the fiends. This competition is staged at the Orpheum THURS-SUN, Mar. 13-16 at 7:30 pm, with Sat. matinees at 11 am and 2 pm and Sun. shows at 2 and 5:30 pm only Tix \$4-6.

HUNSOELD, a one-man children's show for the whole family, is staged each SUN through April 12 at 2 pm at Eliot Hall, 7 Eliot St., Jamaica Plain (522-8300). Tix \$3.50.

C

CLUBS

AHMED'S DISCOTHEQUE (547-9382), 96 Winthrop St., Harvard Sq. Intimate subterranean disco. Belly dancing Wed.

ALAN'S TRUCK STOP (388-0881) Rtes. 495 & 150, Amesbury. Country music. TUES: live radio show. Th: Carl Perkins, F-Sat: Band of Gold.

THE ALEWIFE (876-9180) 1920 Mass. Ave., Camb., Porter Sq. Jazz FRI, and SAT. nites. No Cover.

THE ARK (247-9548) 835 Beacon St., Boston. Live music, disco FRI-SAT.

ART ART COFFEE HOUSE (625-909) 46 Holland St. Somerville. Live entertainment, homemade snacks.

AVEROF, 1924 Mass. Ave., Cambridge (354-4500). Entertainment nightly.

BACK ROOM at the Idler, 123 Mt. Auburn St. Harvard Square (492-9639). No cover, folk, jazz, and blues. Coffee house.

BOSTON-BOSTON, (262-2424) 15 Lansdowne St. Sophisticated sound and lighting show; snow and fog machines; Boston's largest disco dance floor.

BUDDIES (262-2480) 733 Boylston St., Boston. Disco and lounge. Gay info center 9 pm-1 am.

BUNNATTY'S 186 Harvard St., Allston (254-9804). Large dance floor and separate game room. \$1 cover.

CANTONE'S, 69 Broad St., Boston (338-7677). New wave.

CASEY'S TOO (925-9850) 247 Nantasket Ave., Hull. Live music.

THE CLUB, 823 Main St., in Cambridge, (491-7313). Cocktails and boogieing to live rock.

CLUB CASINO ((603) 926-4542) Hampton Beach, N.H. Live sounds, disco, top name acts.

CLUB SYMPHONY (267-5332 or 266-0039) 280 Huntington Ave., near Gainsboro St. Jazz each Th-F.

THE CROSSROADS PUB, 495 Beacon St., Boston (262-7371). Th: Bob Lazaroff.

CROWN & ANCHOR (487-1430) 247 Commercial St., Provincetown.

CYRANO'S (254-0003) 200 N. Beacon St., Brighton. Th: Live country rock.

DAISY BUCHANAN (247-8516) 240a Newbury St.

Small Club, no cover or dancing.
DARTS (536-6560) 271 Dartmouth St. Disco.

DING HO (661-7700) 13 Springfield St., Inman Sq., Camb. Lotsa comedy.

DOYLE'S (524-2345) 3484 Washington St., J.P. Local Sounds.

ED BURKE'S, 808 Huntington Ave., Boston (566-9267). Live Music Fri-Sat.

ELIOT LOUNGE, (262-5155) Mass. and Comm. Aves., Boston, features live music, no cover or minimum and a fine crew of marathoners.

FLOWER GARDEN CAFE (367-5924), N. Quincy Market Bldg. Fine food and music nightly.

FRANK NSTEIN'S, Mass. Ave. at Newbury Street. Films shown nightly at 9 pm.

FROLICS, Salisbury Beach (465-8400). Rock 'n' Roll ballroom, casual dress.

GJTSBY'S, Park Square, Boston (247-8848). Small casual pub, no dancing or cover.

GLADSTONE'S, 1239 Comm. Ave., Allston (254-9588). Fine audibles nightly.

GREAT SCOTT, (566-9014) 1222 Comm. Ave., Allston.

HONEY LOUNGE (536-3136) 909 Boylston St., Boston. New Wave.

GROUND ROUND, in the Prudential Center (247-2500). No cover or minimum.

INN SQUARE MEN'S BAR, ladies invited, 1350 Cambridge St., Camb. (491-9672). Entertainment nightly.

JACKS, (491-7800). 952 Mass. Ave., Camb. Out-tasite tunes nightly. S: Red Tape, M-T: Joe Lilly Band, W-Th: Fly By Night, F-Sun: Fat City Blues Band.

JASON'S (262-9000) 131 Clarendon St. Disco, dining, piano bar. Dress code.

JASPER'S (625-4975) 379 Somerville Ave., off Union Sq., Somerville. Live sounds.

KING'S ROW I, (261-3532) Brookline Ave. at Fenway Park. Live music, dancing nightly.

KING'S ROW II, (254-0710) at Sammy White's Brighton Bowl, 1600 Soldiers Field Rd. Brighton.

LULU'S, (423-3652) 3 Appleton St., Boston. New Orleans bordello atmosphere with creole cooking. S: jazz brunch. S: Sam Rivers and Dave Holland, W-Sun: Stan Getz.

LUNASEA (622-0343) Rte. 140, Tauton.

MAGOO'S SALOON, 1391 Washington St., West Newton (527-9553). Open noon to 1 am, casual dress.

MAIN ACT, 830 Lynnway, Lynn (581-5555). New England's largest concert club with upstairs space for the under-20's on weekends. Free parking.

MATT TALBOT'S, (338-9089) 77 Berkeley St., Boston. Live music.

MCMAHON'S LOUNGE (782-5060) 386 Market St., Brighton. Entertainment nightly.

ME AND THEE COFFEE HOUSE (631-1215) at the Unitarian Universalist Church, 28 Muford St., Marblehead. Open FRI nights. Mar. 14: Susan Boyer Haley.

MICHAELS PUB 52-A Gainsborough St. Boston (247-7672). Jazz nightly.

MODERN TIMES CAFE (354-8371) 134 Hampshire St., Camb. Live music each Tu, Th-F, films each SAT at 9 pm and SUN at 7:30 pm. Sun: Jim Merkin and Alida, W: Vance Gilbert, Th: Jackson Gilman, F: Katie Wolff, Sat: Rob Gianetti and Fess Moore.

MOLLY'S (783-2900) 161 Brighton Ave., Allston. FRI-SAT: Pogo A Gogo (dance to rock and New-Wave).

MY PLACE, 266 Commercial St. on the waterfront (742-3922). No cover or minimum. Live sounds FRI-SAT, jazz.

NAMELESS COFFEEHOUSE, 3 Church St., Cambridge (864-1630). No charge for anything.

NARCISSUS (536-1950) 533 Comm. Ave., Kenmore Sq. Disco, computerized neon lighting, 3 dance floors.

NEW RISE CLUB (876-8297) 485 Mass. Ave. Central Sq., Camb. Music, dance, disco & new wave W-Sun. Bar, game-room, large dance floor, restaurant. F-Sat: Prince Charles and the City Beat.

NICK'S (482-0930) 100 Warrenton St., Boston. Dining, dancing, drinking.

OXFORD ALE HOUSE, (876-5353), 36 Church St., Harvard Square (behind the Coop).

PAPILLON, (566-8495), 1353 Beacon St., Brookline. Light eats, beer and wine.

PARADISE, 969 Comm. Ave., Allston. 254-2052. Boston's newest and biggest. S-M: Garland Jeffreys, T-Th: The Ramones, F-Sun: Lene Lovich.

PASSIM, (492-7679) 47 Palmer St., Harvard Sq. Good music, fine grub. W-Th: Robin Williamson, F-Sun: Chris Smither plus Taylor White-side.

PEASANT STOCK (354-9528) 421 Washington St., Somerville. Dinner and music. T: Violin Sonatas of Schubert and Stravinsky, W: Weston Wind Quintet, Th: Violin Sonatas of Mozart and Brahms.

PHOENIX COFFEE HOUSE (289-6090) 7 Washington St., Malden. Music, movies, eats.

PLOUGH AND STARS, (492-9653) 912 Mass. Ave.

in Camb. Fine folk, exotic bevies; live sounds Sunday and Tues.-Thurs. each W: Crockett.

RANCH HOUSE (834-9149) 222 Canal St., Green Harbor, Marshfield. New Wave.

POON'S, 414 Comm. Ave., Boston (262-6911).

THE RAT, (247-7713) 528 Comm. Ave., Boston. New-wave, Punk sounds.

RED COACH GRILL, 150 Granite St., Braintree (843-1002). Each Sun: Leon Merian's 14 Piece Big Band.

RILEY'S BEEF & PUB, 15 New Chardon St., Gov't Center (723-8089). Jazz, disco, funk.

ROLLER EMPORIUM (262-6132) 145 Ipswich St., Boston (formerly Spinoff). New Wave, rock and disco to skate to.

RYLES, (876-9330) Inman Square, Cambridge. Live jazz sounds nightly. F-Sat: Bellvista.

SAINTS BAR, 112 Broad Street, Boston. All women welcome, come and dance. For directions call Women's Center, 354-8800.

SATCH'S (266-2929) 4- Stanhope St., Boston. Tu-Sun: entertainment, no cover.

SIR HARRY'S (338-7979) 18 Oliver St., Boston.

SOMEWHERE (423-7730), 295 Franklin St., Boston. Women's bar, disco, no cover week-days. Sun, Mar. 16 at 4 pm: "Take Another Look" is performed by Boston's Lesbian Theater Co. \$3.50.

SPEAKEASY (354-2525) 24 Norfolk St., Central Square, Cambridge. Fine artists nitely.

SPIT (262-2437), 13 Lansdowne St., Boston. Dance to new wave, rock, and reggae. Open FRI-SAT from 10 pm-1:37 am, \$4. F: Oedipus is the DJ, Sat: Tony V.

STUDLEY'S, corner Beacon and Kirkland Sts. on Camb.-Somerville line (354-9145).

SUNFLOWER, 22 Boylston St., Harvard Sq. Jazz seven nights a week. Each Sun. from 3-4 pm: Live radio broadcast on 'CAS. S-M: Craig Purpura Quartet, W: Search, F-Sat: Ron Mooradian Quartet.

JONATHAN SWIFT'S, 30 Boylston St., Harvard Sq. (661-9887). Entertainment nightly. TU: Third Rail, Rings, W: Floresta w/Stan Strickland, Th: NRBO, F: Rizzz, Sat: Memphis Rockabilly Band.

THE TAM, 1648 Beacon St., Brookline (277-0982). Food, drink and live music.

THACKERAY'S (762-2555) Rte. 1, Walpole Mall. Entertainment nightly.

TEN-O-SIX (731-0254) 1006 Beacon St., Brookline.

1369 CLUB, (491-9625) 1369 Cambridge St. in Inman Sq., Cambridge. Live jazz seven nights a week from fine local groups. Price is right, no cover.

UNCLE SAM'S (925-2585) 296 Nantasket Ave., Hull. Great Sound, lighting, dance floor.

UNDERGROUND (566-8577) 1110 Comm. Ave., Allston. A new club showcasing local new-wavers.

UP FROM UNDER COFFEE HOUSE (491-6930) at Red Book, 136 River St., Central Sq., Camb. Open SUN at 3 pm.

WALTER'S, 1700 Beacon St., Brookline (566-3469). Razz and show tunes nitely.

WHO'S ON FIRST, 19 Yawkey Way, Boston. Live Music.

WINE CELLAR (536-7862) 524 Comm. Ave., Kenmore Sq., Boston. Live jazz each Tues-Sat.

D

DANCE

PARTICIPATION

FOLK DANCING info, Call the Folk Arts Center of New England at 862-7144.
FOLK DANCING happens each FRI from 8:15 to 11 pm for beginners, and each THURS at the same time for the more advanced, at the First Baptist Church, 5 Magazine St., Central Sq., Camb. Admission \$2, \$1.50 for students.

DANCE FREE provides an alternative dancing space for those who are just not cut out in the disco mold, with all kinds of music, no smoking, and no alcohol each WED at 7:30 pm at the Christ Church, Zero Garden St., Harvard Sq., Camb. (491-4195). Donations are usually asked for at the door.

INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF BOSTON (536-1081) 287 Comm. Ave. sponsors folk dancing each THURS at 7:30 pm. Beginners welcome. Donation \$1.50.

CAMBRIDGE FOLK ORCHESTRA plays international folk dance music FRI, Mar. 14 from 8:15 to 11:15 pm at the Christ Church, Zero Garden St., Camb. (729-3272). Tix \$1.50-\$2.

SQUARE DANCING, with caller Archie Howell, for

beginners and the more advanced, takes place SAT, Mar. 15 at 7:30 pm at the United Parish, Willet Hall, 210 Harvard St., Coolidge Corner, Brookline (277-6860). Tix \$2.

PERFORMANCE

BOSTON BALLET dance Balachine's La Sonnabula, Taylor's Aureole, and Cunningham's Estuary SUN, Mar. 9 at 2 pm at the Music Hall (542-3945). Tickets \$4-\$17.

CONCERT DANCE COMPANY perform SUN, Mar. 9 at 2 pm at the Newton Arts Center, 61 Washington Park, Newtonville (964-3424). Tickets \$2.50.

ROYAL DANCERS AND MUSICIANS FROM THE KINGDOM OF BHUTAN perform SUN, Mar. 9 at 8 pm at Walker Memorial Hall, MIT, Cambridge (253-3210). FREE.

LIVE FROM NYC is a dance performance with works created by, and danced by, ex-Bostonians who went to NY for fame and fortune (Christina Nichols, Jane Setteducato, and Hallie Wanamaker) and are returning to Camb. for 2 performances SAT-SUN, Mar. 15-16 at 8 pm at the Joy of Movement Center, 536 Mass. Ave. Tix \$3.50.

BOSTON CONSERVATORY DANCE THEATER premieres faculty works FRI-SAT, Mar. 14-15 at 8 pm, and SUN, Mar. 16 at 3 pm at the Conservatory Theater, 31 Hemenway St. (536-6340, ext. Dance) Tix \$3.

LECTURES

ART SANDWICHED-IN are gallery talks during lunchtime (12:15 pm) with free dessert and coffee each FRI at the Institute of Contemporary Art, 955 Boylston St., Boston (266-5152). Tix \$1.25. March 14: "The Collaboration of Florine Stettheimer and Virgil Thomson."

COMMUNITY CHURCH OF BOSTON (266-6710) sponsors talks each SUN at 11 am at BU's Morse Aud., 602 Comm. Ave. FREE. March 9: Charito Planas talks about "The Philippines: Will They Be the Next Iran." Mar. 16: Sen. Jack Backman talks about "The Crime of Incarceration."

HOLISTIC HEALTH LECTURES happen each MON at 7:30 pm at Interface, 63 Chapel St., Newton (964-7140). Tix \$5. March 10: "Healing in the Treatment of Modern Medicine."

LECTURE SERIES happens each TUES evening at 8:15 pm at the Blacksmith House, 56 Brattle St., Harvard Sq., Camb (547-6789). March 11: "Colonial Household."

ETHICAL SOCIETY (267-2049) 5 Comm. Ave., Boston, sponsors lectures each SUN at 11 am. FREE. March 9: Noam Chomsky expounds on "The New Cold War."

PEACE PRIORITIES IN THE '80s is the topic of a series every second THURS at 8 pm at the First Parish Church, 3 Church St., Harvard Sq., Camb. (661-6130). Tix \$2. Next lecture is Mar. 27.

ABOUT OUR BODIES is about women's health issues each THURS at 7:30 pm at the Cleveland School, 11 Charles St., Fields Corner, Dorchester Donation \$1. March 27: "Infections."

GEORGES BANK: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE is the topic each THURS at 7 p.m. at the New England Aquarium (495-4024). FREE. March 13: "Mammals and Birds of Georges Bank."

THE PAST AS PROLOGUE is the subject each WED at 8 pm at the Museum of Science (723-2500). FREE. March 12: "Basement of the Continent: A Major Frontier of Modern Geology."

EXERCISE, HEALTH AND NUTRITION are commented on every other TUES at 7:30 pm at the BBN-Jewish Community Center, 50 Sutherland Rd., Brookline (734-0800). Tix \$1. March 25: "Back Problems."

LOSS is dissected and explained each THURS at 9:30 am at McLean Hospital, Pierce Hall, 115 Mill St., Belmont. FREE. March 13: "Explaining Death to Children and Ourselves."

FOGG ART MUSEUM (495-4544) 32 Quincy St., Camb. features lectures about the Harvard collections each THURS at 5 pm. Tix \$3. March 20: Peter Ashton.

FOREIGN FOCUS SERIES takes place every second WED from 11:45 am to 1 pm (lunch available or BYO) at the World Affairs Council 22 Battery March St., Boston (482-1740). Tix \$2.50. Mar. 12: "India and the Return of Indira Gandhi."

ISRAEL, THE ARAB STATES, AND AMERICAN JEWRY is the topic SUN, Mar. 9 at 1 pm at the Zionist House, 17 Comm. Ave., Boston (267-3600). Admission \$2.

HENRY FAIRLIE, a Washington-based British journalist, talks about "The Politics of Promise" TUES, Mar. 11 at 3 pm at UMass/Harbor Campus, Library, floor 11. FREE.

ELLEN GOODMAN, Globe columnist, discusses "The Women's Movement: Can We Have It All?" TUES, Mar. 11 at 8 pm at Harvard Law School, Langdell North Middle Classroom (495-4417). Admission \$1.50.

ELMA LEWIS and EDWARD STRICKLAND discuss Boston's Black cultural experiences TUES, Mar. 11 at 8 pm at UMass/Harbor Campus, Library-Faculty Club (287-1900, ext. 2277). FREE.

ANDRE EMMERICH discusses the "Art Market" TUES, Mar. 11 at 8 pm at the Fogg, 32 Quincy St., Camb. (495-4544). Admission \$7.

BIOLOGY AS A SOCIAL WEAPON: SOCIAL BIOLOGY THEN... SOCIOBIOLOGY NOW is the topic of a forum presented by Science for the People TUES, Mar. 11 at 7:30 pm at BU's Sherman Union, 775 Comm. Ave., Boston (547-0370). FREE.

SHINLEY HAZZARD speaks WED, Mar. 12 at 6:30 pm at the Boston Literary Hour, Women's City Club, 40 Beacon St., Boston. Tix \$4.50.

FILM AS ETHNOLOGY SOURCE MATERIAL is the topic WED, Mar. 12 at 7 pm at the Boston Public Library, Rabb Lecture Hall, Copley

Continued on page 38

The RED BARN

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Tues. Mar. 11
WUNDERKIND
SOMEONE & THE
SOME BODIES

Wed. Mar. 12
MEN & VOLTS
OUTER TUBE

Thurs. Mar. 13
VINNY BAND
ZOO TYPES

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Sun., Mar. 9
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| Thurs., March 20 thru Sun., March 23 | GUY VAN DUSER and BILLY NOVICK plus JON GAILMOR |
| Tues., Mar. 25 | MARK HEARD |
| Wed., Mar. 26 | ROSS BICKFORD'S COMEDY CAB |
| Thurs., Mar. 27 | BAY STATE BLUEGRASS |
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Mar. 20
THE BLEND
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Continued from page 37

Sq., Boston. FREE.

HOLISTIC DESIGN IS EXPLAINED THURS. Mar. 13 at 8 pm at Harvard's Carpenter Center Lecture Hall, 24 Quincy St., Camb. (495-3251).

ANNA DAVIN, a British Marxist feminist historian, talks about "People's History" FRI, Mar. 14 at 8 pm at UMass, 100 Arlington St., Boston, rm. 509. FREE.

TEACH-IN FOR NO DRAFT, NO WAR, AND NO ARMS RACE happens SAT, Mar. 15 from 9 am to 5 pm at the Arlington St. Church, Boston. Donation \$3-\$5. Call the sponsors, the American Friends Service Committee (661-6130) for more info.

NATIVE AMERICAN INDIAN PEOPLE: THEIR LANDS AND THE ENERGY CRISIS is the issue SUN, Mar. 16 at 7:30 pm at the Center for Marxist Education, 550 Mass. Ave., Central Sq., Camb. (868-5620). Donation \$1.

POLES AND THE MEDIA (no, not the North and South) is the topic for Globe Poles Dianne Dumanoski and Carol Stocker SUN, Mar. 16 at 3 pm at Harvard's Phillips Brooks House (262-1194). FREE.

POP, ETC.

BOSTON GLOBE JAZZ FESTIVAL features top performers in a week of jazz at the Berklee Performance Center. SUN, Mar. 9 at 8 pm: Bill Evans and George Shearing; MON, Mar. 10 at 8 pm: Local jazz groups; TUES, Mar. 11 at 8 pm: Muddy Waters; WED, Mar. 12 at 8 pm: Carla Bley; THURS, Mar. 13 at 7:30 pm: Tribute to Billie Holiday and Lester Young; FRI, Mar. 14 at 7:30 and 10 pm: Dizzy Gillespie and Carmen McRae; SAT, Mar. 15 at 7 and 10 pm: Latino Jazz.

THE CLASH, one of the better British punk imports, play SUN, Mar. 9 at 7:30 pm at the Orpheum. Tix \$8.50.

SILLY WIZARD, a 6-piece band featuring traditional Scottish folk songs, ballads, and instrumentals, perform SUN, Mar. 9 at 8 pm at the First Congregational Church, 11 Garden St., Camb. Tix \$4.50.

REBEKAH AND ALBIN ZAK play piano, guitar, and oud SUN, Mar. 9 at 6 pm at Emmanuel Church, 15 Newbury St., Boston. Donation \$2.50.

LORIE ANDERSON and **RHYS CHATHAM** feature a two-part concert of multi-media works MON, Mar. 10 at 8 pm at the ICA, 955 Boylston St., Boston (266-5152). Admission \$4.

MEG CHRISTIAN performs with **MAXINE FELDMAN** and **J.T. THOMAS WED**, Mar. 12 at 8:30 pm at Sanders Theater. Donation \$6.

HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE give a performance to benefit the Coalition for Direct Action at Seabrook FRI, Mar. 14 at 8 pm at Mass. College of Art, 364 Brookline Ave., Boston (661-6204). Tix \$4.50.

SUKAY, a San Francisco group who perform music of the Andes, appear SAT, Mar. 15 at 8 pm at the Me & Thee Coffee House, 28 Muford St., Marblehead (631-1215). Tix \$3.50.

SHIRLEY SHERWOOD, a feminist songwriter and guitarist, performs SAT, Mar. 15 at 10 pm at the Boston Arts Group, 367 Boylston St., Boston, 3rd floor. Co-sponsored by BAG, and the National Center for Women in the Arts of Emerson College (262-2010, ext. 271).

SEMENTA MCCORD and **THE JIM BRIDGES QUARTET** perform SAT, Mar. 15 at 8 pm at a benefit sponsored by the Willie Sanders Defense Committee (disco follows at 10:30 pm) at the Elma Lewis School, 122 Elm Hill Ave., Roxbury (442-8820). Donation \$5.

PHYLLIS HYMAN performs with guests **HIROSHIMA SUN**, Mar. 16 at 7 pm at the Berklee Performance Center. Tickets \$8.50.

AN EVENING WITH RONNIE GILL features Mae Arnett, Dee Kohanna, Stanton Davis, and Gary Sargent SUN, Mar. 16 at 6 pm at Emmanuel Church, 15 Newbury St., Boston. Donation \$2.50.

WHITE MOUNTAIN BLUEGRASS and **JOE VAL AND HERB APPLIN** perform SUN, Mar. 16 at 7 pm at the First Congregational Church, 11 Garden St., Camb. (661-0214). Tix \$4.

465 Arsenal St., Watertown (926-3600).

THE HEALTH WORKER (547-8009) newspaper for all Boston area hospital and health care workers. Help is needed to write, produce, and distribute the paper.

ASIAN AMERICAN RESOURCE WORKSHOP (864-2603) 27 Beach St., 3rd floor, Boston. Open SAT. for the expression of the Asian American experience through art, culture, and history. Seeking supporters and members.

POETRY & PROSE

PHONE-A-POEM features a different poet every two weeks, 24 hrs.-a-day 492-1144.

CENTRAL SQUARE WRITER'S GROUP meets each MON at 7 pm at the Central Square Library, 45 Pearl St., Cambridge (498-9081). FREE.

CALAMUS POETS presents open readings each TUES at 8 pm at the Community Church of Boston, 565 Boylston St., top floor. FREE.

BLACKSMITH HOUSE POETRY READINGS happen each MON. at 8:15 pm at 56 Brattle St., Camb.

STONE SOUP POETS read each MON at 8 pm at Sword in the Stone, 15 Charles St., Boston (738-8660). Tix \$1.

AMERICAN FICTION DISCUSSION GROUP meets alternate THURS at 7 pm at the Central Sq. Library, 45 Pearl St., Camb. (498-9081). FREE.

SOUNDINGS EAST Magazine is seeking poetry submissions. Send 3-5 poems and an SASE (deadline Mar. 15) to Soundings East, Salem State College, Salem, MA 01970.

ALICE MATTISON, JEFFREY SCHWARTZ, and **ROBERT LOUTHMAN** read from their poetry SUN, Mar. 9 at 7 pm at Avenue Victor Hugo Bookstore, 339 Newbury St., Boston. Tix \$1.

MARK STRAND reads from his poetry THURS, Mar. 13 at 5 pm at BU's Sherman Union, 775 Comm. Ave., Boston. FREE.

MISC.

BOSTON CAMERA CLUB meets each MON at 7:30 pm at the First Presbyterian Church, 32 Harvard St., Brookline (731-1953). FREE.

BOSTON SCRABBLE PLAYERS CLUB meets each MON from 8:30 to 9:30 pm at the Jackson Mann Community School, 500 Cambridge St., Allston (the club is closed on all school holidays and snow days). Players are ranked, prizes awarded for highest scores, and refreshments served. Admission \$1.

FREE HOME MOVIE CLINIC, for anyone who needs help with their equipment, happens the third WED of each month from 7 to 10 pm at the Boston Film/Video Foundation, 39 Brighton Ave., Allston (254-1616). FREE.

HENRY YOUNGMAN performs SAT, Mar. 15 at 8 pm at Temple Mishkan Tefilah, 300 Hammond Pond Parkway, Chestnut Hill (965-2356). All tix sales in advance \$10.

NEW ENGLAND SPRING AND GARDEN FLOWER SHOW, presented by the Mass. Horticultural Society, takes place SAT, Mar. 15 to SUN, Mar. 23 from 10 am to 10 pm at the Commonwealth Pier Exhibition Hall, 170 Northern Ave., Boston.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATION takes place SAT, Mar. 15 at 8 pm at the Somerville Armory, 191 Highland Ave.

MUSIC

CLASSICAL

MASTERWORKS CHORALE perform chamber and solo works of Mendelssohn SUN, Mar. 9 at 3 pm at Old West Church, Boston (396-1981). Admission \$4.

COLLADE perform original works SUN, Mar. 9 at 3 pm at Sanders Theater. Tix \$4-\$6.

CIVIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF BOSTON feature works of Beethoven, Debussy, Britten, and Elgar SUN, Mar. 9 at 8 pm at Jordan Hall. Tix \$1.50-\$4.50.

MUNICH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA performs works of Genzmer, Stadlmair and Haydn SUN, Mar. 9 at 8 pm at Symphony Hall (266-1492). Tix \$7-\$10.

NEC SCHOLARSHIP WOODWIND QUINTET feature works of Ligeti, Danzi, and a selection of ragtime music MON, Mar. 10 at 8 pm at Jordan Hall. FREE.

COPPOCK-HODGKINSON DUO feature works of Beethoven for piano and cello TUES, Mar. 11 at 8 pm at the Longy School of Music, One Follen St., Camb. (876-0956). FREE.

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO presents works of Mendelssohn and Stravinsky WED, Mar. 12 at 8 pm at the Longy School of Music, see address above. FREE.

ANDREW WALDO performs a Master's Degree recorder recital WED, Mar. 12 at 8 pm at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, 35 Bowdoin St., Boston. FREE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, with pianist Claudio Arrau, perform selections of Schumann and Schubert THURS, Mar. 13 and SAT, Mar. 14 at 8 pm and FRI, Mar. 14 at 2 pm at Symphony Hall. Tickets \$7-\$18.

KING FOR A DAY, Giuseppe Verdi's comedy opera, is performed by the Boston Lyric Opera Company THURS, Mar. 13 at 8 pm and SUN, Mar. 16 at 3 pm at Brookline High School, Roberts Aud. (426-3960). Tix \$7.50-\$12.50.

HARVARD WIND ENSEMBLE, with trumpeter Rolf Smedvig (from the BSO), perform FRI, Mar. 14 at 8:30 pm at Sanders Theater. Tix \$2.50.

MAURIZIO POLLINI gives a piano recital FRI, Mar. 14 at 8 pm at Symphony Hall (266-1492). Tickets \$7-\$10.

MYSTIC VALLEY CHAMBER ORCHESTRA play works of Beethoven, Wagner, and others SAT, Mar. 15 at 8:15 pm at the First Congregational Church, 21 Church St., Winchester (924-4939). Tix \$5.

HARVARD-RADCLIFFE ORCHESTRA perform in honor of Nadia Boulanger SAT, Mar. 15 at 8:30 pm at Sanders Theater. Tix \$2-\$5.

DORIS DUYER, principal flutist with the BSO, performs solo SUN, Mar. 16 at 5 pm at the French Library, 53 Marlborough St., Boston (266-4351). Admission \$7.50

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS perform SUN, Mar. 16 at 3 pm at Symphony Hall. Tix \$6.50-\$9.50.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN CONCERT CHOIR include works of Schumann, Rabe, Kodaly, and

NOTICES

NOTE: Please consult the classified ads in our Lifestyle section to discover the myriad educational experiences available in the Hub.

CIVIC CENTER AND CLEARINGHOUSE (227-1762) can help you explore career options through volunteer work in ecology, consumerism, health services, advocacy, teaching, tutoring and more. Also career counseling.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY JAIL needs volunteers with knowledge, skills or talent to lead mini-courses for prisoners awaiting trial. Contact Paul Blazar at 729-8030.

DARE FOSTER HOMES, 14 Beacon St., Boston. Rm. 306 is seeking people interested in becoming foster parents. Call 723-3420 day or night.

SOLOMON MENTAL HEALTH CENTER (459-6454) needs volunteers for office work, babysitting, coffee shop, and patient care.

ONE TO ONE is looking for volunteers to be teachers/counselors to inmates at MCI Concord. Call 275-7831 for info.

BOSTON VETERANS DISCHARGE UPGRADE PROJECT (367-2535) 25 Beacon St., Boston. Call for free, confidential help in upgrading unfair discharges.

MASS. MENTAL HEALTH CENTER (734-1300, ext. 297), 74 Fenwood Rd., Boston, needs volunteers.

MEDIC (272-8000, ext. 243) 5 New England Executive Park, Burlington, helps Vietnamese vets with health care skills with job placement and counseling program.

ANIMAL AID investigates abuses of animal experimentation. Call 731-8708 or 893-3559.

MENTAL PATIENTS LIBERATION FRONT (266-4846) 230 Boylston St., Boston, rm. 204. Weekly SUN night meetings at 6 pm.

MASS. ASSOCIATION FOR THE BLIND (738-5110) needs volunteers to help a blind male adult with recreational activities.

THE BOAT PEOPLE need help, including housing, clothing, furniture, storage space, etc. Call the International Institute of Boston, Indochinese Resettlement Program (536-1081) 287 Comm. Ave., Boston.

CABLE TV ACCESS COALITION (482-8695) works to insure community involvement in the planning of the Boston cable system. Meets second MON of each month at Urban Planning Aid, 120 Boylston St., Boston.

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOLS need volunteers, call for info at 498-9218.

CEASE (Coalition to End Animal Suffering in Experiments) is an all-volunteer organization (933-1528, eves.).

CONCERNED UNITED BIRTHPARENTS (491-8556) Box 126, Somerville, MA, 02144. A support/activist group for people who have had a child placed for adoption.

VIET VETS RAP GROUP meets each THURS at 7:30 pm at the Watertown Multi-Service Center,

TRIPPING

IT'S ABOUT TIME is a national juried competition of one-of-a-kind time pieces in all media. The exhibition runs through March 15 at the Worcester Craft Center, 25 Sagamore Rd. (753-8183).

OTHELLO, starring Maurice Woods as the Moor, is staged by the Theater By the Sea, 125 Box St., Portsmouth, NH (603-431-6660). Curtain is at 8 pm TUES-FRI; 5 and 9 pm SAT; 3 and 7:30 pm SUN.

SPRING GARDEN AND FLOWER SHOW of the Worcester County Horticultural Society takes place FRI, Mar. 7 through TUES, Mar. 11, from 10 am to 9 pm most days at Horticultural Hall, 30 Elm St., Worcester (752-4272).

WATERLAND QUARTET, a Holland-based ensemble, play jazz, improvisations, and a combination of folk tunes MON, Mar. 10 at 8 pm at the NE Repertory Theater, 23 Oxford St., Worcester. Tix \$4.

WORCESTER ART MUSEUM (799-4406) presents "The Clouded Yellow," starring Trevor Howard and Jean Simmons, TUES, Mar. 18 at 2:30 and 7:30 pm; and WED, Mar. 12 at 7:30 pm Eleanor Munro talks about American Women Artists. Admission \$1.

SUPPORTS

NEHSA (New England Handicapped Sports Association) (742-8918) PO Box 2150, Boston 02106. Non-profit organization sponsors regular sports participation, competition, and instruction for the handicapped.

BOSTON SKI & SPORTS CLUB (734-6726) 325 Harvard St., Brookline. Offers members participation in all kinds of sports. Weekly coed volleyball WED, from 7-10 pm at the Newton Armory, 1137 Washington St., West Newton.

HORSEBACK RIDING (696-4250) YMCA Ponkopaq Outdoor Center, Blue Hills Reservation, Canton. Instruction available.

BOSTON AREA BICYCLE COALITION (491-RIDE) 3 Joy St., Boston. Non-profit advocacy group to promote safe cycling for transportation and recreation.

BICYCLE REPAIR COLLECTIVE (868-3392) 351 Broadway, Cambridge. Repair, learn to repair, or have your bike repaired.

RIVERWOOD SKI TOURING CENTER (1-297-2257) Box 54, Winchendon, MA 01475, offers 18 miles of groomed trails, equipment rental available, lunches and lodging too.

TENNIS-UP (247-3051) 100 Mass. Ave., Boston, 5th floor. Practice courts with ball machines, group lessons available too.

BAL-A-ROUE (396-4589) 376 Mystic Ave., Medford. Roller skating. Call for schedules.

ACADEMY OF FENCING (926-3450) 125 Walnut St., Watertown. Mar. 14: Open House at 8 pm with demonstrations.

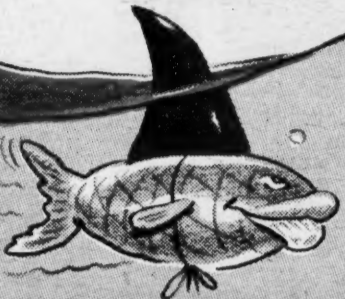
BASKETBALL HALL OF FAME (413-761-6500) 460 Alden St., Springfield. Open daily 10 am to 5 pm, with basketball memorabilia galore.

YOUILLE HOSPITAL ROADRACE takes place SUN, Mar. 30 at 11 am; 6.2 miles; through Cambridge. Call 876-4344, ext. 306 for more info.

AVON CHAMPIONSHIPS OF BOSTON TENNIS TOURNAMENT takes place MON-SUN, Mar. 10-16 at Walter Brown Arena, BU; finals at the Boston Garden. Call 235-8112 for info, tix \$4-\$9.

THE NEWPORT PLEASURESCOPE

The first horoscope that promises only good things for your future. After all, if reading about your future isn't a pleasure, why bother?



PISCES

February 20–March 20

PERSONALITY TRAITS: Since Pisces is the sign of the fish, you would think that Pisceans enjoy water. You may be right, but who asked you? Actually, most Pisceans prefer champagne, though it is more expensive to fill a fishbowl that way. If you are lucky enough to be a Pisces (although you admittedly had little choice in the matter) settle back, light up a Newport (end of commercial message) and listen closely:

BEST TRAITS: Being brave, courageous, intelligent, understanding and terrific.

WORST TRAITS: Believing any and all flattery, even obviously untrue stuff like the sentence above.

TERRIFIC NEWS YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING TO HEAR: On the third Thursday of next June, it will disappear.

GOOD NEWS: While singing in the shower, a talent agent will overhear you, and offer to make you a star.

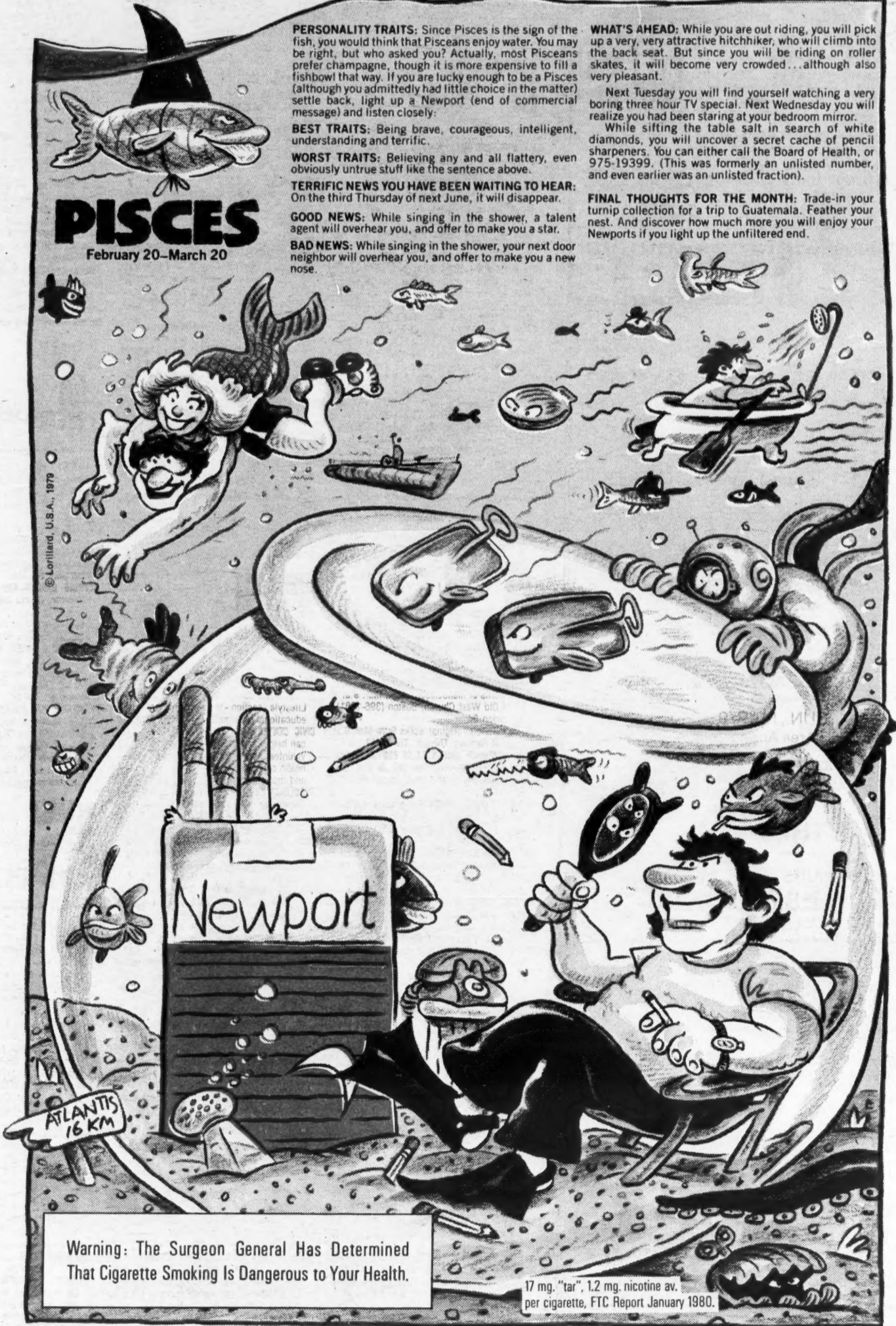
BAD NEWS: While singing in the shower, your next door neighbor will overhear you, and offer to make you a new nose.

WHAT'S AHEAD: While you are out riding, you will pick up a very, very attractive hitchhiker, who will climb into the back seat. But since you will be riding on roller skates, it will become very crowded... although also very pleasant.

Next Tuesday you will find yourself watching a very boring three hour TV special. Next Wednesday you will realize you had been staring at your bedroom mirror.

While sifting the table salt in search of white diamonds, you will uncover a secret cache of pencil sharpeners. You can either call the Board of Health, or 975-19399. (This was formerly an unlisted number, and even earlier was an unlisted fraction).

FINAL THOUGHTS FOR THE MONTH: Trade-in your turnip collection for a trip to Guatemala. Feather your nest. And discover how much more you will enjoy your Newports if you light up the unfiltered end.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1980.

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